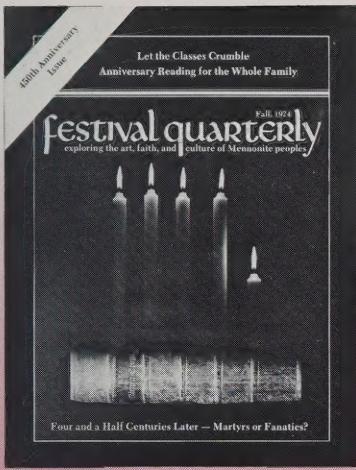
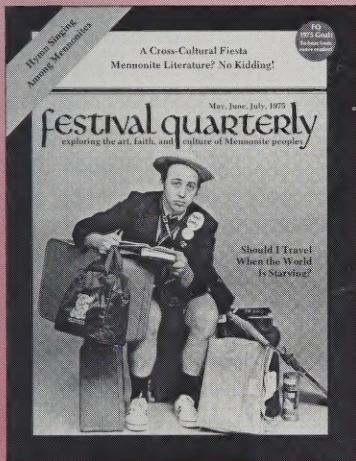


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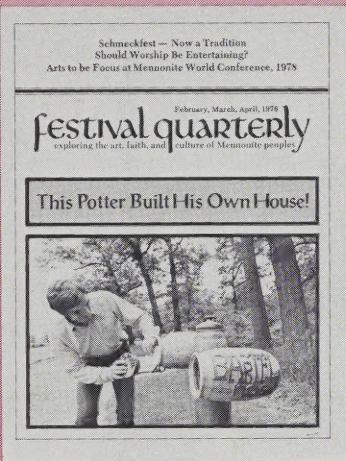
FESTIVAL Quarterly



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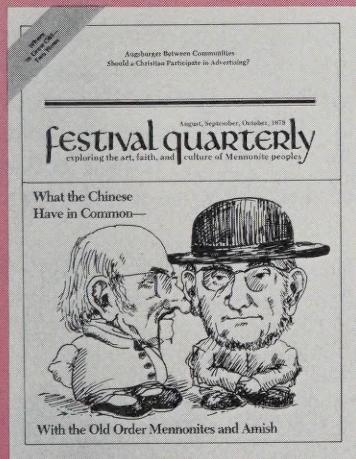
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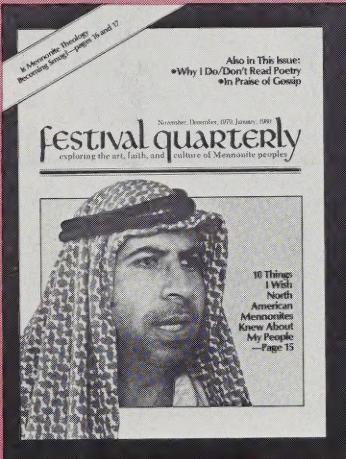
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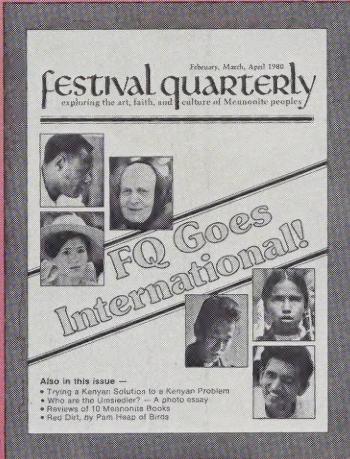
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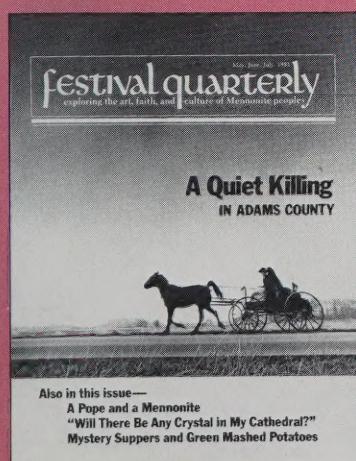
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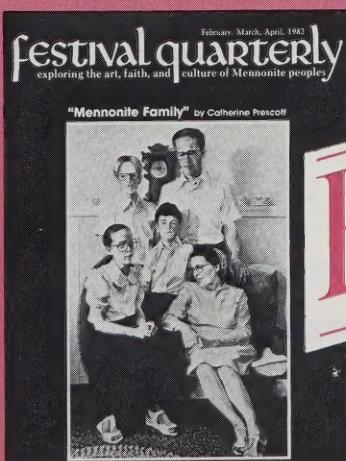
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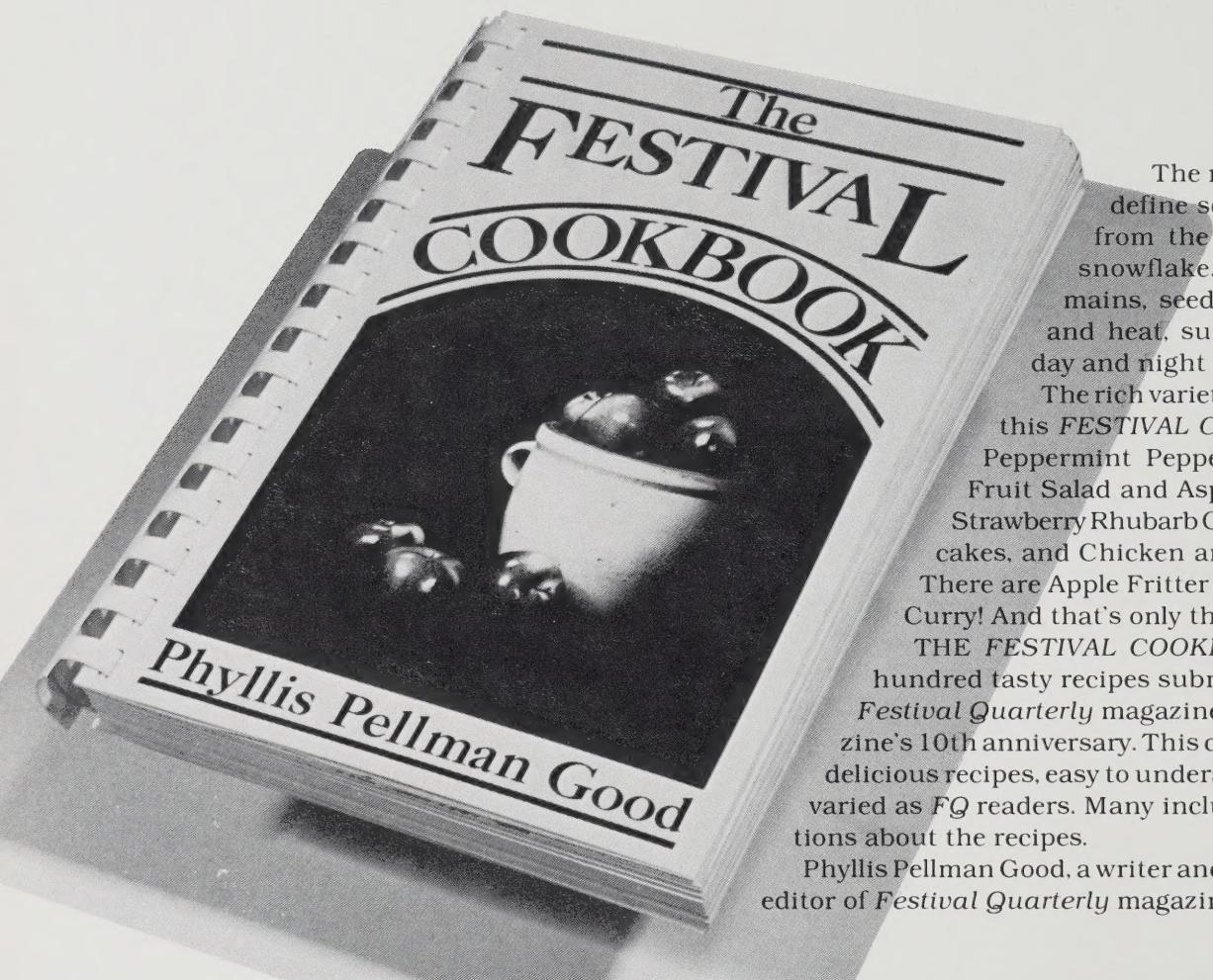


1982



1983 . . .

THE FESTIVAL COOKBOOK



The rhythms of the Seasons define so much about our lives from the first tulip to the first snowflake. "While the earth remains, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

The rich variety of the Seasons shaped this *FESTIVAL COOKBOOK*. How about Peppermint Peppernuts, Pumpkin Shell Fruit Salad and Asparagus Ham Bake? Or Strawberry Rhubarb Compote, Maryland Crabcakes, and Chicken and Noodle Green Salad. There are Apple Fritter Rings and African Beef Curry! And that's only the beginning . . .

THE *FESTIVAL COOKBOOK* contains several hundred tasty recipes submitted by the readers of *Festival Quarterly* magazine to celebrate the magazine's 10th anniversary. This cookbook runs over with delicious recipes, easy to understand and follow, and as varied as *FQ* readers. Many include stories and suggestions about the recipes.

Phyllis Pellman Good, a writer and cookbook specialist, is editor of *Festival Quarterly* magazine.

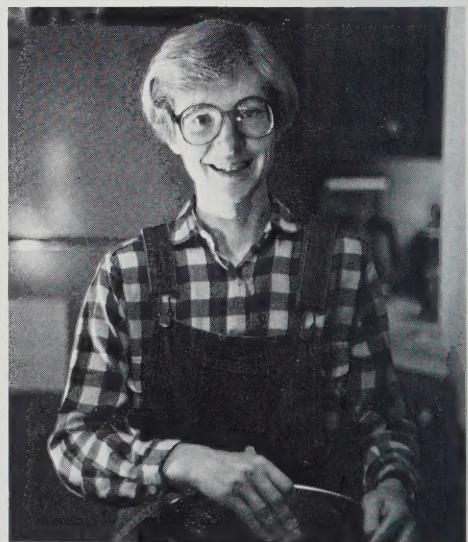
"What a wonderful surprise! To celebrate the 10th anniversary of our magazine *Festival Quarterly*, we invited readers to submit their favorite recipes for a four-seasons cookbook.

"We were flooded! To my own personal delight, there were many, many more recipes than we could use. So I selected from these many hundreds of recipes and shaped a four-seasons cookbook entitled *THE FESTIVAL COOKBOOK*.

"I hope you enjoy it as much as I already have!"

— Phyllis Pellman Good

[Order on p. 51.]



*exploring the
art, faith
and culture
of Mennonite
peoples*

Spring 1984

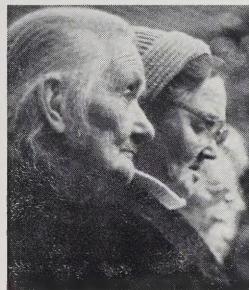
Volume 11, Number 1

FESTIVAL

Quarterly

On the Cover...

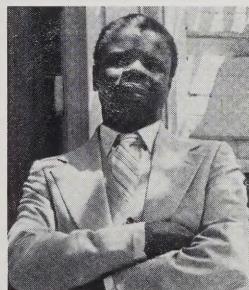
FQ celebrates its tenth birthday with a new look... and reprints of the best features and columns of the past ten years.



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New books coming this Spring from HERALD PRESS

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Daily meditations for the growing Christian. For 56 days you begin the day with study and conversation with God and end the day with reflection and prayer. Through the eight weeks you will learn to handle handicaps, get your priorities in order, cultivate friendships, use your time wisely, and get to know God better through developing good habits. Profound insights in the art of living (not just existing), so you get the most out of every moment! From the author of *Friendship Evangelism* and *Travelling Light* (Zondervan). (April, 1984)

Paper, \$6.50, in Canada \$7.80

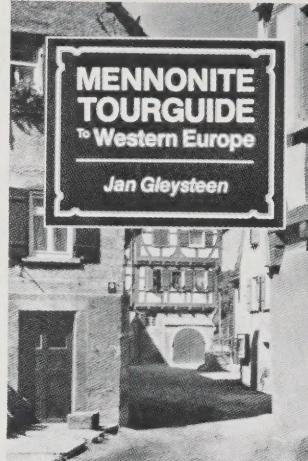
Mennonite Tourguide to Western Europe

by Jan Gleysteen

Here is an introduction to nine west European countries with information of geographical, historical, sociological and cultural interest, as well as practical information on climate, traffic rules, currency, holidays, store hours, passports, baggage, traveling with children, and much more. Each introduction to a country is followed by detailed regional itineraries and local walking tours. In the spirit of simplicity, good stewardship, "more-with-less" living, bridge building and peacemaking through understanding.

Illustrated with maps and photos. (April, 1984)

Paper, \$12.95, in Canada \$15.55



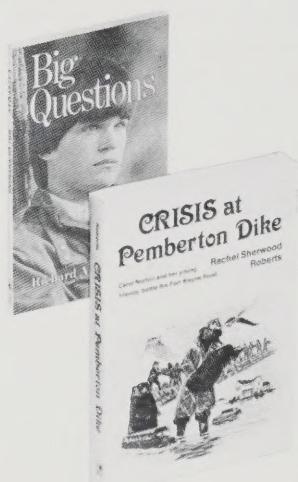
For Growing Teenagers

Big Questions

by Richard A. Kauffman

How can I cope with failure? Does belief in god make sense? Why do some people suffer? Why am I tempted? Does god have a plan for my life? And do miracles really happen? In some form all youth answer these questions by the courses they take in school, the clothes they choose to wear, and the way they spend their time. Here is a discussion of these difficult question for youth from a thoughtful, Christian viewpoint. An excellent graduation gift or discussion starter for any youth group.

Paper, \$5.95, in Canada \$7.15



For Growing Juniors

Carlie's Pink Room

by Dorothy Hamilton

Carlie sometimes resented that her mother had sold their big house and moved into a mobile home. She felt crowded and cramped until she found an abandoned artist's studio. Then one afternoon she fell asleep in the Pink Room and awoke startled by strong wind and heavy rain. When she was back home, she realized that being warm, loved and protected with her family was better than being alone. For 8 to 12 year-olds. Illustr. by Esther Rose Gruber. (April, 1984)

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And I'm Stuck with Joseph

by Susan Sommer

Sheila Shenk wants a new baby sister more than anything. When her parents don't seem too responsive to her begging, she takes the matter to God. When her parents announce that they plan to adopt a child, Sheila is thrilled—until she learns that instead of a baby sister, she's going to get stuck with a three year old brother. Joseph proves to be a difficult brother, indeed. Why has God done this to her? For 9 to 14 year-olds. (April 1984)

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For Growing Junior Highs

Crisis at Pemberton Dike

by Rachel Sherwood Roberts

Carol Norton was more interested in school and family activities than a spring flood but as lives and homes were endangered, she was drawn into the drama of holding back the rising, swollen rivers that threatened Fort Wayne, Indiana. As one of thousands of volunteers who built levees and dikes, 15 year-old Carol knew the fate of many depended upon what happened at Pemberton. Part of the Junior High Series.

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In Search of Refuge

by Yvonne Dilling and Ingrid Rogers

The journal of a North American volunteer who spent 18 months with Salvadoran refugees on the border between El Salvador and Honduras. Yvonne walks through Honduran villages learning to know the Salvadorans who seek refuge there and listening to their anguished stories. She describes the emergency work and the horrors of war as well as the day to day tasks of coordinating the education program, assisting in health clinics, and learning to live in a new culture. Through her journal, Yvonne shares what life is like as she watches the gradual militarization of the border zone. Illustrated with photographs by Mike Goldwater. Preface by Jim Wallis. (May, 1984)

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Remember the Eagle Day

by Guenn Martin

Melanie LaRue's father buys a commercial salmon fishing business on a small island in Alaska and she must leave her beloved horse, Kenai, to help fish for the summer. Melanie's life is changed when she meets and befriends Long Jake, the grouchy recluse who owns most of the island. From Jake she learns about the wonder and beauty of eagles, as well as some important lessons about life and death. A part of the Junior High Series.

Paper, \$5.95, in Canada \$7.15



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FESTIVAL

Quarterly

The **Festival Quarterly** (USPS 406-090) is published quarterly by Good Enterprises, Ltd., at 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The **Quarterly** is dedicated to exploring the culture, faith, and arts of the various Mennonite groups worldwide, believing that faith and art are as inseparable as what we believe is inseparable from how we live.

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Editor — Phyllis Pellman Good
Publisher — Merle Good

Design Director — Craig Heisey
Assistant Editor — Melanie Zuercher
Circulation Manager — Marilyn Eberly

Contributing Editors — David W. Augsburger, Hubert L. Brown, Kenton K. Brubaker, Peter J. Dyck, Sanford Eash, Jan Gleysteen, Keith Helmuth, Glenda Knepp, James R. Krabill, Jeanette E. Krabill, Paul N. Kraybill, David Kroeker, Alice W. Lapp, John A. Lapp, Wilfred Martens, Mary K. Oyer, Robert Regier, Jewel Showalter, Carol Ann Weaver, Katie Funk Wiebe.

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good.

On Being Ordinary

My one brother-in-law recently floated a startling idea. Said he, "We ought to be preparing our kids to be ordinary." Now I've been careful, I think, not to push our children. I did whisper "1, 2, 3 . . . 9, 10" as I carried one squirming infant up the steps to bed on many nights. I admit to squealing inside when another tiger recently spent fifteen minutes with one book. And when somebody learned to pump herself to a respectable height on the backyard swing, I sighed, "Finally."

Oh, the temptations that come to parents. We all chuckle when 5-year olds have fits about whose Daddy is stronger. But it is considerably less charming to see mamas and papas intent on having the smartest, most imaginative or athletic offspring. Opening the doors without pushing the kids through them seems to be the trick.

My brother-in-law has lived among professionals in a major city for better than a decade. In that time he's seen a flood of young eager Mennonites come to town and try to make their way. Saddled with two big loads — feeling inferior and wanting to be perfect — the kids have spent a lot of energy making peace with being average. And seldom have they disinterested parents. There would have been fewer casualties, implied my brother-in-law, had the folks been a little less urgent about their kids' success.

No parents should feel failure if their cherub chooses custodial work or gets bypassed for a promotion. Kids may be better prepared to be ordinary than their parents are ready to let them be. Nothing new about that until it's sitting squarely in your own lap.

A priceless moment came last week. Kate asked me what I thought she might be. "I hope you're happy," I said. "Score one," I thought to myself until I saw the impatience in her eyes. Whereupon I began enumerating the host of possibilities. My list was longer than it used to be, because on it were some vocations that won't have her changing the world, but might allow her to have a peaceful soul. Mommy's learning.

—PPG

This editorial first appeared in the February, March, April, 1981 issue.

Unbecoming

There has been turmoil among us. Like a hurricane pounding across the landscape, change and self-awareness have swept many of our peoples. In its wake, we stagger about, sorting out the debris. What remains? Could it have been averted? Could the damage have been lessened? Is there hope?

Some say God sent the storm and had a purpose in it. Perhaps. Others deny there was a turmoil.

To me, the truth is harsh: we unbegan ourselves. There's a magic in becoming, a spirit, if you will, a plussness. When we lose it, we either become something new (hallelujah!) or drift away into lost nothingness.

Many in my generation became lost. But why?

The manner in which we unbegan a people in many ways prevented us from becoming a new peoplehood. We unbegan ourselves for the wrong reasons. We stressed the evils and tyranny of community living without rehearsing its strengths. We demolished our whole body to rid ourselves of several sores. And so we lost our heart.

We longed to be indistinguishable. We rushed from each other into the world. Our scattering did not assume regathering. And so many of us are lost among the debris of what was, denying the truth, pretending that it's possible to follow God without others. Alone, out of breath, and nameless.

It's not a matter of nostalgia. It's a matter of death.

We scattered for the wrong reasons. We drifted into hell without knowing it. Most of us unbegan a people without thought of becoming a new people. And many are not saved.

—MG

This editorial first appeared in the August, September, October 1977 issue.

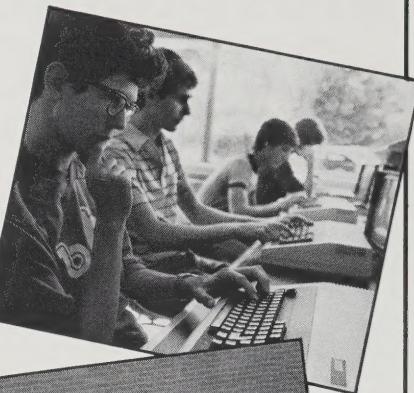
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Your editorial "...and Second Thoughts" (Aug., Sept., Oct. 1983) first came to my attention when the retired Lancaster Conference minister visiting in our home shook his head as he put down the new issue of **Festival Quarterly**. "I just don't understand how they can print such things against the Church," was his comment on the way to the table. Knowing that he is fairly critical himself, I could hardly wait until after our meal to see what was so upsetting.

Our reactions were quite similar. But it left my guest feeling confirmed in not subscribing to **Festival Quarterly**, while I was disappointed to find a piece that doesn't fit with the excellent journalism that **FQ** has come to symbolize for me. Not that our church institutions are above criticism or that it is out of character for **FQ** to do so. But the tone and spirit of the entire piece lacked the fair and positive critique for which the magazine is known.

The reference to twisted "dramas" was especially baffling. It appears to be a lightly-veiled jab at "Grossdoddy," which seemed to be one of the most appreciated parts of the whole celebration. I would have expected to find **FQ** and People's Place applauding good use of creative art in place of routine reports when agencies are asked to tell their story to the Church.

Naturally, our para-church institutions like your projects probably are more objective in their artistic creations. But if you are suggesting that your co-artists in the church — in this case Joel Kauffmann and Roy Umble — create PR glosses for church agencies, then I must publicly protest such a slight on their integrity.

I fully agree with the closing recommendations from the floor at Bethlehem calling for a review of the reporting sessions. The delegates need to be enabled to interact with and give feedback to the official agencies, which I believe want to be responsive and accountable.

It should not be surprising if that sense of accountability tends to make official institutions seem defensive. They are managers of a trust. (Which is why I also support the prophetic role of the more free-floating para-church programs like **FQ**.) Nevertheless, my general impressions in recent years are just the opposite of your editorial — I sense a keen desire to be open and responsive.

And I'd like to think that **FQ** can do more through positive reflection on roles and models for more effective reporting by our agencies. May I look for some further thoughts on your second thoughts?

— James E. Metzler
Goshen, Indiana

A Faithful Board

Just got your latest **FQ**. Very good. All read already. Make some more.

Your "More Thoughts" editorial is exactly right. "Would we create the same institutions?" Hardly! Which means we must modify for the 21st century what we have inherited from the second half of the 20th.

— Arnold Cressman

Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania

We thank you for **Festival Quarterly**. It's such a joy reading it and being reminded that even in far-away Australia we still belong to the Mennonite world-wide family. So many customs and art expressions described in your paper are familiar to us. I remember so many words and thoughts our parents in Holland uttered, and look I find them back in **Festival Quarterly**. **Festival Quarterly** has surely a place in our Mennonite world, and I affirm the good work you all are doing.

— Alice and Foppe Brouwer
Fennell Bay, Australia

All magazines reach us so very late here in Ivory Coast. Sometime when we don't have the possibility of sharing an **FQ**, I shall subscribe again.

A month ago when we got back to Ivory Coast after a medical leave, I went through my basket of old magazines and discovered that the only magazine that a bookworm or I found worthwhile was **FQ** and they went through it from cover to cover! There were two perfect holes burrowed straight through — pretty high-class bookworms.

— Wilma Shank
Abidjan, Ivory Coast

I told you we are getting more magazines than we can read so I wouldn't renew **FQ**. But your last issue (Aug., Sept., Oct. '83) had so many things I wanted to read, so here goes for another year.

— John Diller
Hesston, Kansas

I've really enjoyed your publication — your creative slant to our culture seems to me unique to Mennonite literature available in Canada. I appreciate your approach because art is one of my greatest interests. Unfortunately I have to let my subscription drop. I'm a student of a demanding professional faculty of our local university (I'm studying medical rehabilitation).

Like most students, I lack both extra time and extra money, thus I can't renew what started as a gift subscription. It was a good gift — but it will have to stay at that. Hopefully after graduation I will be able to pursue my other interests.

— Lois Klassen
Winnipeg, Manitoba



Good Enterprises, Ltd. (GEL) is the parent company for **Festival Quarterly**. A seven-member Board oversees GEL's various projects. These board members bring a love of the arts, expertise in business, wise advice from their church experience, and active support in good times and thin times.

Pictured with Phyllis and Merle above are (seated, right) Luke Bomberger and (second row, left to right) Leon Stauffer, John Rutt, Clair Weaver, and Mabel Eshleman. Merle serves as President of the Board.

Luke Bomberger is the Board's Vice-President. He and Mary are the parents of five grown children and live in downtown Lancaster. For many years he was the treasurer of a large corporation; today he is a staff consultant for Mennonite Foundation. Luke especially enjoys films.

Leon Stauffer is the Executive Secretary for Lancaster Mennonite Conference's Board of Congregational Resources and Secretary of the Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions. He and Nancy dreamed up the Mennonite-Your-Way Directory and have just completed their fourth edition.

John Rutt is Secretary of the Board. As a physician, John pioneered the development of a small health-care center that includes labor and delivery rooms; a gesture to his rural Old Order patients. He and Becky and their three children live in a restored 1740 farmhouse near Strasburg.

Clair Weaver is GEL's Treasurer. He led

the way in the formation of group family health care in Lancaster County. In addition to an active medical practice he serves in administration at the Lancaster General Hospital. He and Anna May have four children, and share a special interest in quilts, old and new.

Mabel Eshleman is active on several church boards. Now at home in Landisville, she and Rohrer spent many years with their four children in Ethiopia serving on a hospital staff. She especially enjoys reading.

Other projects of GEL include The People's Place in Intercourse, PA, an arts and crafts center interpreting Amish and Mennonite faith and life to the larger public; The Old Country Store, across the street from The People's Place, serving as a retail outlet for more than 250 local craftsmakers (mostly Mennonite and Amish); Good Books, a small book publisher specializing in books related to the milieu of the Mennonite peoplehood worldwide; People's Place Graphics, producing fine art prints, art cards, note-paper, and pillow kits; writing and consulting services; film production, including *Hazel's People* and the current *Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed* project; and a whole series of educational conferences and seminars.

This 10th-anniversary issue seemed a good time to say thanks to this superb Board of Directors who have supported **FQ** and these projects in so many ways. □

...and When They Shall Ask



And When They Shall Ask is a docu-drama that tells the story of the Mennonites' sojourn in Russia from 1788 to the present. The film features re-enactments of historic events, interviews with witnesses to these events, archival film footage, and culminates with scenes of Mennonite life in the Soviet Union today. These diverse elements are bound together by the question — can faith triumph in the face of great adversity?

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A capella Singing?

by John L. Ruth

Editor's Note:

A capella singing has been a tradition bordering on the sacred among members of the Mennonite Church, especially in the eastern parts of North America. It is now threatened by a host of factors.

I find it very difficult to think systematically on the theme of church music. I'm certainly no expert on it, and the cultural factors are in such flux that much of what one says must be qualified. So rather than presenting finished ideas, I'll submit some "Pensées," some "thoughts":

1. Four important changes or new factors have affected the singing in "Franconia" area Mennonite churches: harmony (starting in the singing schools — 1820's), the English language (late 19th century), "special" or "performed" singing in church (officially permitted, late 1940s), and instrumental accompaniment or performance (1960s). Each of these changes brought struggles of conscience. The first three enhanced the health of our singing; the last has accompanied a decline in the congregation's ability to sing as a group.

2. The experience of singing school in the 19th century was a sociably enjoyable one, and it gave participants a sense that they were learning a sociably commendable skill.

3. There used to be considerably more volume. It was not considered inelegant to sing at the top of one's voice. This may still be heard in some Old Order circles, as well as Amish and Hutterite services. Song leaders particularly, and older people, would sing stridently. Sometimes one's



David Hebert



FQ Kenneth Pellman

ears would ring. It was nasal but soulful. Watch what happens to ex-Amish persons when they hear the "Lobsang" sung well. They are moved. Watch a Hutterite relish an old, quaverful, nasally sung spiritual song. The Hutterites tend to justify their loud singing by the communal memory of their forbears encouraging each other in European prisons.

4. Present day Mennonite congregational singing has gotten polite, with an occasional break for "606" when the young people sing as their ancestors did. Politeness is the symptom of yearnings for middle class acceptability. A professional leader is considered desirable, just as in the ministry. More and more responsibility for the health of the singing is concentrated in this one smooth-mannered and tastefully dressed person. Less and less fiber is heard in the voices of the audience.

5. The most fiber I ever heard in congregational singing was in the Ukraine in Russia. Here our bodies vibrated as

the packed congregation threw its whole soul and voice into a welcoming song. Whereas our young people often turn to rheostats to hype up their guitars so they can feel as well as hear the music, these Ukrainian Christians would have drowned out most amplified music.

6. Four-part a capella singing is not an absolute, biblically or otherwise. We accepted harmony over a century ago. It was new then. But there was no question of a substitute for the human voice.

7. The gift of enjoyable and beautiful a capella singing always amazes me and charms visitors from other communions. It is hard for them to believe that we would take it for granted, and let it wither.

8. The gift of good congregational singing can be lost in one generation. I have in mind two "Franconia" congregations who were musical leaders in our area until the 1940s or 50s. But when the enthusiastic leaders born before or at the turn of the century had passed on, the singing went

flat in a few years. They then got organs and pianos, even before they bought the new *Mennonite Hymnal*. The singing became work, and had to be sweetened with instrumental support. If you don't paint and roof a house, it will collapse in a decade or two.

9. An enthusiastic leader can reinvigorate a community's four-part singing (and it helps to have a parochial school running generations of students through its music classes).

10. Mennonites of "Lancaster" and "Franconia" had in their homes, in the 18th and 19th centuries, little folk instruments called "zitters." Apparently the fore-runner of the "Appalachia dulcimer" (which turns out not to be very old), the zitter was played at home to accompanied hymns, or even at singing school.

11. "606" teaches us that traditional four-part singing can be enjoyable; it has the sound of community as well as praise. It has leaped from the eastern into the

*The gift of enjoyable
and beautiful
a capella singing
always amazes me
and charms visitors
from other communions.
It is hard for them
to believe that we
would take it
for granted, and
let it wither.*

FQ/Kenneth Pelman



western "Russian" communities.

12. The modern situation is characterized by multiplicity. We have multiple versions of the Scripture — and if nobody takes any initiative, it becomes impossible to read the scripture together out loud. Similarly in singing — one person wants "scripture songs," another "country" or "gospel" of some sort, and many young people recognize the sound of their age primarily in some form of rock. Why not accept this multiplicity, but say, when it comes to church, we'll use a mode where all ages can join, blending their voice in the communal bond of harmony?

13. I know people who find it too much trouble to learn to sing, but who know of good restaurants sixty miles from home, and find it worth driving that far for the steaks and the pie specialty — "just like you could get years ago."

14. The sound of fellowship isn't the same as the sound of performance.

15. In the oldest Mennonite congrega-

tion in the world, at Langnau in the Swiss Emmental, they sing in delicate four-part harmony — with an organ. However, the organ is played respectfully as a complement rather than an overpowering all-surrounding atmosphere. This congregation loves music of various instrumental types.

16. Within the past year there was a Sunday evening song service at a large local congregation. A chorus from Goshen College was there, complete with brass instruments. People enjoyed them. But the full house sang together a cappella, too.

The response was surprising; people were so moved they had to stop singing once in awhile. I draw this conclusion: we can have both instruments and the a capella tradition — if we care enough to work at our church music.

17. I hear young voices singing old hymns — the hymns I grew up with — on the University of Pennsylvania FM radio station. That proves that four-part singing

can touch our generation as well as any other.

18. Anybody who ever sang with his/her family around the table or around the piano — in four part harmony — knows the special blessing and depth of this gift.

19. Judging by what we see in creation, God must enjoy tremendous variety.

20. Keeping the classic hymns accessible to our young people exposes the more reflective ones to a depth of thought they would otherwise miss. "Feeling good with Jesus" will be too thin a diet by itself. □

John L. Ruth, Souderton, Pennsylvania, is a storyteller, historian and filmmaker. American hymns were the subject of his doctoral dissertation.

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Can "Good" M

To fail in one's profession, particularly in business or agriculture, is tantamount to breaking the faith.

by Katie Funk Wiebe

Can one fail and remain a "good" Mennonite? I'd like to say "Yes." I want to say "Yes," but my heart insists on "No." Not a resounding "No," but a "No" backed up by a logjam of reasons which I'd like to see break down.

Failure is many-faceted; sometimes it's due to moral lapses; other times to misjudgment, as for example in business reversals; sometimes it's caused by circumstances beyond one's control. It has many labels: bankruptcy, divorce, drug addiction, breaking the law, alcoholism, never marrying, harvesting more weeds than grain, letting the children choose their own lifestyle, or not keeping a spotless home.

Individuals fail, but so do families, boards, institutions, and congregations.

I find it impossible to prove my position with statistics, for there aren't any. I can't do it from isolated examples or anecdotes — they merely illustrate an isolated case, so I choose a different approach, knowing there are numerous exceptions.

First, our historical record and tradition make it almost impossible to remain a strong contributing Mennonite after failure. By Mennonite, I mean anyone from any background who identifies with the Mennonite church. We support a form of spiritual Darwinian evolution — survival of the fittest. Failures drift to the fringes, are not allowed in, are transferred out, or shift to more tolerant groups.

Traditionally, Mennonites are not known for their failures. For centuries they have been applauded for their achievements, particularly as farmers and businessmen. On a scale of one to ten which rates their worth as Most Welcomed Citizen, Mennonites frequently rate an 11. In nearly every place they have migrated to since the Anabaptist persecutions, they have been wanted (even courted) because of their vocational skills.

Swiss Mennonites, fleeing their native land, were welcomed into Southern Germany because of their farming competence. Mennonites in northern Germany and the Vistula Delta were welcomed into Danzig because of their agricultural proficiency. Catharine the Great of Russia extended a gilt-edged invitation to the Prussian Mennonites to settle in her domain because she knew they were model farmers. In America that record has not diminished. Mennonites succeed at what they attempt.

In every country, the process of changing from landless refugee and penniless immigrant to landed gentry has never taken long for Mennonites. To fail, therefore, in one's profession, particularly in business or agriculture, is tantamount to breaking the faith. And therefore the minority person, grafted into this solid tradition, feels the bite keenly if he or she does not come from a culture whose shibboleths for good membership are hard work, frugality, and financial success.

With such a strong record of high achievement in many areas, Mennonites today feel the pressure to keep this image untarnished by present failures. It's a subconscious concern and sucks into its tentacle areas of life unrelated to moral or spiritual issues — only to respectability.

Church members and leaders, proud of their heritage, and rightfully so, become possessive and protective of the church and its institutions: "This is my denomination, my school, my congregation. They must be kept pure at any price." The price of that spotless purity too often is to shunt aside failures whose lifestyle does not match high Mennonite standards. These self-styled guardians of the faith forget God peopled his church with sinners on their way to holiness, not ready-made saints.

Rudy Wiebe's novel, *Peace Shall Destroy Many*, illustrates this point aptly. Deacon Block determines to maintain the reputation of Mennonites as excellent farmers and morally upright Christians with a concern for missions and strong family life. That persons both within and without his congregation are destroyed by his zeal for purity escapes his vision.

Mennonites work hard at polishing this image of respectability to a high gleam. Our history books read like accounts of a host of well-greased angels moving down a slippery slide to glory. Institutions, boards and organizations are not allowed to fail, or to report failure if they do. They are encouraged to write to hide rather than to reveal situations where congregations and

families are struggling for spiritual survival — because the constituency can't handle board failure in their pocketbooks.

One publicity director of a Mennonite school said at the consultation of Mennonite journalists in 1979 that schools rush to report the smallest prayer meeting or mission endeavor, but fail to let unsuspecting parents know the school also occasionally deals with a beerbash, drugs, unexpected pregnancies, and theft. When only the shiny side of the image is shown, the church is presented as a fellowship of faultless persons rather than as a group of sinners redeemed by grace.

The image polishing moves down to the local congregation. The increasing emphasis on success in society generally is reflected in its life and publications. How, then, can parents whose child is working as a janitor, or whose roommate is also his bedmate even mention their children among the plethora of reports of high financial, academic or vocational successes? How can a couple struggling to keep their marriage alive dare to admit their problem or even to request prayer when the only prayer requests are for the sick, missionaries, absentee preachers and conference delegates?

How can a couple sucked into debt by poor management dare to ask for financial help when they know they are not considered part of the "deserving poor?" Failure is not expected to result in a call for help to the body of Christ.

Families soon accept their responsibility to keep the image gleaming, or they pull out of its blinding light. Listen to parents tell about their children and notice how quickly they slip over the child who hasn't conformed. Read Christmas letters — they come in four-page editions during a year of family successes. They are dropped when the family most needs support because of some crisis.

All of the above is undergirded by our theology of success and failure. We tend to equate prosperity and good health with spiritual well-being. Business or professional acumen is seen as determined by one's relationship with God.

We rank sexual deviation as the vilest of sins, so that the sinner though forgiven, carries a stigma for years. We snatch at proof-texts like Proverbs 22:6 to beat hurting parents of rebellious children into the ground. Their cries for help are responded to with advice on what they should have done, rather than assistance in dealing with actions which seem to label their own lives as failures.

Mennonites Fail?



This photo, entitled "Ah, but the seeds," taken by Muriel Thiessen Stackley, first appeared in the August, September, October 1982 issue as honorable mention in the fourth annual FQ photo contest.

Although we speak much about being servants of God and a peoplehood, we use the language of success and power in our institutions and congregations, and cling to its hierarchies and titles as much as secular institutions.

Administrators and other church leaders are expected to produce results like a football coach. The pastor is expected to turn a lethargic money-minded congregation, more interested in spectator sports than spiritual welfare, into a group of Apostle Pauls. If there is no winning season, the pastor is subject to a vote of confidence, pulled out of office and the next person drawn in and told to produce.

We urge newcomers to scale the ladder to success by learning to know the right people, rather than developing Christ's style of service, which was to reject his right to be served. One has to win the ratrace of success and pay its high price to become a trusted leader. I have a faint hunch that minority persons and women are not encouraged to accept leadership positions because we fear they may fail and spoil the image rather than because of our theology.

We have bought deeply into the contemporary win/lose culture. We laud the Christian celebrity as much as the secular

world its entertainment stars, and rejoice more when a Mennonite gets his or her name in lights than when a sinner repents.

I will accept that Mennonites can fail and remain "good" Mennonites:

1. If leaders encourage the risk of faith, not because there is assurance of success, but because there is hope of personal growth.

2. If the vote of confidence for the pastor is abolished and all references to it in the records shredded and used to insulate the walls.

3. When the deacons' budget shows that funds are dispersed to both the deserving and undeserving poor.

4. When history records the story of real human beings, not only champions.

5. When church rolls include many names of persons from other ethnic groups and they are given room to develop their gifts for service, even if they live in a barrio, ghetto, or slum.

6. When attendance at conferences and similar events is not determined by the financial independence of the delegate.

7. When we find time to laugh at the seriousness with which we work at imagepolishing.

As more novels are written about Men-

nonites which show the underside of our corporate lives, we will have to reconcile to seeing ourselves as others see us. We can't turn back history, but we can change the present direction of the church by refusing to buy into a culture which says winning is everything. Christ made room for prostitutes, tax-collectors, half-breed Samaritans, the poor, and the handicapped. He drew failures to himself. Mennonite success is doing the same. □



Katie Funk Wiebe is a writer of many books and articles and an English professor at Tabor College in Hillsboro, Kansas. She regularly writes "Reclassified," a column of Mennonite humor, for FQ.

This article first appeared in the November, December 1980, January 1981 issue.

Links of Mud and Wattle

by Harold F. Miller

*A Mennonite working in Africa tells
of villagers and development workers who
found a "Kenyan solution to a Kenyan problem."*

We were squatted on the straw mats under the makuti-covered* pavilion. The wazee* in their kikoi* were making speeches.

"We need a boys town like the Catholic one at the far end of the District."

"We want loans for tractors," that from the one who spoke with spittle gathered at the corners of his mouth.

"There will be money earned in this area if we get irrigation pumps and diesel engines."

"We need a hospital and a village polytechnic."

One possible dream after another was thrown to us for action. For we were the foreigners from "downcountry" and were expected to spend money liberally.

The hot afternoon sun beat upon the makuti roof in Rhamu Village while the discussion droned on. For the first time staff members of the National Christian Council of Kenya had invited local community leaders for a palaver on "Christian" turf. To this meeting the foreigners had invited the wazee for a talk about the needs and the dreams of the community. The dreams, it was becoming clear, were

*makuti — Swahili for fronds of a local palm tree which are woven into rustic roofing sections.

*wazee — Swahili for community elders

*kikoi — a Somali-style wrap-around plaid skirt — floor length — worn by men

big and expensive.

After the wazee had spoken there was the halting, careful response from the service unit personnel.

"We came here without much money. We do not intend to buy tractors because they are expensive and the spare parts are 500 miles away in Nairobi."

"A hospital, well, that needs to be discussed with the government officials. And the village polytechnic seems to be underway without our assistance. But let us keep talking. Perhaps we shall find things that we can do together."

"Our staff are mostly agriculturists with the odd mechanic. And the lady is an amateur health worker. We do not really offer much, but let's keep talking."

For nearly two years Christian Council staff members had made the occasional exploratory visit to Rhamu and to the District Headquarters in Mandera some fifty miles to the east where Kenya, Ethiopia and Somalia meet. There had been the friendly chat with the Rhamu sheikh, with the District Commissioner, with his officers and with the local elders. The needs were always spelled out big. Indeed, they seemed to be growing. Christian Council staff always countered with the small, cautious offer of assistance.

The village of Rhamu is located on the Kenyan side of the Kenya/Ethiopia border. The border itself is marked by the Daua

River along whose banks and flood plains simple agriculture is carried on. To the south is nomad country, where Somalia/Borana people herd their camels and goats as they have for centuries. To the east lies Somalia, always reminding Kenyans in the border area of the claims of the greater Somali nation. Petty border incidents keep tensions alive. Islam, on the other hand, provides at least a facade of uniformity for the area. Indeed, Rhamu is something of a mini-Mecca, featuring the sheikh, a Koranic scholar whose influence defies the triangle of national boundaries.

Rhamu came into focus as a possible service site in the throes of the great Sahelian drought. Christian workers (Quakers) on the Ethiopian side of the border had had dreams of peace-making at this uneasy desert crossroad. But then came the Ogaden War and the peace-making dream vanished. The Christian initiative in Rhamu was on its own, left to define meaningful service links with the community.

How to build those links? It was best to settle near the government facilities.

Now the house. How was it to be built? The neighboring house of the District Officer* was a modern, permanent structure, fitted with windows and the prestigious

*District Officer — an officer representing central government on a sub-district level



corrugated iron roof. But under Rhamu's sun, it was unbearably hot. Modern misery. Only in the wee hours of dawn did sleeping become at all comfortable.

Why not build as the sheikh had built? He symbolized community commonalities and provided an acceptable link with tradition. His thatched rondaaval* had been cool on that hot day of the courtesy call. The mud and wattle walls were white-washed into a cool freshness. Why not build a compound of thatched rondaavals?

How to begin? We met with the wazee. The issues were specific. Who knows how to build the traditional rondaaval? Who can take responsibility for organizing the collection of thatch? How much will it cost? How do we ensure that everyone is treated equitably? Who signs the contract? After some discussion amongst themselves, the plan was fixed, the contract signed.

There was the deft parcelling of the several roles, making certain that the weighty and the weak were dealt with equitably. The center staff watched in astonishment as the houses took shape.

There were no hesitations, there were no muddles. For every part of the building there were skilled people available. The first installment of the money found its

way to the right people. Oh yes, there was pressure to increase the price once the building got underway. Inflation, even in this remote village, was supposedly doing its work. But eventually the houses were complete, very nearly on the agreed schedule. And they were, just like the sheikh's house, cool, bright and comfortable.

The center's guest book quickly scored admiring compliments on the appropriateness of the houses. Comfortable, local, handsome. The word had gone out that these foreigners trusted local artisans, traditional design and informal organization. For all practical purposes, this first project had implemented itself.

In a short time the center staff — an Australian married couple, two Italian volunteers and a local Borana couple — began outfitting the compound. A pit latrine, trees and shrubs everywhere and a little vegetable garden. In the one corner of the compound a tree nursery was taking shape. There were local trees, including a variety of acacias. There were fruit trees; mangoes, papaya, grapefruit and oranges, plus the winner, the guava* tree.

Meanwhile the thatched rondaaval has been multiplying itself. The self-help (ha-

rambee) secondary school has chosen the rondaaval for staff housing. Next door, the District Officer needed a guest wing and had a thatched rondaaval built. In the heat of the afternoon he is often seen relaxing under the thatch with his drink. A local Ministry of Works contingent chose rondaavals for its new staff housing. And local people who are upgrading their housing choose the "modernity" of the traditional thatched rondaaval. Something of a renaissance in traditional architecture seems to have been aroused, mobilizing local skills with local building materials.

Staff in the service center are now eating fruit from the trees: grapefruit, papaya, but most importantly, guava. For guava, as the sheikh confirmed, is a fruit mentioned in the holy Koran. As it happens, the service center has many hundreds of guava seedlings ready for distribution in the community. □

Harold F. Miller, who grew up in Hartville, Ohio, worked for several years in rural development for the National Christian Council of Kenya. He is now Mennonite Central Committee's Country Representative in Kenya, Tanzania, and Uganda.

*rondaaval — a circular mud-wattle structure, featuring a peaked, thatch roof, nicely white-washed inside and out

*guava — a fruit roughly the size of a small orange; comes in vanilla or orange flavors/colors. Has a thoroughly tropical taste and rates high in vitamin C.

This article first appeared in the February, March, April 1980 issue.



Haven't I Heard This Before?

by Bonnie Brechbill

After our baby was born we three floated in a sea of sticky goo that dripped steadily from the cards, letters and lips of giddy acquaintances

they who danced through my days with noise and too numerous visits when all I wanted was

peace

quiet

six solid hours of sleep.

I hurt all over
inside and out

and noticed that the dancers were childless
or were grandparents too far removed from the birth
experience to sympathize with me,
come only to see our struggling bit of wrinkled newborn
humanity who knew or cared not that they came.

Haven't I heard this theme before?

When I was pregnant, I was treated to rhapsodies on the joys of gestation

"Oh, to give life to another human being!"
"To carry and nourish a life within you!"
"How noble! How queenly!"
"The ultimate joy!"
I listened.





I vomited, took Bendectin, and tried to drag myself through yet another day.

And noticed that the rhapsodizers were childless.

Haven't I heard this theme before?

There is indeed nothing new under the sun.

When I was engaged, I was engulfed in clouds of fluff —

"How lucky you are!"

"The happiest time of your life!"

"To think he chose you above all the others!"

I listened.

I drove myself at a frantic pace to finish college so our love nest would not be blighted by that necessary evil.

I expounded (with a *smile*) upon the architectural delights of Wheatland and the political views of its owner to countless tourists so I could contribute materially to the marriage

And noticed that the fluff-makers were single.

Now I'm settled, plumply married, rocking the boy

In the absence of college texts reading farm magazines.

"*Hoard's Dairyman* says you must prep the cow for 90 seconds," I tell my two-decades farming husband.

"And dry her before

and dip her after

You must try no-till
But too many harsh chemicals
Only organic
Keep bringing in those milk checks."
Farming is wonderful! Healthful!
No better life for me!!
It's too cold just now, though, for me to go to the barn
I might take a chill
The hay bales are just a bit too heavy for me
The dust stirs up my allergies, you know
I (suburbanite)
who have never milked
never farmed
never tried
am now dancing rhapsodizing spewing
clouds of fluff how trite
on the same easy-paved way. □

Bonnie Brechbill, who grew up on suburban Long Island, lives on a farm near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. In early 1983, Bonnie and Duane's young son, James, was killed in a tragic farm accident.

This poem first appeared in the August, September, October 1981 issue.

"Do you need to answer questions from your church about nudity in art?" one of the examining team asked me during my oral comprehensives for completing my Master of Arts program. My brief answer was apparently satisfactory, but I have given more thought to it since. The Christian church should not avoid the issue, but find understanding at a deeper level than simple piety. Just as art needs no justification, the appropriate use of nudity in art needs none.

Nudity appears in art of the earliest century man with the simple primitive wall-drawings of the cavemen expressing their own hunger in pictures of hunting. Leonardo da Vinci showed the expressive resources of the body. Raphael's painting of anatomy expressed the highest sensibility to religious emotion. Never has there been a deeper expression of simple, pure constancy and tenderness of love amid sorrow, pain and sin than in Massaccio's figures. Both nature and soul were given power.

Michelangelo's paintings on the Sistine Chapel ceiling are fountains of feeling in the gigantic, unchastened and unsubdued human forms expressing triumph of the weak things of the world over the things that are mighty. Rembrandt's and Durer's nudes show human weakness. The heroic nudes of the Renaissance art symbolize man's greatness. In Rodin's *The Thinker* one finds action in repose, tension and expressive dynamism. In these images of man, form and meaning are one. Nudity has been used by many artists in moving and meaningful ways.

The artist must be concerned with authenticity (artistic representation that is not a perversion of the essence of humanness) rather than trying to spell out what is morally "good" or "bad" in nudity in art. The artist must use his God-given intuition to maintain propriety and authenticity in how he uses materials and forms and in being true to himself and his work.

Every work of art I do presents to the public an opportunity for response and personal involvement. The artist must give the viewer the right to make his own interpretation and response to what he sees. Therefore, if the nude form is presented in such a way that makes an option for pure, wholesome response impossible, the artist is violating the viewer's freedom for moral integrity. Whether it be nude forms or not, if a work presents a problem for proper "psychic distance," it lacks artistic and moral integrity. The viewer must also bring integrity to his response. The artist who works with propriety is not responsible if the viewer reads unintended signals.

Some "worried" artists have painted or sculptured nude figures; then covered them with foreign materials in an artificial way. A partly clad form can be far more suggestive than a fully nude one, for it stimulates the imagination toward the underlying form, thereby missing the intended meaning of the whole. On the other hand, pornography is intended to call attention to the anatomy for sensual or erotic perversions.

Why Nudity in Art?

by Esther K. Augsburger



Above, Esther Augsburger at work; r., Job.

D. Michael Hostetler

Modesty or immodesty in art can be shown either with or without clothes. The artist Goya's fully clothed *Maya* is more immodest than the nude Eve in Jan Van Eyck's Ghent altarpiece.

One should not paint or sculpt nudity for the sake of nudity. The use of nudity should be conditioned by the appropriate idea, by the integrity of the artist who is committed to authenticity and who is sensitive to the mystery of life.

A few years ago the picture of Rodin's nude sculpture, *The Thinker*, appeared in mailings from Eastern Mennonite College. An alumnus cut my husband's head (then the President) from a photo and pasted it over *The Thinker's* head and xeroxed it, making it appear quite real. Along with a letter of criticism for using a nude figure, he sent the picture to us and to several church leaders. By turning the idea into a recognizable person, he changed it from a meaningfully spiritual expression to a naked person, from art to pornography.

As a Christian artist, I believe that my attitude or motive in using nude forms is important (as with any other art form). In much of my art I use forms from nature, but I am not copying nature. It is only a source of familiar forms with which I or others identify, through which to find deeper meaning. The authentic artist creates not to imitate nature, but to interpret reality at the deepest level. Art does not copy reality, but by representational or abstract forms shows concepts that cannot be shown in social reality. Paul Klee, a 20th century Swiss artist, said, "Art does not produce the visible, rather it makes visible." If the nude form is necessary to make meaning visible, then it would be a mistake not to use it. If one sees nudity in art this way, there can be an experience of participation in reality far deeper and more meaningful than physical form.

My sculpture, *Martyr*, is a female figure, nude to the waist. It grew out of my deep spiritual experience while writing a devotional guide on 16th century Anabaptist women. I, like most sculptors and painters, need to model figures in the nude before clothing them in order to allow the clothes to fall convincingly on the body. I begin with bone structure and muscles. Any work must be allowed to metamorphose in process. When I reached the stage of the nude *Martyr* figure, I felt it had reached the pinnacle of full expression. To clothe it, as I had originally intended, would have moved it away from the highest expressive state. I would have moved it from the universality of suffering with strength, amid emotional and physical stress, to a cultural identity through the kind of clothes it was wearing. Or to have partially clothed it, as a tortured woman would be, would have made it more suggestive. It would have become a copy of reality rather than an interpretation of the essence of reality.

The artist must assume responsibility in using nude form; whether the sexual will be coarse or noble, be impoverished or enriched, stripped from its humanity in isolat-

tion from tenable personal values or ordered into a fully human synthesis. Albert Schweitzer's slogan, "Reverence for life," is important.

I produce art not only for art's sake but for people's sake. As a Christian I do have a certain obligation to the persons viewing my work. I cannot agree with those artists who feel their work must exist totally apart from the people around them. This attitude is asceticism. No person is a vacuum. The work I produce and present to the public is indeed an extension of a very personal "me" and I must be true to this. Nude forms used occasionally in my sculpture are perhaps a reaching back to my past life among the Indians whose sparsely clothed bodies are expressions of color and form, hunger and suffering, health and strength. I seldom use models. My anatomical forms are perhaps a part of my "me-past" vocabulary of images.

*If the
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God created us in his image, male and female, naked and unashamed. It follows that art cannot overlook this greatest of all expressions of beauty, form and harmony. Since the fall, man's sin as the perversion of the good, we must evaluate everything in life on the basis of God's intent. As God provided clothing in the Garden to cover nakedness, so the artist "clothes" nakedness by discerning care in the use of nude forms.

As a Christian artist I must operate with love and respect for the people for whom my work is meant, for the materials I use, for the subject or means of expression I choose, for the truth I wish to express and for the One whom I serve. □

Esther Augsburger continues to work as a sculptor while she helps in pastoring a church in Washington, D.C.

This article first appeared in the February, March, April 1981 issue.

FQ/Craig Heissey



Should I Travel When the World Is Starving?

by Arnold Cressman

There are good times. There are bad times. But the most confusing times are times when there is an unhealthy mixture of each. These times are like that. When a great many of the world's people are just about to close their grasp on the "good life," it turns out that "all curves lead to disaster." What looked like the "good life" comes up empty. Worse, living it is possible only at the expense of an indeterminate somebody. When a move in any direction might well be wrong, it is time for a broader perspective.

As a boy on a hilly Ontario, Canada farm, it was my lot to get the cows. Now how does a short ten-year-old find twelve contented cows on 164 rolling acres? He climbs the windmill. So my little sister asks, "What are you doing?"

I say, "Getting the cows."

And she says, "Up there?"

How do you explain "perspective" to a four-year-old?

There are many ways to get a clearer outlook in troubled times. One of the best I know is to get with people who have a totally different view of things. An Austrian farmer who appreciates a sunset from his corner of the Alps, a Dutch family who can't understand why one needs both cheese and ham in the same sandwich.

I have seen persons return to America after three perspective-focusing weeks of travel in Europe totally reoriented, knowing exactly where to find the cows. Part of this, admittedly, has to do with a rediscovery of one's

roots — spiritual, ethnic, or both. They found how Christian love, brotherhood, community, and a simple lifestyle were deeply set in the very source of their faith.

But even if I have the high purpose of regaining perspective in a mixed-up world, how do I dare spend money at all when people are starving?

No one with sensible religious or moral scruples can dismiss the question lightly. The answer can best be found among the answers to related questions. How much travel? What kind? For what reason? And what will I do to help the starving if I don't go?

A categorical "no" to "Shall I travel?" is an over-answer. It suggests that we give up completely in the face of unsolvable problems. Shall we trade every nonproductive effort for food? Would we really want a world without music, without drama, without art, and in the end, without insight? These things help us to stay whole. So let us print a good book. Let us laugh with a child. Let us sing an exuberant song. Let us enjoy the enriching experience of travel. All of it with realistic perspective in times that are both good and bad. □



A categorical "no" to "Shall I travel?" is an over-answer.

Arnold Cressman, Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, has been active in programming at Laurelvile Mennonite Church Center and is a co-founder of TourMagination.

This article first appeared in the May, June, July 1975 issue.

Things That Life is Too Short For

by Doris Longacre

Life is too short to ice cakes. Cakes are good without icing.
Life is too short to read all the church periodicals.
Life is too short not to write regularly to your parents.
Life is too short to eat factory baked bread.
Life is too short to keep all your floors shiny.
It's too short to let a day pass without hugging your spouse and each of your children.
Life is too short to nurse grudges and hurt feelings.
It's too short to worry about getting ready for Christmas. Just let Christmas come.
Life is too short to spend much money on neckties and earrings.
It's too short for nosey questions like "How do you like your new pastor?" or if there's been a death, "How is he taking it?"
It's too short to be gone from home more than a few nights a week.
It's too short not to take a nap when you need one.
It's too short to give importance to whether purses match shoes or towels match bathrooms.
It's too short to stay indoors when the trees turn color in fall, when it snows or when the spring blossoms come out.
Life is too short to miss the call to worship on a Sunday morning.
It's too short for bedspreads that are too fancy to sleep under.
Life is too short to work in a room without windows.
Life is too short to put off Bible study.
It's too short to put off improving your relations with the people that you live with. □

Doris Janzen Longacre, who authored the More-With-Less Cookbook and Living More With Less, included this list in a sermon she preached on April 30, 1978. This list was also read at her memorial service on November 13, 1978.



This photo, entitled "Taste the Difference," taken by Jim Bishop, first appeared in the August, September, October 1983 issue as third choice in the fifth annual FQ photo contest.

The Price

Editor's Note:

Due to the sensitive material in this story about an encounter between East and West that happened as recorded here, we are publishing the article without a by-line. The author has changed the poet's name to protect his identity as well.

I first met Todor one balmy autumn evening in a dimly lit Sofia street. I was a stranger to the beauties of Bulgaria myself, having arrived only several weeks before.

He was waiting for me in the shadows as I left the church. I remember how I was struck by his quick, penetrating eyes even in the semi-darkness. They evinced a friendliness and yet wondered at the unfairness of life — an impression that grew more acute in the months ahead as I learned to know him better. His finely trimmed, dark little beard gave him a deceptively elegant appearance.

We shook hands in the twilight. "You are the American who is studying literature at the Academy of Sciences?"

I was taken aback by the question, for how had he come to identify me between these two crucial poles of my existence, the Academy and the church? He introduced himself as a poet and showed me several journals which had published his poetry, including one dog-eared volume which had a short biographical sketch lauding his youthful talent. Todor wanted to discover first-hand what was happening in the world of American poetry and literary criticism.

We sat down on a park bench near a street light and visited. I was not sure whether the pleading disaffection in his eyes was due to his inherent poetic sensitivity or was the result of youthful misfortune. He told me of his childhood, his occasional epileptic spells, fits of moodiness, and an uncaring father. In his eyes I saw the same agony shown in portraits of the young Dostoevsky. Like the Russian author, I soon discovered, his youthful life was tugged between the two ideals of Orthodoxy and socialism.

Todor had grown up in a small mountain village in the foothills of the huge backbone of Bulgaria, affectionately known as "Old Mountain." His father was a profligate, unkind to his wife, not caring for his children. So Todor began to seek out monks in the nearby monastery, following them as they went through the village with their long black cassocks, tubular hats and flowing beards. Perhaps they could uncover for him the mystery, the intransigence of life which gave his school companions loving parents

and freedom from epilepsy.

Todor sought in Orthodoxy an answer to his frustrations and worked as a candle-bearer during the solemn liturgies. He dreamed some day of becoming a priest and interpreting for the people the great mystery of God. Hearing the beauties of Old Bulgarian, affirmed by a thousand years of tradition, tuned his ears to the beauty of language. Soon he began writing poetry to capture the feelings that were bubbling up within. And his poetry was beautiful.

But soon he observed that beauty, while so much a part of the Orthodox liturgy, was often absent in the lives of monks. One of his best friends among the priests loved to tip the bottle in private. Some of the monks were not averse to shady deals with elders in order to gain power, and there were shenanigans within the hierarchy.

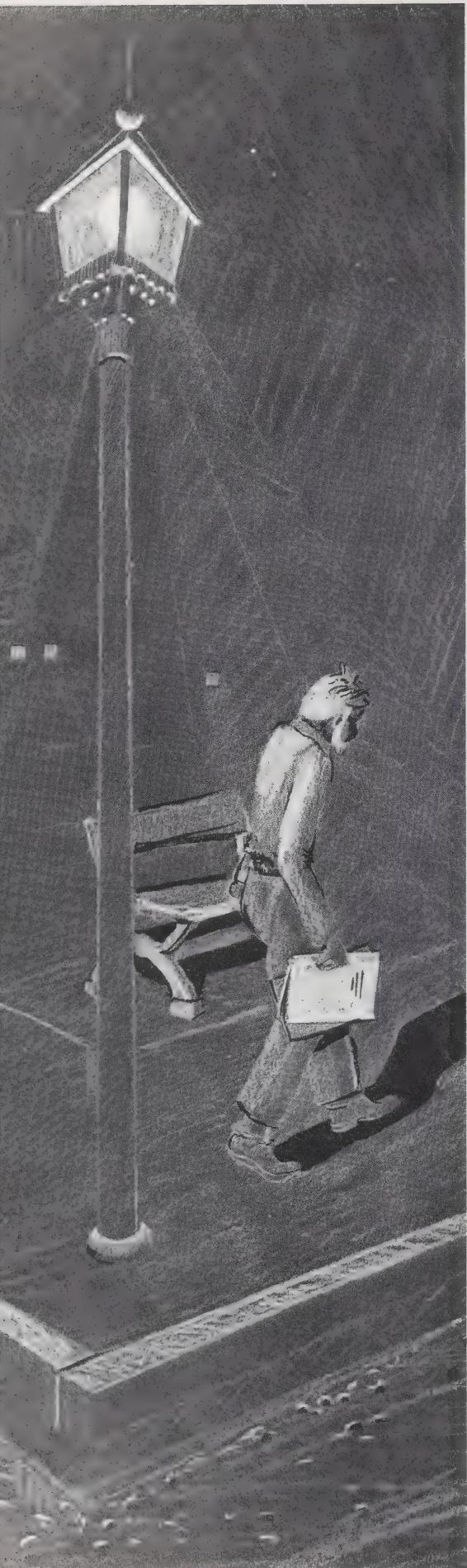
Still, the monks gave him much needed counsel and guidance, and encouraged him to go to the capital to continue his education. Todor went, and there learned another kind of mystery, the rigid system of Marxism-Leninism. He applied himself diligently, especially to the word craftsmen of Russian and Bulgarian literature. After a brief flirtation with Marxism, Todor noted a disturbing dissonance between word and deed among the communists; but since theirs was a strictly scientific world view, he pardoned their hypocrisy more readily than the sullied ideals of the Orthodox church.

Immersion into the great Slavic authors paid off, and soon Todor's poems began to appear in journals and newspapers. Critics commented on his great promise, not so much for his striking imagery, but as a brooding, poignant thinker.

And so he sought me out, wanting to know what was happening in that newest mystery world for him — the great Western world of literature. The archetypal approach of literary criticism especially intrigued him. He was thrilled with the freedom to use the Bible as a reservoir for literary images, capturing as it did the essence of human reality.

I told him about the ennui, the frivolity, the decadence and preoccupation with sex in western literature. As he drank deeply from this fountain of new knowledge, he was troubled and surprised, wondering that such freedom could be used so irresponsibly.

In the months that followed we often met to discuss literature; he guided my thinking as I wrestled with new authors. We discussed faith, which held for him unceasing fascination. His vibrant creativity, however, chafed under the sterile tradition of Orthodoxy which demanded anonymity in icon-painting, even though the church had provided Bul-



of Candor

No longer were his poems accepted for publication, and the applause of readership, so important to every writer, was gone.

garia with spiritual resilience for five centuries under foreign domination.

We met frequently in coffee-shops, ate sweet Turkish pastries and drank thick coffee and tea, and walked in the parks. Todor was a strong personality, tempered by adversity, yet surprisingly weak and vulnerable. As our ties grew I saw him re-commit his life to Christ. He grew in the faith week by week. His eyes brightened as he brought me new writings which began to reflect a fresh note of triumph, the quiet satisfaction of knowing Christ in a special way.

I recognized in him a quality rare among Bulgarian Christians — a frankness to deal with the conflicts of flesh and spirit. Believers were horrified that he should speak openly about temptation. Most evangelical Christians have been forced into a kind of isolationism due to the nagging feeling that they are inferior citizens since they do not represent the prevailing Orthodox culture. It would appear that they often seek refuge in pockets of piety.

But Todor had to pay a price for his candor. No longer were his poems accepted for publication, and the applause of readership, so important to every writer, was gone. He appealed for assistance to some nationally recognized poets, but to no avail. I took several of his poems to a friend who worked as an editor for a literary journal.

"Good poetry," he muttered, and added cryptically, "but not for publication here."

Todor became discouraged; it was as if the roots which nourished him had been cut away. Even the lone Orthodox journal refused to publish his poetry, since they were angered by his rejection of their own tradition. One evening, at a local poetry reading, Todor stood up and gave an outburst against the government which demanded strict adherence to the Party line. Local police pricked up their ears and began to threaten him.

Finally, one evening he approached me to help him emigrate. I could go to a foreign embassy and ask for political asylum on his behalf. Surely there would be ample evidence to convince western diplomats that he was being harassed and even persecuted.

I refused to help him, for his voice of courage, honesty and hope needed to be heard among his own people. "The church here needs your voice," I told him. "Who else can articulate faith for the educated and artistic Bulgarians?"

Todor was hurt, but also angry. Here I was — who alone, perhaps, could help him, but now refusing to do so. One evening as we were walking along the main square, he wept openly in a familiar litany of frustra-

tion. Still, I thought, what would he do in an emigre ghetto somewhere in the west, out of contact with the throbbing, vibrant life of the culture he knew best?

Suddenly he nudged me and pointed to a young man who passed on the other side of the square. He was a promising young poet whose second volume was drawing rave reviews from the critics.

"Maybe some day they will praise my poetry too," he sighed. Todor returned to the present. "Perhaps your act is kinder than I'm willing to admit. It was Dostoevsky who said that love in action, many times, is a cruel and terrible thing."

But for the remaining months of our acquaintance, rarely did he accept my position. He constantly begged me to contact emigre publications and to help him emigrate. While I often agonized with Todor in his difficulties, I remained firm. Was I really encouraging him, or was my position merely rationalized cowardice? Did the world need his poetry more than did his fellow believers? Did I truly understand the agony of his artistry, or was I secretly standing aloof?

Rejection. Here was a sensitive young man, who as a child was rejected by his father, then rejected by his traditional church, then by the prevailing ideology, then by the literary establishment, then by the evangelical Christians who felt that dabbling in literature was unimportant, and then rejected by me, a foreigner who represented his contact with the outside world.

Life is unfair, says Slavic folk wisdom. Like his forefathers endlessly before him, Todor is caught in the whirlpool of cultural and ideological differences.

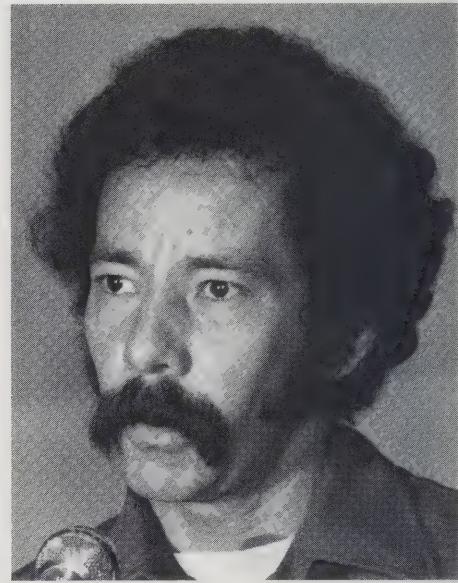
Just before I left the country, we met for one last time. As we strolled through the beautiful central park, I thought that he appeared to have aged, the lines in his face seemed deeper. I was overwhelmed with the utter inability to feel with someone I loved and respected. Todor was gracious, thanking me for the times we had spent together, for opening up to him the world of American literature, for sharing my faith and challenging him to integrate faith and art.

We parted that night with the typical Slavic embrace. Hold my hand, he spoke his farewell. "Thank you for everything. And you were right; I am now at peace with myself. Truly my mission is among my own people."

He walked into the night, still sorrowing and rejected, but to me he seemed enveloped in light. □

This article first appeared in the May, June, July 1983 issue.

Economics: Is One Economic System Less Oppressive Than Another?



by Luis Correa

In order to determine whether one economic system is more Christian and less oppressive than another, we need to start by analyzing, at least superficially, the two big economic systems which are competing for acceptance: capitalism and socialism. Unfortunately I am not an expert on either of these systems and so will need to limit this to what I see daily and read occasionally.

Henry Kissinger called Latin American countries "the third world," or "underdeveloped nations," simply because they didn't register imported currency and production equal to that of European countries and the United States. It is as if to say the good things of a country are not its people or its possibilities, but rather its money. Is that really just or Christian?

In Colombia there are ten financial institutions that control all the investment funds and the most powerful companies in the country. They control the stock and bond markets and set values. Many poor people make investments hoping to receive good dividends from their savings.

Recently the government discovered that in one resale of stocks, the most powerful of these institutions made a profit of 200,000,000 pesos (approximately \$4½ million US). Consequently the government passed a law prohibiting any one of these institutions from controlling more than 10% of the savings of any company or bank. What happened? The stocks lost value and thousands of small in-



vestors lost their money. (Three Mennonite friends lost 85,000 pesos — almost \$2,000 US).

Speculation on stocks resulted in tremendous inflation that affects the economy of our country. What the government failed to do in the law was to protect the savings of the people; the owners of these institutions can spend their vacations in Europe or Miami.

The transportation industry, the real estate

business, and the drug traffic control the economy of our capitalist country where the poor are the ones who suffer all the consequences of rising costs of food, transportation, rent and services. Capitalism is anti-Christian, inhumane, cruel, unjust, oppressive, materialistic and exploitative.

Would socialism be closer to the ideal? The definition of "socialism" says that this system gives the state the power to control the conditions of private life, economics and

politics, placing the collective interest above that of the individual. In other words, it would be the establishment of an equalitarian society where individuals utilize their intelligence, capacity, gifts and abilities for the common benefit — a world where natural riches are exploited and utilized for all people, rather than for multinationals or others with money.

Socialism isn't concerned only with the method of production. Its essence is in the

equality of all, in each person's human worth and right to shape his own destiny and that of his country. At least with respect to the New Reign of which Jesus spoke in Matthew (the Sermon on the Mount), socialism does come closer to an economic system that is more Christian and less oppressive.

Luis Correa is Executive Director of Mennonitea Colombiana Para el Desarrollo, headquartered in Bogota, Colombia. This article was translated from Spanish into English by Blanca Duque Quintero and Linda Shelly.



by Ahmed Haile

Christianity is about a universal truth where people of all races are united under one God, one Spirit and one Lord, while economics deals with only things (material) which are scarce. There are many ways to solve the problem of scarcity.

When it comes to choosing between socialism and capitalism or any other system, there is no difference, because none of them are based on Christian principles. In Christianity there is no socialism nor capitalism; there is no Jew or Gentile, because all walls or barriers were destroyed by unity in God. Besides that, God has given men a revelation to distinguish good from evil.

There are Christians who are in favor of capitalism over socialism and vice versa, choosing between the lesser of the two evils. But this notion contradicts Christian beliefs.

Socialism promises to deliver classless society where everyone is equal. There is no



poor nor rich and everyone will have shelter and enough to eat. It claims to be the only way that men can solve the problem of scarcity. So far it has been proven the opposite. The U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe have lower standards of living compared to their counterparts in Western Europe and the United States. Socialism has increased the level of violence, bloodshed and starvation in the Horn of Africa and Southeast Asia.

There is no freedom of religion because it is the number one enemy of the socialist state ("the opiate of the people") and therefore must be eliminated. As long as religion exists, they believe the class struggle or the revolution will never succeed. Religion gives false hope of life after death.

Capitalism promises to deliver freedom, equality and liberty to all people. Whether you believe that capitalism is less oppressive than socialism depends on your experience. In the name of capitalism Africa has been colonized and dehumanized by capitalist states in Western Europe and the U.S.A. Many Afro-Americans were dehumanized in

the name of capitalism when they demanded equality, freedom, and liberty. They were given equal but separate facilities. They are suffering today in the inner cities of the United States.

In Southeast Asia millions of innocent people were bombed for the self-interest of capitalism and millions are suffering from the effects of bombing, or starving in refugee camps in Southeast Asia.

The Mennonite Church believes in the separation of church and state. We know that there is no economic system which is based on Christian principles. Therefore to say that one economy is more Christian and less oppressive is contradictory to the church's teaching. Our guide should be Matthew 25:35-36, "For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me a drink . . . I was naked and you clothed me."

Ahmed Haile, who has studied at Goshen (IN) College and the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana, is from Somalia.



by John Rudy

My personal response to this question is simple, maybe too simple: it's difficult to be a faithful follower of Jesus in any economic system. I know from experience that it's tough under capitalism. I doubt it would be any easier to be a Christian under socialism or communism. It might be harder.

It seems to me that no economic system is more Christian than another. Every system is man-made. Not God-ordained or God-designed, but the product of human beings. And since unredeemed human beings operate the system there is plenty of room for people to be ruthless, oppressive, greedy. Sin thrives under every economic system.

Perhaps it would be equally appropriate to say that Christianity has prospered under various economic systems. The system has often seemed incidental. People of God, led and empowered by His Spirit, have demonstrated faithfulness throughout history, in different economic orders.

Now, I have to admit, that I'm pretty thoroughly steeped in capitalism. I'm biased. And for good reason. It's the only economic system in which I have any experience. I was born into capitalism. I've never lived under socialism or communism. And I have no plans to move.

Maybe a confession would be in order: it's hard for me to criticize a system which has been so good to me. Under capitalism and



This photo, entitled "Rebel Raider — A Son of God," taken by Pat Hostetter Martin, first appeared on the August, September, October 1981 cover as first choice in the third annual FQ photo contest.

democracy I have enjoyed freedom. I've had the liberty to choose my vocation, to earn adequate income from my labors, to receive interest and dividends, to realize capital gains, to accept an inheritance, to help my children, to contribute to the work of the Lord. Really, I don't have very much to complain about.

However, I have no intention of baptizing capitalism, because capitalism, like any system, has its evils. People can exploit each other. Some will be unscrupulous. Some will do anything for personal gain. Some will be grossly unjust. Some will take advantage of the poor. Some will even cloak the system in righteousness.

But is socialism or communism inherently any better? No, I don't think so. People abuse and misuse power. Citizens can be oppressed. Leaders can be ruthless. Many can be deprived of the dignity and resources they need. I differ with those who assume the sinfulness of capitalism and the saintliness of socialism and communism.

Sure I get upset with the weaknesses and

inequities of the capitalistic system. I even get angry. But I sense no calling to try to overthrow the system. I accept it as given. By God's Spirit, and with the help of my Christian brothers and sisters, I've got to find ways to be faithful. Right where I live and work.

My Anabaptist Mennonite heritage offers me helpful admonition: remain ill at ease with the system! Any system!

So I refuse to cast my vote in favor of any economic system. Regardless of the system in which I live here on earth, I am called to be a pilgrim and a stranger. A foreigner. An alien. A citizen of heaven.

To me, the question before us is irrelevant, purely academic. The important question for me is this: how can I be more faithful right where I am, under capitalism? □

John Rudy is General Manager of Financial Services for Mennonite Mutual Aid, Goshen, Indiana.

This article first appeared in the May, June, July 1980 issue.

Mennonites in World Diplomacy?

by Josiah Muganda

Diplomacy is the art of dealing with people so that business is done smoothly. It is a skill used in handling human affairs without arousing hostility.

Diplomacy is reasonable foreign relations between governments and among nations, employing facts and conciliation, especially in situations of stress. It is a way of managing a country's affairs by its agents abroad. Such agents are the Ambassadors, Ministers and Officers under them who receive directions from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at home.

True diplomacy is patient, persevering, nonviolent and persistent. It is considerate and unselfish as well as understanding.

Diplomacy is not thwarting or threatening. Proper diplomacy is not objective, but it is ready to examine and weigh facts, then make suggestions, offer opinions and propose alternatives.

However, since diplomats are not of their own final authorities, they should never depart considerably from formal instructions of their home government, "for the one who is sent is not greater than the one who sent him."

Diplomacy and Christian virtues

In my judgment, diplomatic qualities and approaches seem to match with Christian virtues and aspirations in many ways. At least they don't conflict with each other. Diplomacy requires one to listen to the other person, try to understand his views, reasons, complaints or grievances, then have faith in him and in what he says, and accept him as he is.

Diplomacy is peace-making at conference tables and dinners. Through it, misunderstandings, human woes and miseries have been reduced. Diplomacy has diverted wars, has reached agreements and has produced mutual respect and cooperation. The world would have been in chaos if there were no diplomatic consultations.

I think Jesus was diplomatic when he said, "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in thine idst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless like doves" (Matthew 10:16). The world is full of situations like wolves; hunger, greed, selfishness, ignorance, illiteracy, poverty, arrogance and diseases. A true and responsible diplomat, like a true Christian, can be wise as a serpent and help his country acquire or increase modern technology, social change, economic improvement, trade, educational facilities or opportunities, modernization of agriculture and food production. However, a wise diplomat must be selective in whatever he re-

commends to his country, for "not all that glitters is gold."

A diplomat, like a Christian, is called to be harmless as a dove. He does what he is instructed to do in the name of his government and for the benefit of the nation. Therefore, he should avoid being self-congratulatory, self-aggrandizing and self-conceited.

Diplomacy is neutral. Christians who are genuine can use it to serve their Lord and mankind as "good and faithful servants." I don't see, therefore, why Mennonites cannot be good Christian diplomats.

When the Apostle Paul said, "I have become all things to all people," he preached diplomacy. To the Jews, he became a Jew. To the philosophers, he philosophized convincingly and logically. To the Pharisees who were doctors of the law of Moses, Paul theologized. To the Romans, he used his Roman citizenship to claim his rights. To the people who were offended by eating

ing a body of Christian believers. Without understanding and compromise, there would have been either too many insignificant Mennonite colleges and seminaries, or there would have been none at all.

Mennonites have been engaged in diplomacy ever since they decided to start mission movements. Planning and contacts by the mission boards to government agencies and to other foreign missions were made through diplomacy. Missionaries studied local languages and cultures. This was nothing but a diplomatic way of wanting to know and understand the people they were sent to.

Though by modern standards, we tend to criticize missionaries who destroyed African cultures, customs and norms, they did so only after they had convinced the African church elders that African cultures were not biblical. They did so not by thwarting or threatening, but by persuasive powers and convincing logic.

Education and medicine were the two tools used by missionaries to attract converts and followers.

The mission boards have left the young church to practice their own polities which are slightly different from polity practiced by mother churches. A Tanzanian Mennonite Church member is not restricted from accepting employment as a policeman, becoming a member of a political party or working for his government in any field and capacity. The Lancaster Mennonite Church to which we are attached has accepted our church structure and our practiced policy. "He who is on your side is not your enemy."

Diplomacy in its truest sense is patience and nonviolence. It is not arrogance unless it is used by arrogant people.

Let the peace-loving people, the non-violent and the non-resistant Christians, light their candles and put them on hills, so that they can shine beyond their borders: to bring peace where there is trouble, love where there is hatred, abundance where there is hunger, educability where there is ignorance and illiteracy, confidence where there is doubt and uncertainty, and light where there is darkness. This is the role of true diplomacy. It is also the role of true Christian love. □

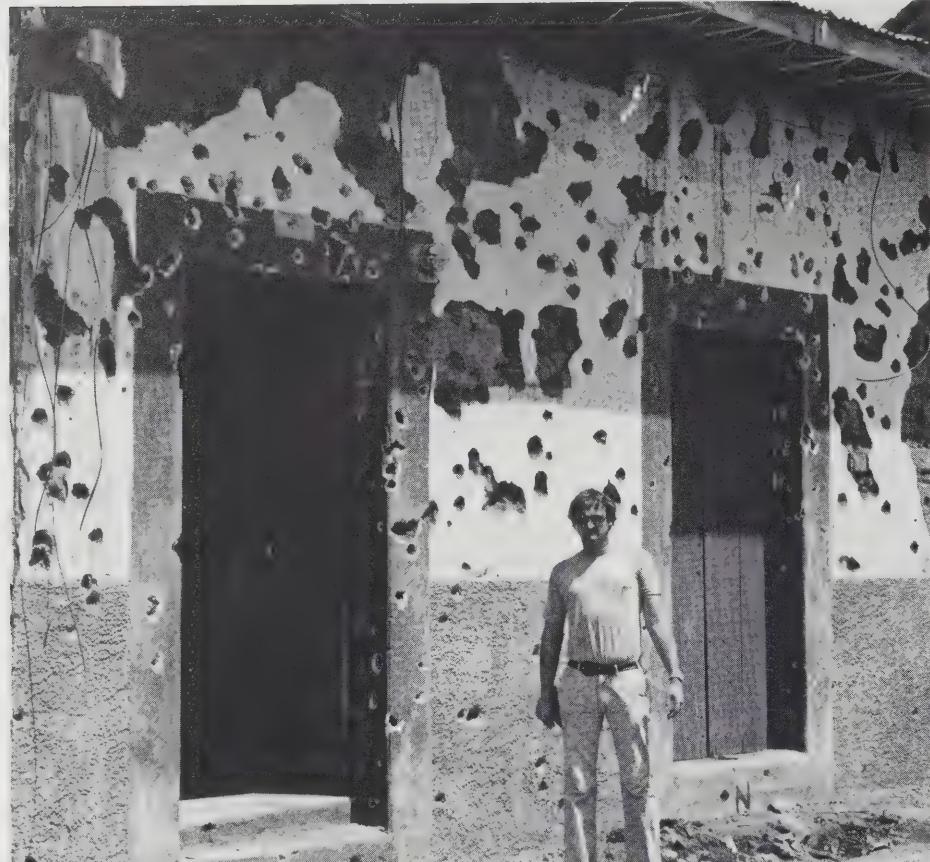
Josiah M. Muganda is a Tanzanian diplomat. For several years he worked at the Embassy of Tanzania in Washington, D.C. He is a member of the Tanganyika Mennonite Church, and a graduate of Eastern Mennonite College, New York University, and Howard University.

This article first appeared in the May, June, July 1980 issue.

UNITED REPUBLIC
OF TANZANIA
CHANCERY

The Missionary Mixture

by J.D. Stahl



Mennonite Central Committee

The best missionaries, I believe, are hybrids. They don't just take the Gospel from one tradition to another, they cross-fertilize as they plunge into another society and the culture-shock waves spread and bounce back. Something new is born: a Third Culture.

Missionaries have long been pioneers at this. Imagine choosing to learn Swahili, to eat maize meal with red bean stew, and to live perhaps in a thatched hut. Of course, you change. Maybe you introduce some Western medicine, teach Bible and a little Shakespeare, but you also begin to understand polygamy and female circumcision. You learn to sit without a chair.

Then missionaries come back and don't recognize America. They get homesick for Sao Paolo or Munich.

What happened?

Well, it's true. One effect of living in another culture can be to estrange you from your own. "The skills you have honed in Africa do not have a market in the States," one East African missionary writes. "Can you patch an inner-tube? Can you do the export-import paperwork for shipping cement from Mombasa to Mungumu? Can you get cash on Saturday for

this important Mennonite tourist? With these skills, you can splendidly starve in the U.S."

Even the little things take on different meaning. "I used a certain gesture to show friendship with an African brother. Later he confided to me that that is the way men of his culture propose sexual relations to a woman." So what to you do? You become cautious, you don't take familiar ways for granted. You learn a lot. You become more like the people you live with.

Maybe you start to hate America for being a bully and a hog. You see tanks and fighter planes rolling into the airfields and depots of shahs and sheiks and presidents who use thumbscrews and shocks to genitals on upstarts who ask for a living wage or who dare to say out loud that fatcat companies are stealing the land their ancestors farmed for centuries.

Who profits? you begin to ask. And how do you tell the innocent millions who benefit? That wasn't in the script, was it?

Maybe you decide to take your stand against ignorance and evil where you have a fighting chance of making progress. You push for better education for girls in Zaire. You deplore arranged marriages. And in

twenty years you see improvements. But you also change: "I . . . realized that though basically I am against arranged marriages, they had some merit. In many cases relatives were very selective in the choice of a mate and the choices may have been wiser than some marriages based on mere physical attraction in our country."

Or you try to be honest, and you find out that to confront your cook with the fact that she is overstating the price she paid for vegetables at market is to dishonor her. Maybe she needs the change to feed three nieces. So you learn to keep quiet, maybe even go along with a half-truth or what seems a lie, because you've learned that your Vietnamese friends place honor above what you consider honesty. Respect for people above respect for facts. Why not?

Anyhow, you change. You use your hands more when you speak; you touch people more. Or you pay bribes (even though you never get to like them) because you know it's the only way to get things done. You're not quite American anymore. Maybe not quite Mennonite. Even though you sometimes feel extra American and double-potent Mennonite.

Is that a bad thing? All this cultural change?

I say it's not. I say it's the wave of the future. We have to see the world from other perspectives, without losing our deepest values. Far easier said than done. Shedding familiar ways often feels like a kind of death. I suspect that's what the caterpillar thinks too when it sheds its plain coat.

What does all this mean if you're rooted in one place? (Something I believe is of great value too.) A chance to listen receptively when strangers come within your reach. We have a lot to learn from other cultures, I'm convinced — about strong and extended families; about letting time serve us, instead of being ruled by it; and about living joyfully with the necessities. One can work at becoming a hybrid, a Third Culture person by living abroad for a few years. Or if you stay where you are, invite strangers into your home when you can. Read about other cultures. Talk to missionaries.

Hybrids are tough. High yields too. □

J.D. Stahl spent his childhood in Luxembourg and Germany, the son of Mennonite missionaries. Today he teaches literature at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.

This article first appeared in the August, September, October 1981 issue.

Cultivating All the Land

by David Luthy

Well-kept, picturesque Amish farms are favorites for photographers appearing on postcards, calendars, and magazine covers. A beautiful farm is not an accident — it is an accomplishment. It takes a lot of work to keep up the buildings and to cultivate the land. The loveliest part of any Amish farm is the combination flower and vegetable garden. Much hoeing is required to keep it clean, not just in one spot but throughout. If too much time is spent in one place, soon weeds will be beyond control in another.

What is true for an Amish farm is also true for an Amish congregation. To be successful, it requires much work and a lot of con-

From the beginning, our congregation has made a conscious effort to break down barriers or generation gaps between the married and the unmarried. The holy kiss is not given just by the older married men but by all baptized members, male and male, female and female, regardless if they are married or not. At the Sunday evening singings, which are the traditional Amish youth gatherings, half a dozen married couples are also invited — not merely to act as chaperones but to break down the generation gap. At the church services, young, unmarried Amishmen are called upon to lead songs, and at work bees the men are encouraged to

ago. In fact the courtship standards during the past ten years have risen. Where thirty years ago a couple could (and a few did) marry at ages 18 or 19, now our young people don't even begin dating until that age, resulting in more mature marriages.

In the past years our congregation's convictions about caring for our own people, not expecting the government to, have been tested. The local tax office has pushed for Amish participation in the Canada Pension Plan and Unemployment Insurance. Money is being seized, but people are not participating.

But I do not believe our Amish beliefs and way of life will ever be destroyed by such



Richard Reinhold

victions. If too much emphasis is placed on one conviction, another area will suffer. The sowing and the hoeing must be uniform. With careful cultivation by all concerned, laity as well as ministry, a congregation will prosper spiritually.

Our congregation is just completing its thirtieth year, having been founded by settlers from southern Indiana in 1953. I have lived here for half of the congregation's existence. One major conviction which the earliest settlers had was that young people, aged 16-21, should not have to go through a period of rebellion or sowing wild oats so commonly experienced by young people in the older, larger Amish settlements.

visit back and forth regardless of age or marital status.

A high standard of courtship is another conviction held by our congregation. Believing that strong marriages make strong homes, which in turn make a strong church we have always discouraged casual dating. Young people are taught to view marriage as a serious, lifetime commitment. Semi-monthly dating from 9 to 12 on Sunday evenings is the norm.

Have these convictions been tested? Oh, yes. There has been teaching to do and disciplining. Today the convictions remain firm and the congregation growing, having divided into two congregations several years

outward forces. It is the forces within that we must watch. Every group of any duration cannot live on the convictions of its grandparents. Each of us must make those convictions our own. There is an Amish saying, "The young people of today are the church of tomorrow." Is it any wonder, then, that our ministers and parents are so concerned about cultivating convictions in them? □

David Luthy, a member of the Old Order Amish, is the director of the Amish Historical Library, which is part of Pathway Publishers, Aylmer, Ontario.

This article first appeared in the November, December 1982, January 1983 issue.

People Stories

Vignettes on Being Métis and Mennonite by Emma LaRoque

Anzac Dorm, financed by the government and parented by "Old Mennonite" VS-ers, was set up to meet the school needs of native children whose communities were along the Northern Alberta Railway line. For grades 7-9, I attended Anzac Dorm, my first contact with Mennonites. Naturally, I have many memories of the place — good ones, hilarious ones, and some sad ones. Two things stick out in my mind: a snarky comment by a VS-er and great teaching by the principal of the public school (which was about a half mile from the dorm). The VS comment went something like this: "We don't have to do all that we're doing for you." And somewhere I found the courage to retort, "We never asked you to come in the first place." In fact, our parents had not even been given the opportunity to ask! The principal at the school was also a VS-er and a graduate of Goshen College. Since he was the first humane and sensitive teacher I had had, I decided that I too would one day graduate from Goshen!

In 1973 I did just that. Again, many things can be recalled from my 1½-year stint there, but perhaps the most poignant experience came during the Wounded Knee crisis. It was not easy to watch on TV the violent confrontations between the Sioux and the FBI. It was not any easier to walk into a chapel and see a sea of white faces robustly singing, "All is well, all is well with my soul." Yet how could the singers feel the never-ending struggles of native peoples across North America?

My Métis ancestors were once buffalo hunters in what is now the Manitoba prairies. Today Mennonite farmers slice through the prairie earth with their machines.

The other week I received an invitation to join a TourMagination seminar in Europe to "explore our common faith." I found myself laughing uproariously — not at the invitation, per se — but at my ludicrous position! My roots are etched in the North American soil — how can I go to Zurich, Schleitheim, and Witmarsum? Besides, I

can't afford it! But seriously, my Métis spirit seeks for a North American equivalent of the "Schleitheim Confession" yet to be hammered out here in our homeland. □



Emma LaRoque, a Métis from Alberta, has been a student in Canadian Studies and is the author of Defeathering the Indian.

This article first appeared in the February, March, April 1977 issue.

Mixing Labann Wa Zeit by Elias George

To be both Arab and Mennonite is like mixing *labann wa zeit* (yogurt and olive oil). It is difficult unless you continuously work at it. It takes discipline and tolerance. Being a Christian Arab paved the road to reach the point where I have met the same Master the Mennonites believe and obey.

There have been areas of confusion in adjusting to the Mennonite subculture, the English language, the church, and accepting the Mennonite doctrine of nonresistance. On the other hand, there has been understanding, generosity, acceptance as a friend and brother, and a better understanding of the Bible and Christian faith.

Being a newcomer to the United States I was anxious to learn American terminology and expressions. At times I was not sure if one was talking about Jim (James) or gym (gymnasium). It took me a while to learn what was meant by the abbreviations commonly used, such as home ec, phys ed, el ed, lab, and others.

An area that concerns me is the lack of understanding of the Palestinian problem by many Mennonites who think the Arab-Israeli conflict is solely a religious one. As a Christian Palestinian I see that this is not the case at all. The Arabs and Jews lived to-

gether for centuries inside Palestine and out. But their conflict began when the Zionists, a Jewish political group, worked at a plan to establish a Jewish national home in Palestine. It is my belief that the establishment of the state of Israel is a Zionist political aspiration and event. The Bible does not state that only Jews should inhabit "the Promised Land," and the Balfour Declaration of 1917 does not indicate the establishment of a Jewish national home in all of Palestine. "The Promised Land" is a place where Jews, Arabs, and others could live together as God's "chosen people."

I have found that the continuous process of mixing *labann wa zeit* can be meaningful but requires understanding and open-mindedness.

After college graduation, I had a job which required some traveling. Before I would leave the office in the morning the boss would give directions to that day's destination. "You go on Rt. 30 East till you hit Rt. 41 and make a left . . ." Soon we moved to a rural town known for its town clock. Using my latest American expression I gave friends directions to our house, "You come Rt. 30 East till you hit Rt. 41 and make a right . Then go up the hill till you hit the town clock and make a left." Our friends, of course, found it amusing that they were to hit the town clock.

It was difficult if not impossible for me to accept the Mennonite doctrine of nonviolence. Yet gradually I have begun to understand it. It is a great doctrine, for it is a symbol of Jesus' teachings. It is living the New Testament. However, while I observe peaceful healing actions by individuals or groups of Mennonites, it is ironic to see these peace-loving Mennonites sometimes having conflicts among themselves. Soon I came to recognize they are ordinary people who are striving to live according to the Word of God. □



Elias George is an Arab who grew up near Hebron in Palestine. Presently he teaches social studies at Lancaster (PA) Mennonite High School.

This article first appeared in the August, September, October 1978 issue.



This photo, entitled "Look at Me!", taken by Dwight Roth, first appeared on the August, September, October 1980 cover as first choice in the second annual FQ photo contest.

A Summer Morning by Lupé de Leon

I wait as long as I dare before finally rolling over and opening my eyes.

As I sit up I think, why can't we afford a fan? Even an old used one would do. I don't see how I can live through another one of these hot and humid summer nights.

Sitting on the edge of the bed I'm careful not to step on my younger brothers and sisters scattered in every direction on the mattress on the floor. They are still asleep, peaceful and serene with not a worry in the world. Poor kids. Outside I can hear my father quickly doing early morning chores — filling the water barrel, making sure all our sacks are in the pickup.

The aroma of Mom's freshly baked tortillas is inviting. Nobody except maybe Grandma can bake tortillas like my mother.

"Levantate hijo, ya es hora," comes the voice from the kitchen.

"Si, mama, me voy a lavar," I murmur as I go outside and pour water from the spigot into a banged-up washbasin.

Birds in the tree beside our house are cheerful. They seem to enjoy the early dawn.

The neighbor's radio is blaring away.

Traffic begins picking up. Enrique's truck goes by, picking up workers all over the

barrio. Several more pickups stop down the street at Zamora's, our neighborhood grocery store, to pick up "lonche" (Spam, soda pop, tobacco, bread, etc.).

"Buenos dias, hijo," says my father.

"Buenos dias, papa," I reply.

Dad already has on his straw hat. Come to think of it, he always has it on except when he sleeps. I hate my straw hat. I want a nice cowboy-type hat, but that would cost a full day's wages.

Back inside, my sisters are up, helping dress the younger ones. They help each other braid their hair.

Mama has fried eggs, papitas, fritas, and refried beans on the table, nice and warm. This is the best time of day.

We eat while she packs our lunch.

Papa sounds the horn on the old pickup.

"Vamos ninos, ya es tiempo," he calls.

The kids pile into the back. Dad pulls up the tail gate as Mom and I sit up front.

"En el nombre sea de Dios." Dad always says that. The old truck slowly moves away from our house toward the outskirts of town. Several families pass us; my father never drives very fast.

Then we are there. We aren't the first to arrive. Several cars and pickups are already out on the field.

The sun is out, but there's still dew on the cotton. We have to wait before picking. I sit there and think, half staring off into the distance.

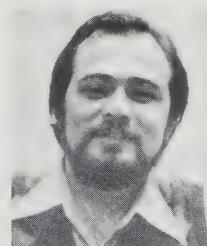
While we wait, a 1957 Chevy with long fenderskirts, flippers, and dice hanging from the rearview mirror parks alongside our old Ford pickup. They aren't listening to the

local Spanish radio station. No, they're listening to KEYS, the local rock and roll station. Elvis, Fats Domino, The Everly Brothers, Chuck Berry. The music makes me forget what awaits me... another hard day's work picking cotton.

The DJ brings a cheery update on the weather.

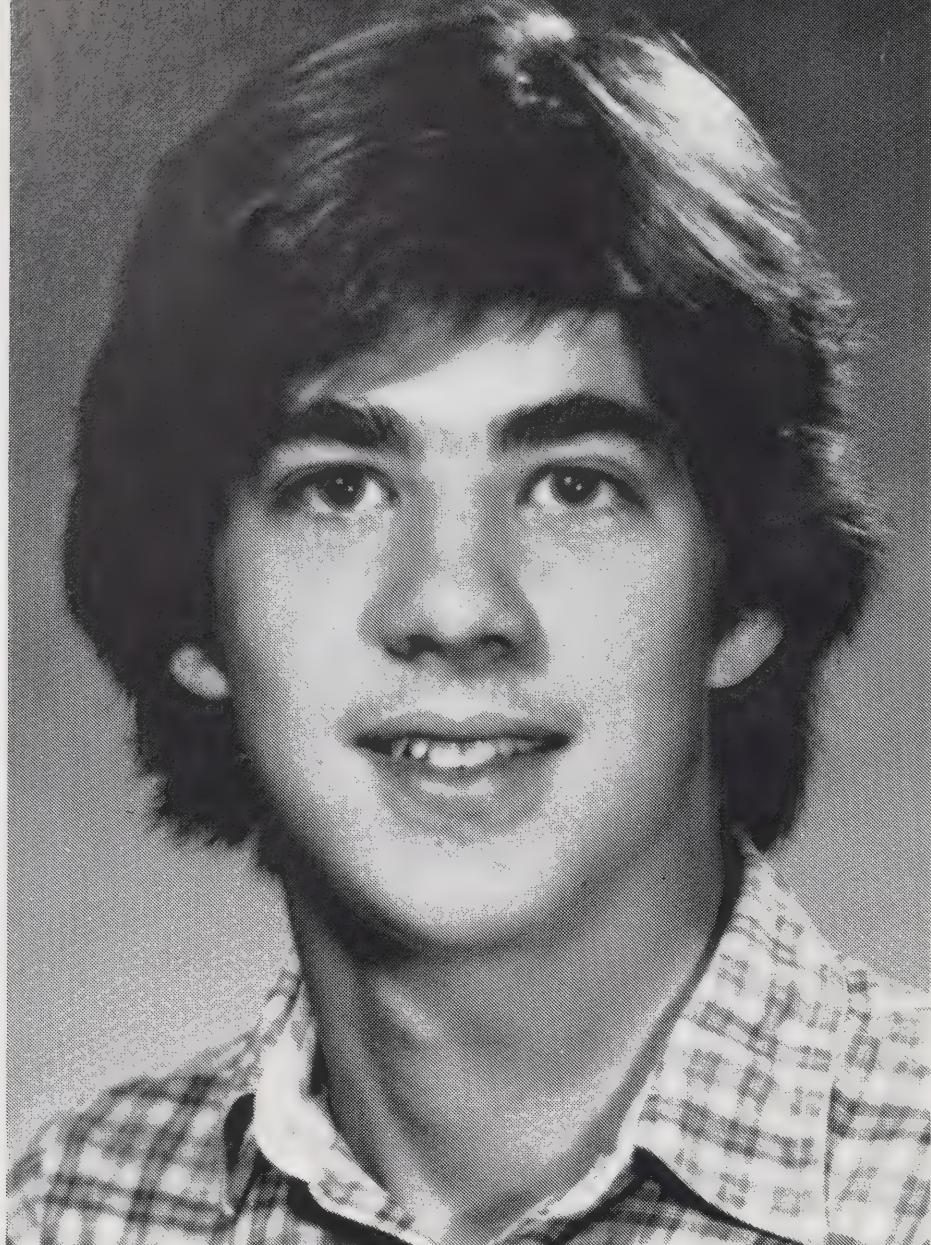
"All right you lucky people out there. The forecast for today is for clear skies with temperatures rising to 100 degrees by noon. Have a nice day at the beach. And now, more from the King." As Elvis begins singing I am faced with the reality that I'm not one of the lucky people the DJ was talking about. That's another world. Can I ever be a part of that world?

For now I must follow the family as we start a new day. We get out of the pickup and walk into the field. □



Lupé de Leon, Elkhart, Indiana, has worked in economic development among minorities within the Mennonite Church. Today he works for Coachmen Industries, Middlebury, Indiana.

This article first appeared in the November, December 1977, January 1978 issue.



Confessions of a Draft Resister

by David E. Leaman

The spotlight has shone brightly in recent months on a few young men who have been put on trial for refusing to register with Selective Service. Many have watched and wondered. I have watched. And last week an FBI agent called my home because I didn't register either. My decision has become incredibly real.

Minority positions rarely rest comfortably. To the bearers, they are struggle. Struggle (in my case) . . . to make a responsible decision that could prove costly . . . to be level-headed and open-minded when fluctuating emotions overwhelm . . . to live with the nagging uncertainty of what could happen next . . . to be aware of self . . . to communicate the message I intend and to be understood . . . to be faithful . . . to do what is right whether it seems "worth" it or not . . . to find peace.

Sometimes it is so clear. Why can't everyone understand and agree? We live in a world of destructive values. People are less important than materials. Bombs are built with the sole purpose of killing large portions of humanity. The wholeness and beauty of the entire creation is threatened. And while the monstrous machine races on, millions starve.

Registration is a push of the pedal in the cycle of violence. Namegathering that prepares for war, a tool to arouse hostility and magnify threats, and therefore, a step that makes it more likely that our government could choose a military "solution."

All young men have been ordered to sign a little postcard. Some of us have too long been socialized in church traditions that have taught us about the preciousness of life, about the call of Jesus to love our enemies, about our ancestors' refusal to participate in the military, about standing in the minority when the need arises despite possible suffering, and about the hope that this world can be transformed. These values have become a part of us. For some of us that has meant we can't fill out that little postcard. We can't participate in a step that leads to war. What choice did we (I) have?

I am reminded of the counsel of one peace activist, "When people ask 'Why?', turn the question back on them, 'Why wouldn't I be doing this? What are you doing?' Don't act like what you are doing is unusual."

But sometimes I feel very unusual. When an FBI agent is interested in me, everything isn't so clear. Wonderings arise out of my conflicting emotions. Who am I

If no one envisioned a better way, and acted on it, could peace ever happen? But me — go to jail for a vision?

to do this? I am just a normal 19-year-old with an evolving world view who enjoys living and wants to serve others.

Enten Eller, a Brethren non-registrant who was the first to be tried and convicted, made one thing perfectly clear throughout his trial: his decision was a result of being faithful to God's call and nothing else. Enten explained to me, "I don't want to be over concerned with maximizing the witness or stopping the system. If I had those goals, then I easily could be frustrated. If I leave it up to God, I don't have to worry. I'm definitely concerned about militarism and see witness as valid. I am thankful that because of my stand others are raising the issues. When I simply obey God's call, everything is for the best. I can't lose." Enten's attitude, centering around his clear call from God, eliminates for him the questions about whether his position is worth it.

Andre Gingerich, a Mennonite studying at Swarthmore College, had several reasons for refusing to register. After much analysis of what registration was about, Andre realized that as a Christian he couldn't cooperate with this military step. Furthermore, he saw non-registration as an opportunity to help bring the registration system to a halt and to call others (in the church and the public) by his example and voice together to help create a peaceful world.

War has never touched me. I don't know what it feels like. Because of this, the militarism that I object to sometimes seems unreal and the passion of conviction hard to hold on to. I wonder about jail. Images of violent individuals and lonely cells are haunting, not to mention a criminal record that limits my opportunities. I think of what I might miss: The entertaining lectures of my current history professor, the excitement of living in a small group for the first time, the hours spent working at the free medical clinic, and sights and sounds of D.C.

It is not easy for me — or for anyone — to be fully self-aware. When my gut-level emotions switch to a feeling of confidence, I wonder also. When I am around other non-registrants and affirming persons, I feel a sense of belonging and feel inspired to go on. Sometimes I feel good about the identity that this decision creates for me. It has been a big part of my life for over a year. (Other times I find it stifling.) I fight these and other human motives because I know they don't have sustaining power and that my position would be worthless



Enten Eller talks to the press following his trial, where he was charged for draft nonregistration.

and hypocritical if they became primary. But I'm human. Can my struggle to accept, but subordinate, these human motives allow me to consistently lift up higher values and make my decision a responsible one?

This decision, this struggle is helping to shape my world view. Sometimes I question my assumptions. I'm only nineteen. Am I too idealistic? Can the world be ordered using less violent means? Is registration really fairly harmless? Those questions usually fade when I ponder the nuclear threat and Christians' responsibilities to base their lives (and their responses to government demands) on a set of values that may seem too idealistic. If no one envisioned a better way and acted on it, could peace ever happen? But me — go to jail for a vision?

I am learning that following Christ, living by higher ideals, doesn't always seem to make sense. Sometimes it may seem foolish. In my wonderings, the questions I am inclined to ask most often are: can change happen? I feel so small and the impersonal forces of militarism seem so big and so beyond control. Is jail worth it if I can't make any impact? Why did I make this decision anyway?

Recently Andre spent several days at a retreat center. Pausing to reflect, he recognized that much of his driving force has been in being able to see results. "It has been exciting to see the degree of noncompliance. I think we have slowed down the process." But while there he began to ask himself, "What sustains me? What if there were only 700 non-registrants rather than 700,000? What if I had to go to jail?" Andre's time of Bible study and meditation

revealed to him, "To make a more peaceful world we must be prepared to take actions that may seem foolish. We'll need something deeper than the results to sustain us." Andre remains committed to actively working for social change.

Richard Steele is a white South African. In a country where military service is compulsory, Richard was the first to go to jail for his refusal to be a soldier. Sentenced to long hours of solitary confinement, Richard said he rested on the assurance, "Nothing can separate me from the love of God." He faces the prospect of a long-term jail sentence if he returns to South Africa as he plans. In his recent tour in the United States, Richard many times had to answer the question, "Why go back? What good will it do?" Steele reflected that many Christians are too wrapped up in a "productivity ethic."

Could I be a non-registrant if I were the only one? Or if I received little affirmation? I receive strength from seeing the courage and conviction of others. I lean on the support I feel from people within the church. Could I do this if it meant an indefinite jail term such as Richard Steele faces? It takes tremendous faith to see past the suffering, the foolishness, and the utter defeat and believe that there is ultimate triumph. I'm not sure I could be Richard Steele.

In coming to my decision I searched and shared with people close to me, trying to line up the way of Christ with his demand. Within the church I want to be accountable for my decision. I hope for understanding; whispers of disagreement from persons in the church trouble me. But this is all part of the struggle, a struggle that has been a catalyst for growth, helping me to realize that I am both strong and weak. More and more I search for strength beyond myself.

I want to build, to serve, to plant. My decision was first a personal response of faith, but I find hope in thinking that perhaps I may in some small way be planting seeds of peace. Perhaps things will happen that go far beyond my own imperfect struggle to "wage peace." On the other hand, my senior class motto in high school reminds me that "God does not call us to be successful but to be faithful." I am beginning to understand. □

David E. Leaman is a student at Goshen (IN) College.

This article first appeared in the November, December 1982, January 1983 issue.

A Quiz: Music-Making



A Note from the Editors

Our history is rich in music. Most of us love to sing. And through the years a few of us have composed, arranged, conducted, and performed music.

Some of the individuals and groups who have contributed significantly to our music in the twentieth century (limited to that because of the unavailability of earlier photos) are pictured above. We aimed for a representative group of people — by geography through North America, denomination, and area of contribution. Being laypeople in music, we counseled with many musicians and historians from the various groups of Mennonites to select persons for the quiz. We admit freely that this is not a comprehensive gathering.

Try the quiz! You'll find each person or group wearing a number (1-27). Write that number in the blank next to the correct name on pages 36 and 37. All persons pictured are listed alphabetically.

To check yourself, find the key on page 38, with a description of each individual's contribution.

A thank you to Judith Rempel of St. Anne, Manitoba, for her hours of sketching.

This article first appeared in the November, December 1978, January 1979 issue.

Bill Baerg

Irmgard Baerg

J.D. Brunk

Dean Clemmer

500 Kansas Men

Walter Hohmann

Ben Horch

Lester Hostetler

Gerald Hughes

Jonah Kliewer

Mennonite Hour Quartet

Harold Moyer

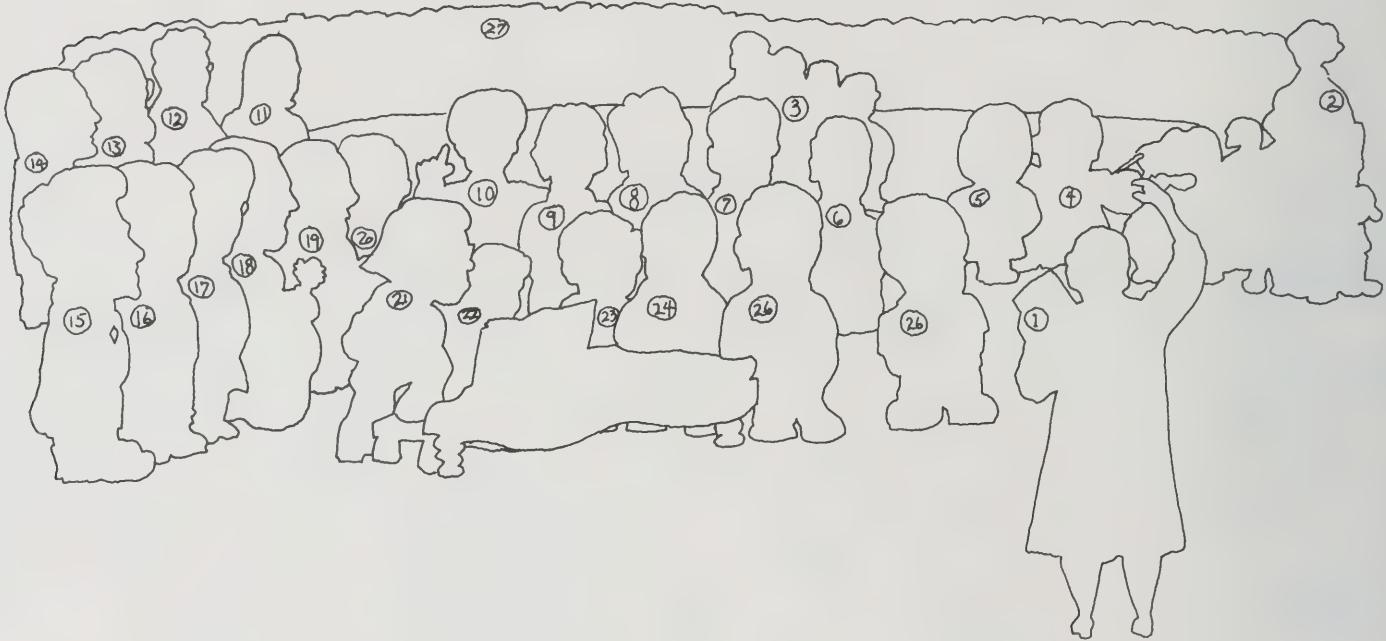
Mary Oyer

Among the Mennonites



- Martin Ressler
- Herbert Richert
- Orlando Schmidt
- Kathryn Sherer
- Lon Sherer
- J. Mark Stauffer
- Marlys Swinger
- Larry Warkentin
- Carol Weaver
- Esther Wiebe
- George Wiebe
- Winnipeg Mennonite Children's Choir
- Paul Wohlgemuth
- Walter Yoder

The Key: Music-Making Among the Mennonites



1. **Mary Oyer** is professor of music at Goshen (Ind.) College, one of the editors of *The Mennonite Hymnal* and loved as a leader of singing, notably at the 1978 Mennonite World Conference.
2. **The Winnipeg Children's Choir** is a select group of children, directed by Helen Litz. They have sung and won awards all over the world.
3. **The Mennonite Hour Quartet** sang not only on the Mennonite Hour broadcast, but across North America in hundreds of concerts during the 1950s and 1960s.
4. **Lon Sherer** is a violinist and music professor at Goshen (Ind.) College.
5. **Kathryn Sherer** is a pianist and also music professor at Goshen College. She and Lon regularly perform classical duets.
6. **J. Mark Stauffer** was known for dynamic songleading throughout the Mennonite Church and at Eastern Mennonite College (Va.) from the 1940s through the 1960s.
7. For a generation, **Herbert Richert** was conductor of the Tabor College (Kan.) Choir. He was a composer, arranger, and editor of 1950 *Mennonite Brethren Hymnbook*.
8. **George Wiebe** teaches conducting at Canadian Mennonite Bible College (Manitoba). He leads many workshops and song festivals and helped edit *The Mennonite Hymnal* and German *Gesangbuch*.
9. **Esther Wiebe**, also a music professor at CMBC in Winnipeg, is a pianist and has composed and published a lot of music for church use.
10. **Gerald Hughes**, a high school teacher, is an active music leader in the Cleveland

(Ohio) Mennonite churches. One of his groups sang in Wichita at Mennonite World Conference.

11. **Marlys Swinger** is a member of the Hutterian Society of Brothers, for whom she has composed and arranged numerous songs, many published by Plough Publishing House.

12. **Lester Hostetler**, Wooster, Ohio, has promoted congregational singing in many places, and has helped edit *The Mennonite Hymnary*, *The Mennonite Hymnal*, and *Youth Hymnary*.

13. **Larry Warkentin** writes choral and instrumental music; he was commissioned to write a piece for the 1978 Mennonite World Conference. He teaches music at Fresno (Calif.) Pacific College.

14. **Jonah Kliewer** is professor of music at Tabor College in Kansas. Both his gifts in composing and soloing were evident at the 1978 Mennonite World Conference.

15. **Walter Hohmann** was a composer, professor of music at Bethel College (Kan.) for many years, and coeditor of hymnbooks.

16. **J.D. Brunk** organized the music department at Goshen (Ind.) College. In addition he was a composer, pianist, and editor of hymnbooks.

17. **Carol Weaver** is a composer and music professor at Wilfred Laurier University in Waterloo, Ontario. Her composition, "Come," opened the 1978 Mennonite World Conference.

18. **Dean Clemmer**, Lancaster, Pa., composes mostly in the folk and rock motif. He has written musicals and performed with

many instrumental groups on the piano and guitar.

19. **Ben Horch** is prominent in music in Winnipeg as a conductor, founder of the Mennonite Orchestra, program director for the Canadian Broadcasting Company, an inspirer, and encourager.

20. For years **Paul Wohlgemuth** directed the Tabor College Choir. He is editor of the current *Mennonite Brethren Hymnbook* and director of the 500 Men in Kansas.

21. **Bill Baerg** is head of music at the Mennonite Brethren Bible College, Winnipeg. He is best known as a conductor for seminars, festivals, and special CBC programs.

22. **Irmgard Baerg** is a concert pianist. She teaches at Mennonite Brethren Bible College and performs regularly on the Canadian Broadcasting Company.

23. **Orlando Schmidt** is an organist and music professor at Mennonite Biblical Seminary, Indiana. He was active in editing *The Mennonite Hymnal*.

24. **Martin Ressler** is known as a spirited songleader in Lancaster (Pa.) County, and for having the largest private collection of music in the United States.

25. **Harold Moyer** is an active composer and arranger. Many of his pieces appear in *The Mennonite Hymnal*; one premiered at the 1978 Mennonite World Conference. He is professor of music at Bethel College in Kansas.

26. **The 500 Men of Kansas** are directed by Paul Wohlgemuth. They have produced several records and frequently sing at MCC Relief Sales. □

How to Eat Loaches

by

— Some people say raw loaches are good for the heart . . .

You just swallow
the loaches living
without chewing them.

They fall right
into your stomach where
they moan, struggle and

try to jump out.
But they gradually become
faint and still

like mice in a
snake or a minority race
in a society. □

Yorifumi Yaguchi is a Japanese Mennonite poet who continues to write and be read with respect.

He is Professor of American Literature at Hokusei University in Sapporo and a Mennonite pastor.

His life has been touched by war and death and by faith. It is all a part of the poems he writes.

This poem first appeared in the August, September, October 1982 issue.



FQ: Craig Heisey

An Anabaptist Alphabet An Alphabaptist Anabet

by David W. Augsburger

Anabaptist: (Sic) Erroneous name for adult-baptizers meaning "re-baptizers." Since sprinkling an infant is not baptism they are Alphabaptists.

Ban: Amish Deyoderant. Very dry ("No, not to eat"). Anti-inspirant (no worship). Anti-stain (no fellowship). Use it if you are shunned.

Concern: Christian gossip shared as wish-fulfillment. As in "Telling what others are daring that you'd like to be doing."

Dress: Public sign of personal piety. Garb comes in plain, modest, gay, fancy, and wordly styles. Lapels optional.

Eating: Marathon sport: as in "Now that the seven sweets and seven sours are all, let's clean up the ice cream and finish the pie."

Freundschaft: Aunt Sarah and Uncle Aaron, Cousin Amos and Brother Zack . . . The Shanks, the Millers, the Yoders und alles.

Guilt: Emotion accompanying play. As in "Sure I'm having fun. Would I be feeling so guilty if this weren't fun?"

Homeplace: The family farm. Goes to the oldest son in small families, to the youngest son in large. Comes with a Grossdaddy house complete with occupants.

Intercourse: Location of The People's Place, Lancaster County's center for Mennonite and Amish arts and crafts.

Ja: Das bruderliche sprichwort. Oder Liebeswort. Sag ja. Immer Ja. Es macht

An outlaw who lived above the law. A complex law that models the simple life.

Nonresistance: About-face when slapped, turning the other cheek when kicked, counting to 1,000 when angry.

Obedience: The simplest virtue of the simple life. Obey. There's no other way. Simply trust and obey.

Peace: Nice at any price. Sloppy agape.

Tourist: Us when we're in Pinecraft or Disney World. Them when they're at Blue Ball, Sugar Creek, Steinbach or Hillsboro.

consensus.

Kiss: A salutation for brothers or sisters, not brothers and sisters. (A serious, not a gay greeting.)

Lot: Original process of ministerial selection and ordination in which books are opened (in contrast to seminary where books are only purchased).

Menno: A well-read man who is unread.

Quiet in the Land: Rural refugees. Silent minority. Agribaptists.

Relief Sale: Charity fair. Where giving and receiving are equally blest.

Saint's foot: A dermatological condition indicated by wrinkled skin, short toenails, clean Sabbath stockings.

Tourist: Us when we're in Pinecraft or Disney World. Them when they're at Blue

FAMILY CREATIONS

Open Home

by Jewel Showalter

On days like today I remember a little cabin I once saw clinging to the top of a ridge. Evergreens crowded neighbors away. No road, electric or telephone wires linked the little home to civilization.

"Oh to be there," my tired soul cries as neighborhood children rap at the door asking, "Can Matthew play?"

The phone rings. "Would it suit you to watch Sara while I run to the grocery?" And an hour later I find myself not only with Sara but also two other one-year-olds.

I break up a fight on the front porch and suggest, "Why don't you play something?"

"It's too hot. Can't we run through the sprinkler?"

"No! Do something else." I try to remember my childhood. We survived without a sprinkler. What did we play? "How about 'Kick the Can'?"

"But I'm in bare feet!"

"Oh come on. You play for at least 20 minutes. Then I'll make you some cold lemonade." Bribing children to play? What next?

Someone's at the door. A neighbor wants

help in filling out financial aid forms for college. He enters and sprawls papers over the kitchen table.

"Is it always this noisy in here?" he wonders as I offer him a cup of coffee and set out cookies.

Another neighbor comes in to wash a load of diapers. She stays to chat. All day and the next we run open house.

In the midst of all this activity I'm obsessed with trying to teach my children to work, to keep our open house in some kind of order.

Why is it that neighborhood children seem to congregate in certain yards? We don't have a swimming pool or even a swing set. Do they just like to climb our trees and watch our baby rabbits, or do they sense that our home is open, a place of love and acceptance? There's someone to notice new haircuts, applaud daring bike stunts.

We try to have family night once a week — reading, playing games, attending a good film, picnicking, and almost invariably one of the children asks, "Can Sharla, or Dusty, or Steve have family night with us?"

But I wanted a night to myself, a time with just my own children. Who was that anyway who said, "Let the little children come unto me. And forbid them not . . ."

"We never get homemade cookies," a neighbor child commented as she helped Rhoda scoop warm cookies off the baking sheet.

"Oh we do all the time," Rhoda shrugged nonchalantly. "But I like oreos better. We never get them."

On a recent trip to Central America I was impressed with the openness of the village homes. Doors stood constantly ajar. Old grandpas stopped to dandle fussy babies for women scrubbing clothes. A neighbor popped in with a tasty new dish to sample.

I considered it a compliment when a child said, "I like to come to your house because you let us rearrange the furniture." But when chair-blanket-caves yawn in the living room and muddy paths mark base lines in the backyard I wonder if I like our open house.

One night as I was ready to flop with the children at their bedtime I heard an incredi-



Ball, Sugar Creek, Steinbach, or Hillsboro. **U**niformity: Nonconformity to the out-group, conformity to the ingroup, deformity of personal integrity.

Villow Walley: Ve don't talk funny, but this alphabet is getting verse and verse.

Work: Pleasure. Or as near pleasure as the godly get. As in "If you enjoy work you'll have a wildly exciting life as a Mennonite."

Xcommunicate: You can church a member, silence a preacher, and defrock a bishop, but you can't weaken a deacon.

Yellow: Once used to describe pacifists. Now used to signal caution, warn of danger, forbid illegality.

Zeal: Firm concern for the only way, the right way, the one way to do things. As in "My way is Yahweh!" □

David Augsburger is a professor in the areas of counseling, conflict, and conciliation at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana.

This column first appeared in the February, March, April 1977 issue.



ble offer.

"Can I give you a back rub, Mommy?" Chad asked.

"Only if I don't have to give you one in return," I groaned, thinking I was being manipulated.

"No! No! I just want to give you one."

Are they really and truly learning even after gobbling up all the chocolate chip cookies and tracking wet grass from basement to attic that it's more blessed to give than to receive? □

Jewel Showalter, her husband and three children, now live in Turkey where they are studying. They lived in Ohio when Jewel wrote this column.

This column first appeared in the August, September, October 1981 issue.

Yocoboué

by James and Jeanette Krabill



MONDAY. Our third week in the village of Yocoboué. The beginning of rainy season. The sky sprung a great leak. As did our roof. Several, in fact. One in the study. Above our desk. Four in the bedroom. Above the bed. Slept between buckets. Sort of slept. James came down with malaria. First time in four years. Spent the day in bed. Between buckets Still no electricity in the house. Need ten takers in the village before the company will come and install it. No water either. Except in the neighbor's courtyard. Ten cents a bucket. Actually too expensive by local standards but since it's for the whites. And since "whites are all rich. Especially you Americans."

TUESDAY. Two members of the church stopped by early morning to see if James was feeling better. "Couldn't go out to the fields

gesture. One condition. We transport the pig in our car from the neighboring village.

THURSDAY. Luscious mangoes for dinner. Two trees-full in the yard. Also an avocado tree. A tangerine. And two coconuts. Tropical blessings. Outside toilet. Outside bath. Outside chance of that changing in the next week. Just like the "good ole days." Young lady stopped by. Could we take her fifteen miles to the market. Had to explain we weren't the local taxi service.

FRIDAY. Friday night. Dance hall in center village opens its doors. And its music box. Full blast. "Beautiful woman, give me one more chance; beautiful woman, give me a dance." No one in this French-speaking country understands what's being sung. But the harmony is soothing. And the rhythm perfect for shuffling feet. Until one or two in

The sky sprung a great leak. As did our roof. Several, in fact . . . Four in the bedroom. Above the bed. Slept between buckets. Sort of slept.

with a heart at peace without checking to see that all was well." Making friends. Being on the receiving end. All too rare for us whites who "have so much to offer." Still haven't solved the rat problem. Nibbled Tupperware, flip-flops, cardboard boxes. And soap. Scurrying about at night in rafters overhead. Tried two kinds of poison. Rats love it. As much as the soap. Keep coming back for more. Local mason has promised to show up tomorrow to fill in holes. That makes five consecutive days he has promised to show up tomorrow. Maybe next week. Old man came by to ask for medicine. Fell from a tree. Sore testicles. Had to explain we weren't the local clinic.

WEDNESDAY. Morning Bible classes. Six to eight students. Eight to ten o'clock. Lots of questions. ("We say that it is the sorcerers who drink the blood of their enemies to destroy them and deprive them of power. Why then would we want to drink the blood of our friend Jesus?") No immediate answers. Matthew's vocabulary becoming a mumble jumble of three languages: a little French, mostly English, more and more Dida — language spoken in our village. Beginning to formulate complete sentences. Like today: "I wanna wash the dishes." To be encouraged. Young man dropped by to offer us a portion of a pig he had raised. A nice

the morning. Or three. Friend Dominique came by with advice on getting rid of rats: dump garbage in corner of one room and douse with poison. Thanks Dominique. Another friend offered cat. Leaning toward latter proposal.

SATURDAY. Matthew not feeling well. A little vomiting. A lot of diarrhea. Time to de-worm him again. Neighbor boy came to visit. Needed money for new machete. And two cigarettes. Had to explain we weren't the local bank.

SUNDAY. Presented two-month old Elisabeth Anne to the Lord in the morning service. Mother Jeanette, dressed in traditional Dida cloth, given special honors. A great day of rejoicing for local church. Sang and danced us through the village. And through the afternoon. Until 7:00 p.m. Twenty bottles of soft drink (our choice). Forty liters of palm wine (their choice). A truly eventful day. To close out an otherwise rather uneventful week. In Yocoboué. □

James and Jeanette Krabill live inland in Yocoboué, Ivory Coast, where they are available to independent African churches.

This column first appeared in the August, September, October 1982 issue.

Winds of Change

by Carol Ann Weaver

"The cutting edge," "the arena," "being in there where the action is," "radical discipleship," "nonconformity" — sound familiar? Yes, these all ring bells of Anabaptist attitudes toward life, attitudes of innovation and social change, attitudes which created alternate service in World War II, Pax in the 1950s, MDS (Mennonite Disaster Service), intentional communities, peace studies degrees, missions of all types in all parts of the world, schools, colleges, and seminaries. Mennonite people have attempted to be salt of the earth in social concerns while allowing artistic expression to be a sort of mild sugar — a timid frosting on top of an otherwise solid slice of life. So is this another admonition for Mennos to get out of an artistic night into the blaze of day? No, not an admonition, just a challenge to capture these "cutting edge" strengths and allow them to shape our artistic expressions as well as our Christian lifestyles.

Great art rarely is created in a vacuum of social awareness. Beethoven burned with the fires of French revolution — liberty, fraternity, equality; Tolstoy was indignant

with war and the plight of the 19th-century Russian poor; Picasso was moved to produce a profound masterpiece in the wake of the Spanish civil war. Surely we suffer with the downtrodden, heal the sick, cry out against war, but where are our "Eroica" Symphonies, our *War and Peace* novels, our "Guernicas"? The time is ripe to turn our sugar into salt and allow our art to be as pungent as our MDS after a Mississippi

(even if we have enough social conscience) if we do not understand an earlier style? Impossible! An absolute mandate for creating the new is to deeply understand the old. We owe it to ourselves and our followers to make a valid statement of our own time (a meaningful tradition for 21st-century Anabaptists will be our forward-looking expression of today).

Does a new art style come about just be-

**Nonconformity in lifestyle implies
bravery in artistic statement
as well as in war-tax evasion.**

flood. Nonconformity in lifestyle implies bravery in artistic statement as well as in war-tax evasion. In fact, it becomes essential that if a new lifestyle based on compassion is formed, then also a new artistic expression based on compassion should follow.

But how can we create a new art style

cause we think it should? No more than an MDS team clears away debris because the suggestion was made in the *Gospel Herald*. Conscious effort must be made to discover new art forms which can speak of compassion or social awareness. Sincere art is the result not only of deep personal and spirit-

Crossing Musical Cultures

by Mary K. Oyer

The hymn-singing inheritance of American Mennonites is rich and invaluable. May it continue to thrive! Its meaning, however, is ethnic rather than universal. Its Germanic (or Germanic-white-American) character permeates it so fully that the non-Germanic Mennonite is shut out.

In the last issue of *Festival Quarterly* Seferina de Leon said, "My (Chicano) difference hits me in music. (Mennonite) special music . . . always sounds classical. It's beautiful, but it makes me think how much I miss the Gospel music." Thousands of black American, Far-Eastern, Spanish, Indian, and African Mennonites frequently find themselves expressing their faith in "foreign" hymns. On the surface they seem to manage crossing cultures very well, but the joy of expression through their own cultural vehicles — language and music — is lost.

During the past six years I have begun the slow but rewarding process of learning what non-Germanic Mennonites might experience when they make music in church. I have visited African churches, joining Tanzanian

Mennonites as they sing their versions of four-part unaccompanied Western hymns. I have worshipped in Ghanaian independent churches where Mennonite missionaries work. I have tried to clap and move with them as they sing or dance their offering to the front of the church, and I realize with discouragement that I am locked rather tightly into my own cultural world.

Through the patient help of three African musicians I have worked at learning to play several traditional instruments. Direct participation in music-making gives me some idea of specific ways in which African Mennonites have to adjust in order to sing Western hymns.

First, attitudes toward good sound differ greatly. We in the West cut out the buzzes in instruments and voices which Africans find valuable; perhaps in the same way we over-refine our foods. Ideas of beauty of tone are so diverse that the word "beauty" loses its meaning. It must be redefined within each culture.

Second, rhythm is a powerful element in African church music. Some congregations

in America have developed the freedom and taste to clap with singing. The clapping in such cases is usually very simple and regular, such as 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 (numbers underlined are stressed). West African clapping is on a completely different level of energy and complexity. One person may clap 8 beats above, while another claps: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8. Still another may clap: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8. I have often thought that an African must find the rhythm of Western hymns extremely dull and primitive.

Third, the stanza form which predominates in Western hymns is not common in traditional society. Instead, African music often has a continuous, open-ended effect that makes Western tunes seem rigid. Further, an African hymn may be built up by a quick interchange between an improvising leader and a chorus which answers with a refrain, a practice carried over by American blacks. The effect is exhilarating; the length and ending are not programmed in advance.

These represent only three of the striking differences I find between African and Western emphases in hymns. The differences



ual insight, but also of discussion, planning and support from a body of like believers. As K-groups meet to share personal and spiritual problems, winds-of-change-in-art groups should converge to discuss insights and perceptions in music, drama, art, literature. As service teams clean a neighbor's clogged cistern, so should art teams work to clean away suspicion about a new artist's experimental works. As money is spent for Conrad Grebel lectures, so could money be spent for commissioning of art works. Otherwise our cutting edge is dull, our arena is in ruins, our action is stymied, and we have conformed to the mediocrity of the surrounding world. In current styles we should lead, not follow.

When we pray, let us ask for a new Beethoven, for we have much to sing about! □

Carol Ann Weaver is a composer and teacher of music at Wilfred Laurier University in Waterloo, Ontario.

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make me painfully aware of my own ineptness in participating in expressions of another culture, but they also convince me of the rich understanding available to Germanic Mennonites from other cultural traditions.

Each of our minority groups of Mennonites can offer unique qualities similar to those of the Africans. I hope that our Seferina De Leons will help us to experience new ways of praising. And I expect that we will be building a supplement to our present hymnals that will strengthen the quality of understanding and fellowship. □

Mary K. Oyer is professor of music at Goshen (IN) College. She was Executive Secretary of the Joint Hymnal Committee who produced The Mennonite Hymnal.

This column first appeared in the November, December 1975, January 1976 issue.

Halfway to Tarshish

by José Ortiz

The Old Man and the Sea and the story of Jonah in the Bible are twin books about big fish stories. Jonah comes out of the Hebrew tradition, while the other comes out of the pen of Ernest Hemingway, the American writer who made the turtleneck respectable attire. Both stories are well landscaped with action, safe language and wholesome characters who struggle to survive in the sea, in the deep.

By now as a Sunday School alumni, I realize that maybe the fish that swallowed Jonah was not so big after all, but I am impressed by the commuting between Nineveh and Tarshish. I am also struck with how God harnessed the sea and the wind, advised the tribulation and even reserved space in the belly of the fish in order to let a simple mortal like Jonah know that he couldn't get by God with his own agenda. Jonah deserves credit for trying harder, but he was overpowered and recycled!

Santiago is a veteran fisherman at a port

**God . . . reserved space in the belly
of the fish in order to let a
simple mortal like Jonah know he
couldn't get by God with his own agenda.**

in a Cuban town. Even his assistant left him because he was having bad luck ("salao") lately. But this time, he tries again . . . like the many other occasions recorded in his calloused hands and his salty wrinkled face. Early in the evening he feels a pull on the line. He realizes that his bait has been discovered by the big one. For hours the old man battles the fish, the sea, the night. At times he pulls the fish, at times they exchange the pulling, but the old man will not surrender to his catch, nor to the dark, nor the deep. After a hard night's fight on the way back to the port the old man realizes that the sharks are tearing away his trophy. With little energies left he brings ashore the boney skeleton as a token of his catch and his bravado.

Let us resurrect Jonah and Santiago from their sleep. Let Jonah speak to us about his commuting between Nineveh and Tarshish and the passages in adult life as we deal with our own travel plans without confirmation from above. We change jobs every seven or eight years. Twenty-five percent of our population moves every year. Voters commute from one party to another. We even shop around for churches to worship or not worship at all. Yes, we commute and it can be to Tarshish.

Let us confess to Santiago that we sacrifice our health and security to enter into the deep and the dark for a bigger catch, a bigger pay check, the desired promotion, additional acreage on the farm, and another degree. Let us confess that we also reverse the roles. We become captives of our very own goals. At Indiana University campus in South Bend, nontraditional students are labelled "DAR's" (damned adult racers) by the younger fry. The frontier is over, but not the slogan that there is a bigger steak ahead.

I find myself continually facing the question of direction. Sometimes I find affirmation. Sometimes I want to fly out of the "cuckoo's nest." I don't find comfort in tradition, nor in routine. Yet goals and direction continue to be topics of major concern for us mortals.

Financiers say that a billion dollars is not worth what it used to be. Marriage counselors indicate that married life is not fantasy island anymore. Newscasters say that jobs

have faded away, that faith has become an expensive commodity reserved for a few. In times like these . . . watch your move, watch that big catch!! Watch your *¿Quo vadis?* your moving, and what you are after. It could be beneficial to your spiritual health! □

José M. Ortiz, Elkhart, Indiana, is on the faculty at Goshen (IN) College.

This column first appeared in the May, June, July 1982 issue.

Reflections on a Moo Cow Creamer

by Robert Regier



Several years ago a friend and I were returning from Colorado on Interstate 70. We punctuated our drive with a series of coffee stops at typical roadside dispensers of gas, food, and plastic Americana. Each cup of coffee set before us was accompanied by one of the newer marvels of American ingenuity, the moo-cow creamer. It was clear that we were witnessing the early stages of an epidemic.

Since that I-70 journey the moo-cow creamer has been an object of reflection more than once. Each consumer of coffee can watch with fascination as the cream comes up from the bowels and through the mouth into the cup. Surely an appropriate appendage to squeeze or pull should have merited greater consideration.

Of course, the moo-cow creamer deserves no suggestions for improvement. Along with ladybug garden sprayers, early-American birdhouses, and planters in the form of pot-bellied stoves that glow, it needs to be discarded at the earliest convenience for the sake of the public good.

The creamer aptly symbolizes the visual

and functional calamity in consumer design. Like the tail-finned Dodge of the fifties, such design is unrelated to any real need, ignores sensible relationships between form and function, bores us with its novelty, and revels in visual deception.

I am particularly weary of the endless deception in shroud design. Shroud design is exterior—cosmetic. It ignores lessons from nature where the outward form of a web, bone, or shell is the expression of inner necessity. In shroud design the object is given a new appearance through superficial change (e.g., creamers that look like cows) while the inner function or mechanism remains unchanged. Shroud design falsifies. It suggests newness or novelty when no real change has occurred. It is pretense. Sadly, we have learned to expect and even demand this approach to design. Detroit thrives on it. It's a phenomena seemingly unique to affluent countries.

How can we discipline our choices? Perhaps there is something authentic in our past that could guide our eye and intellect as we confront a bewildering array of consumer products. At one time most of the ob-

jects our forefathers used were direct solutions to clear-cut problems. The craftsmanship varied, but whether a ladle for soup or a scythe for hay, necessity and limitation resulted in discreet and appropriate design. The objects were free from planned obsolescence, status, or pretense. They embodied respect for material, there was aptness, beauty was expressed through simplicity, they were durable, and they worked.

I hope our comfortable alliance with pretense and deception in product design has no relationship to our preferences in people. If shroud-designed people are as appealing as shroud-designed objects, the moo-cow creamer may be a symptom of a disease that's terminal for authentic community. □

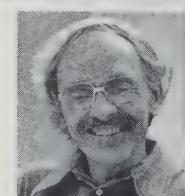
Robert Regier is a practicing artist and professor of art at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas.

This column first appeared in the August, September, October 1977 issue.

ENERGY WATCH

The Suburban Lawn Habit

by Kenton Brubaker



On weekends all across the North American continent some 30 million lawn mowers assault little patches of blue grass as the weekly suburban lawn-mowing ritual gets underway. Over six million new mowers are sold annually in the United States to support the habit. Feeding, weeding and then beheading *Poa pratensis* is a billion-dollar industry. The quantity of precious petroleum consumed in dominating this verdant growth boggles the mind.

How did it all get started? Who hooked us on this fetish of manicuring two million acres of lawn? Edward Hyams (*The English Garden*, Abrams, New York) believes it began with the emergence of the lower middle class during the industrial revolution. This new suburban class admired the lords of the manors with their vistas of "garden" and clipped topiary shrubs and began to slavishly imitate their affluent neighbors. In those days it was possible to hire an aging "gardener," at least part-time, to clip the hedges and grass. It gave one a feeling of nobility and gracious country living, even if it was only a half-acre lot on the outskirts of

town. This illusion of grandeur was preserved with the timely advent of the cheap power mower when the cost of hired labor became prohibitive. And with the help of cheap fuel, the little "lords of the manor" continued as "do it yourself" nobles. The

*Who hooked us
on this fetish
of manicuring
two million
acres of lawn?*

pleasure and pride of that miniature spread of green somehow offset the drudgery of the chore.

You may suspect at this point that I don't enjoy the ritual, that I don't appreciate the all-American tradition. Actually, I find it mildly humorous. The great American lawn

does serve some useful functions: erosion control, water infiltration and recreational uses. The two and one-half mile walk back and forth across our 20,000 squarefoot lawn is certainly good exercise, but golf could be more exciting. The riding mower fad neatly eliminates the exercise by suggesting that roaring around the house on a 12 horsepower monster is also a sport. Now that is really funny! The television commercial for this farce shows the woman of the household acknowledging the ridiculous activity as the male rider shows a sheepish grin.

Which brings me to the subject of sheep. Weren't they the original mowers of the English manor which we are trying so hard to emulate? Our suburban home sits in a former sheep pasture. I wonder if there is a city ordinance against a return to a rational use of grass. □

Kenton Brubaker is professor of biology at Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Virginia.

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INTERNATIONAL QUIZ

Meet the European Mennonites

by Paul N. Kraybill



1. Which of these European nations do not have any Mennonite (Anabaptist) congregations? a) Portugal b) Italy c) Monaco d) East Germany
2. These German villages, Backnange, Enkenbach, and Espelkamp, are so familiar to many North Americans because they were their ancestral homes. True or False?
3. The Umsiedlerbetreuung is which of these? a) a town in Austria b) a youth camp in the Netherlands c) an organization that ministers to Russian immigrants in Germany
4. Which well-known German Mennonite leader was the person largely responsible for initiating the first three meetings of Mennonite World Conference? a) Fritz Kuiper b) Christian Neff c) Fritz Goldschmidt
5. Match these European Mennonite periodicals with the sponsoring conference.
 - A. *Mennonitische Blatter*
 - B. *Gemeinde Unterwegs*
 - C. *Algemeen Doopsgezind Weekblad*
 - D. *Der Zionspilger*
 - E. *Christ Seul*

____ 1. Verband, Germany
____ 2. Dutch Mennonite Brotherhood — Netherlands
____ 3. French Mennonite Conference
____ 4. Swiss Mennonite Conference
____ 5. Vereinigung, Germany
6. Which is the world's oldest Mennonites congregation? a) Witmarsum b) Basel c) Geisberg d) Langnau
7. The official name of the Swiss Conference is "Altevangelischen Taufgesinnten-Gemeinden" (Old Evangelical Anabaptist Community). True or False?
8. "Worte des Lebens" is the name of a German language Mennonite radio program originating in Switzerland. True or False?
9. Match the names of these European Mennonite sisters with the proper description.
 - A. Marie Noelle Faurer
 - B. Jo van Ingen Schenau-Elsen
 - C. Ruth Wedel
 - D. Anita Lichten
 - E. Mary Matthijssen
 - F. Louise Nussbaumer

____ 1. President of the Dutch women's organization
____ 2. Minister in the congregation in Hamburg, Germany
____ 3. Professor in the European Mennonite Bible School — Bienenberg, Switzerland
____ 4. French Conference delegate to MWC General Council
____ 5. Secretary of Intermenno Trainee Program
____ 6. President of the Dutch Mennonite Brotherhood
10. Name the countries in which each of these institutions is located.
 - A. "European Mennonite Bible School" — Bienenberg _____
 - B. "Bibelheim — Thomashof" (Conference Center) _____
 - C. "Le Bon Livre" (Bookstore) _____
 - D. "Mont-des-Oiseaux" (Home for retarded children) _____
11. The two Mennonite conferences in which country merged in 1980? a) France
b) Germany c) Netherlands
12. The joint mission organization representing Mennonites in France, Switzerland, Germany and the Netherlands is known as a) EMEK b) IMO c) MERK

(Answers on p. 46)

Paul Kraybill is Executive Secretary for Mennonite World Conference.

This column first appeared in the February, March, April 1982 issue.

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Quiz Answers

1. a) Portugal; c) Monaco
2. False. These are villages where Pax men from North America built homes to resettle Mennonite refugees after World War II.
3. c) An organization that ministers to Russian immigrants in Germany.
4. b) Christian Neff
5. A. 5; B. 1; C. 2; D. 4; E. 3.
6. d) Langnau (Switzerland)
7. True
8. True
9. A. 3; B. 6; C. 2; D. 5; E. 1; F. 4.
10. A Switzerland; B. Germany; C. Luxembourg; D. France
11. a) France
12. a) EMEK (European Mennonite Evangelization Committee)



"Do you suppose there's something Washington's not telling us?"

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The Table of Babel

by Doris J. Longacre



Ethnic or regional groups are often characterized by the food they eat. In a novel of China, one soldier warns another: "Just look out for those noodle-eaters from the North!" No food seems so harmless as the noodle. But to the Southern Chinese soldier raised on rice, noodles apparently nourished bands of formidable fighters.

Is it also a bit frightening for one raised on scrapple and corn relish to meet a zwieback eater? What happens when either of these sits down in the kingdom beside one who prefers rice and beans? In Genesis, the Tower of Babel signifies a confusion of languages. But what started this diversity of eating habits? Where did we get the Table of Babel?

Food traditions grow directly out of the soil and climatic conditions with which a particular people must contend. What grows is what people learn to enjoy. Social conditions also have an influence. But a traditional diet is built on a few staple crops which can be depended upon to produce. These then take

After tasting the traditions of a number of cultures and climates, I find nothing too scary about surprises.

on a variety of forms as human inventiveness goes to work.

Take the *Mennonite Community Cookbook* and the *Melting Pot of Mennonite Cookery* as examples. While each recipe collection is influenced to some degree by the whole spectrum of European Mennonites who migrated to North America, *Mennonite Community* draws most heavily on Eastern Seaboard communities where gardens and orchards flourish in the still, humid summer air. No wonder one finds 70 recipes for preserving the produce into pickles and relishes, and another 40 for jams and jellies.

By contrast, *Melting Pot's* recipes were devised on the steppes and prairies where dry winds parched the gardens but ripened one crop to perfection — wheat. Wheat flour is the star of this collection, whether in breads or kuchens, vereniki or peppernuts.

Today North American menus are much less influenced by climate. Transportation and mass marketing make regionalism in food close to obsolete. Another kind of diet has developed — the fast food diet for those

who find the highway their home, the automobile their dining room. This diet varies little from Quebec to California. Like Holiday Inn, it offers no surprises.

After tasting the traditions of a number of cultures and climates, I find nothing too scary about surprises. Noodle-eaters or any other kind of eaters grow more interesting and less frightening on close range. But for a day-to-day diet, I opt for retaining a link between what grows locally and what I eat. It's a step in belonging where one lives. It's the difference between being a native and an exotic, says farmer-poet Wendell Berry. The native ultimately survives, the exotic perishes.

A dish I often ate through a Kansas childhood which seems right again since we've returned to the wheat state is *pflinzen* — also called *pfankuchen*, thin pancakes, Russian pancakes. They're first cousin to the crêpe, though the French must have had a few more eggs to work with.

As a child I was so impressed with my mother's expertise in tilting her skillets for *pflinzen* that for years I doubted this would ever become a standard dish in my kitchen. Under pleas from our own children I found it isn't such a mystery. The recipe is simple to remember and the ingredients never out of reach:

Beat together: 2 eggs, 2 cups milk, 2 cups flour, a dash of salt.

Heat a lightly greased skillet until drops of water dance. While tilting skillet in a circular motion, pour in just enough batter to coat the bottom. Flip over in a minute or two and brown second side lightly. Repeat, adding a half teaspoon oil to skillet between each pancake. Serves four.

A few comments: This recipe is everywhere; I'm releasing nothing new unless it's an affirmation that ordinary cooks can make these with ordinary equipment and ingredients. Both of the above-named cookbooks have more complete directions which are helpful if you've never seen it done. Second, these do not require nearly as much oil or shortening for a neat frying job as traditional cooks sometimes use. I also like to use half whole wheat flour or add one-fourth cup wheat germ. A few delicious nonsugary fillings are peanut butter and honey, fruit sauces of all kinds, and cottage cheese or yogurt with fruit. □

Doris Janzen Longacre was a regular columnist for Festival Quarterly before her death in 1979. She authored the More-With-Less Cookbook and Living More With Less.

This column first appeared in the November, December 1977, January 1978 issue.

A Special Breakfast

by Glenda Knepp

We've just experienced a joy-full holiday. A happy time for me was sharing a breakfast with seventeen assorted relatives. While the food was not our main focus, it did make a definite contribution to our circle of happiness, love, and contentment. There's some-



This is a gorgeous recipe for the microwave, for those of you with that energy saver. Follow the same steps, only:

Use the High setting.
Check and stir gently every two minutes.
It takes a grand total of 5-6 minutes!

While the food was not our main focus, it did make a definite contribution to our circle of happiness, love, and contentment.

thing about eating together . . .

I like to talk about food. Let me tell you what we had. We ate at 9:30 and, yes, that heavy dose of protein kept us very well until late afternoon. Remember, I'm not recommending this as a typical breakfast, but as a special occasion celebration:

Fruit Juice
Cheesy Scrambled Eggs
Sausage Chunks
Fruit Compote
Apple Nut Coffee Cake

To erase any frowns, let me quickly explain about the sausage. It was a beef and pork combination, not highly seasoned, made locally, and absolutely free of the usual sausage additives. In natural casings, it was superb. I guess I'm saying — don't limit yourself by thinking as you read about the horrors of sausage and bacon, "I'll never eat them again." You may have to swallow your words or choke on some fantastic sausage!

Here are the recipes for the eggs and coffee cake. The fruit compote was a compose-as-you-go thing of fresh orange and grapefruit sections in their own juices, with a few added banana slices and a drizzle of honey.

Cheesy Scrambled Eggs

Saute:

2 T. chopped onion
1 T. oil

Add and mix together:

5 eggs
1/3 C. milk
1/8 t. pepper
1/4 t. salt

Add:

1/3 C. grated cheese

Cook over medium heat, turn gently as mixture cooks. It's done when cooked through, but still moist and glossy. Serves 4-6 depending on your eaters.

I use a wire whisk for mixing.

Salt is optional; I omit it, and no one knows except me.

Apple Nut Coffee Cake

ww=whole wheat

Mix well:

½ C. oil
½ C. honey
2 eggs
1 t. vanilla
1 C. yogurt OR 1 C. sour milk

Add:

2 C. ww flour
1 t. baking powder
1 t. soda
¼ t. salt

Fold in:

2 C. unpeeled apples, finely chopped
Drizzle topping onto batter.

For topping, combine:

½ C. chopped nuts
½ C. honey
1 t. cinnamon
1 T. oil

Bake 350° 30-35 minutes. Let cook slightly before cutting. It can be cut in 16-20 pieces, so it serves a bunch!

Many joy-full celebrations to you all! □

Glenda Knepp from Turner, Michigan is the mother of two sons. She has "great fun running" as a means of following "the way of disciplined grace."

This column first appeared in the May, June, July 1980 issue.

When traveling

through Ontario

this year . . .

. . . we'd like to

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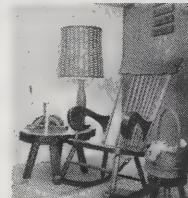
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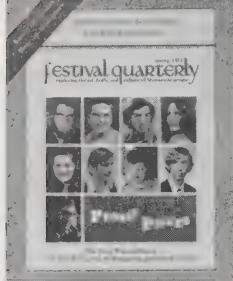
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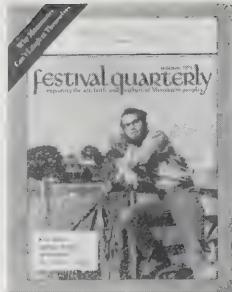
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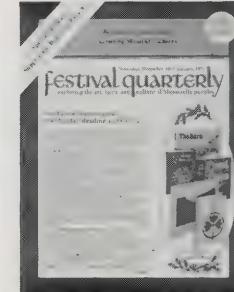
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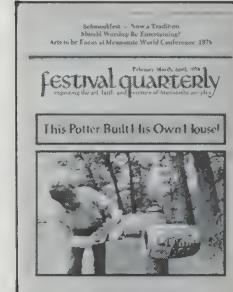
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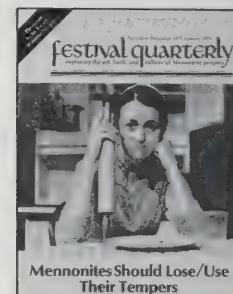
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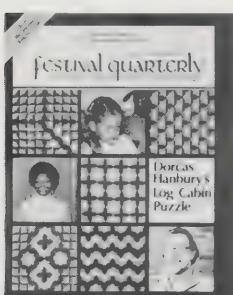
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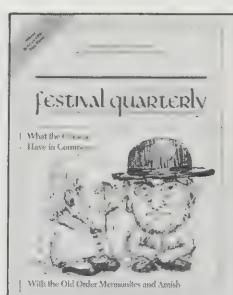
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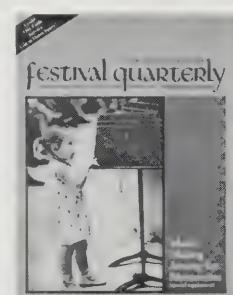
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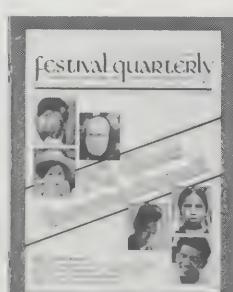
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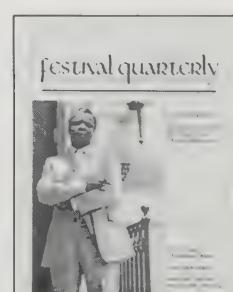
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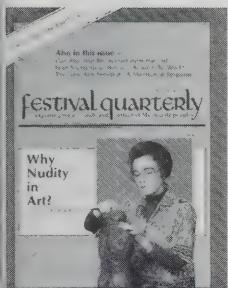


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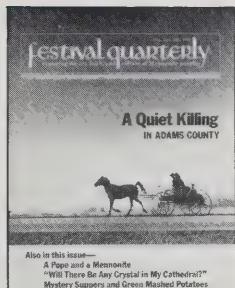


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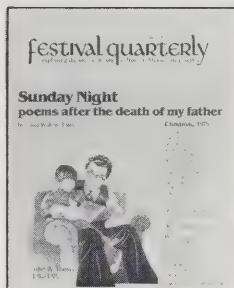
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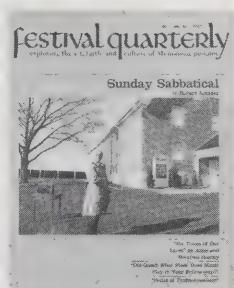
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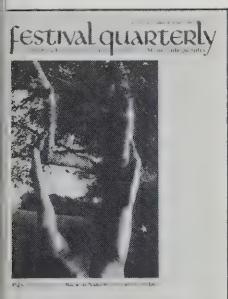
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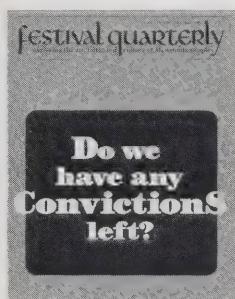
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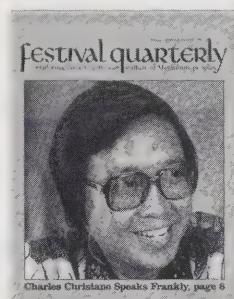
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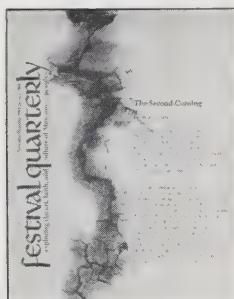
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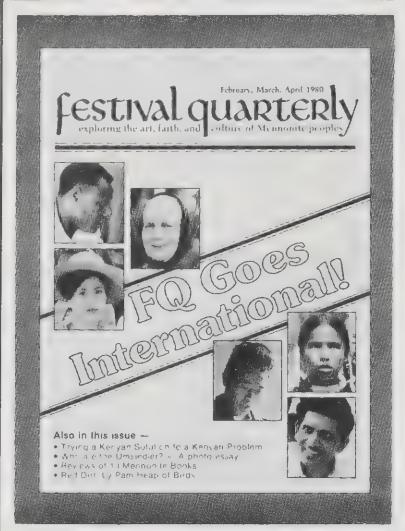
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FARMER'S THOUGHTS

The Message of the Trees by Keith Helmuth



"Did you want to cut that tree?" my young son asks after the crash. A long pause. "No. No, of course not," I reply. We count the rings on the stump to seventy-five. A beech that was standing before my father was born, cut down, split to kitchen stove size to bake our bread, to give us hot baths, to keep that mid-morning cup of mint tea hot, to keep this family of human animals alive another day.

For that, what stood so long is suddenly gone. No more will its nut crop feed the squirrels or its fall of leaves enrich the forest floor. Something like a sigh comes through the woods. We look up at the great hole torn in the forest canopy. Light pours through. Already the seedlings at our feet have begun to respond.

Such is the sorrow of necessity. Such is the ambiguity of our life. In every good there seems to be an evil; in every evil the possibility of good. It seems clearly good for us to keep warm, well fed and clean, but in so doing we turn a steady procession of living creatures into smoke and ash. Yet our destruction of elderly trees makes possible the growth of seedlings that otherwise would

trees is — do not waste. Take time to cut the dead and dying before they go punky. Persevere in thinning the crowded sapling growth. Be willing to burn some soft wood though it means more cords to cut. Split promptly and stack carefully for maximum air drying before burning. Split up for kindling the butt ends of cedar logs left from making fence posts.

Thoreau was on the right track when he said wood warmed you twice — once when cut and again when burned. My experience is it warms you several times more than that. Firewood is not just cut and burned but split, loaded, unloaded and stacked in the woodshed. And then handled once more when brought to the stove. And don't forget taking out the ashes and cleaning the chimney. It is a labor intensive business and one has ample time to study the nature of trees and wood.

Mindfulness is the key to the proper handling of resources. The slow labor of preparing a winter's wood supply offers good scope for the exercise of mindfulness. From the selection of trees through the splitting and stacking there is, if one tunes into it, a

*I eat regularly of the fruit
of that ancient tree and I carry
at close range the promise
that I too will surely die.*

have stunted and died for lack of light.

There is no getting around this intertwining of good and evil in human adaptation. If we ignore the evil we become monsters of exploitation. If we fail to see the good we end in despair and madness. The knowledge of good and evil is exactly what I get when I go to cut my firewood. I eat regularly the fruit of that ancient tree and I carry at close range the promise that I too will surely die.

There are certain mental truces one must make when living directly from the land. The hand raised in performance of duty often casts the image of destruction across the open mind. We see our human situation starkly and pray for wisdom to handle resources in a sacred manner.

I have not yet come to the place where I can talk to the trees, asking their permission to be cut, as did many of the native American peoples, but it no longer seems like an odd idea. Only a little more sensitivity, perhaps; a little more time standing quietly in the woods under the consciousness of trees.

The message I get from listening to the

kind of meditative dimension to the task.

At each loading of the stove I reflect on the sacrifice of the tree and on the labor needed to arrive at this moment. It seems only right that each piece should be placed in such a way as to ignite most readily and burn most efficiently. And in the spring when I cast the ashes of many trees lightly over the gardens I am visited by the feeling of having done my best to handle this resource in a sacred manner. □

Keith Helmuth has developed a small-scale diversified farm in New Brunswick, Canada. He writes out of "a background of ecological and social concern."

This column first appeared in the August, September, October 1982 issue.



Sounds

by Sanford Eash

When I was a boy every farmstead had its chicken coop. We could hear the neighbor's roosters crowing in the distance, a great wake-up sound. In the early summer mornings we would see the mother hen leading her little brood of cheeping chicks, hunting for food, insects, bugs and worms, the chicks often fighting for them.

But the rooster, his crowing done for the day, was irresponsible for the little flock. He strolled around with his head held high, looking over his harem. But he made a warning sound when a hawk flew overhead.

These are all sights and sounds we no longer hear. Where did all the hens and roosters go? Probably penned up in an environmentally controlled building, living on wire.

Then there was the three-legged milking stool beside the cow, and the first streams of milk hitting the bottom of the tin pail. It was a special sound. If we milked fast enough, the sound changed to milk hitting thick foam as the pail filled. Today the milking sounds have progressed to electric motors, sucking pulsators, and milk gushing into a special bucket or a pipeline.

Over in the horse barn we heard the sound of horses munching hay or crunching ears of corn. They ate their favorite oats with only a quiet nibble. Today horsepower is fed by an electric motor pumping diesel fuel into a tractor.

There was the sound of the three-horse team going to the field, the harness tinkling along with the heavy clump clump of the horses. The plow slid through the soil almost silently as it turned over, but the harness changed to a squeaking stretching sound along with the heavy footsteps of the horses. Many years have passed since I heard these sounds.

Studebaker wagons were built in our neighboring city of South Bend, Indiana. I don't think they were made anymore when I was a boy but there were still a lot of them in use. They had a heavy steel tire in a big wooden wheel that turned on a large axle and made a certain crunch, going over a gravel road. Even the horse-drawn wagons didn't sound like that.

The sounds of nature don't change with time. Howling winds with flying snow so

thick you can't see over a few hundred feet sound the same. When the temperature drops below zero and the winds howl, it sends chills down the back of a livestock man, in more than one way. The snow squeaks underfoot. The traffic sounds of the nearby highway are muffled by the huge snowbanks. When we were young we used to listen to the old-timers and we find ourselves talking about the milder winters of the past.

People sounds don't change with time: a friendly informal church that has dismissed and everybody is visiting. The sounds of children on the playground, laughing and shouting. There was a time when folks were annoyed by the sound of babies crying during the worship service, but we have accepted this noise again. It is the sound of a growing young church. It is a good sound. □

Sanford Eash is a retired farmer from Goshen, Indiana. Together, he and his wife, Orpha, write and travel.

This column first appeared in the May, June, July 1982 issue.

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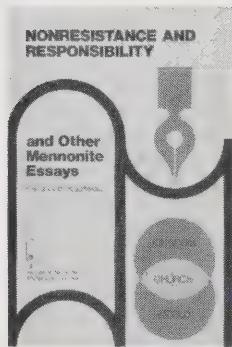
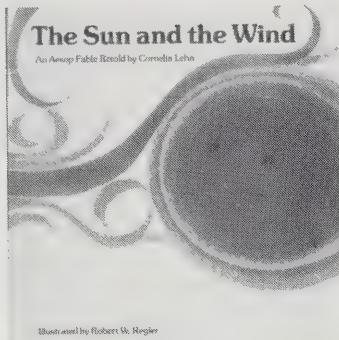
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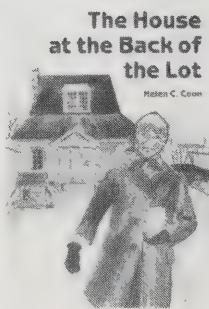
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FILM RATINGS

The Basileus Quartet — Strong music, decent acting, but unconvincing characterization. A world-famous but aging string quartet begins to lose its members to death and insanity. A super-youthful replacement depresses them further. Italian. (4)

Broadway Danny Rose — A masterpiece by Woody Allen about a small-time talent agent. Funny, bittersweet portrayal of a man who can't separate business from personal feelings. Stars Allen and Mia Farrow. (9)

Christine — As horror films go, this one's superb. A 1958 Plymouth Fury has powers of its own, especially in the hands of a misunderstood teenager. (5)

Confidentially Yours — French master Truffaut's latest is a delectable mix of thrill and mood. A secretary tries to clear her boss of murder and ends up in a tangle of complications. (7)

D.C. Cab — A coarse but hilarious celebration of the taxi business in the capital city. A little underdog hack company tries to get a slice of the business. (6)

Dear Maestro — A poignant, humorous Italian film about two conductors who grew up in the same town. One left; one stayed. The revival of an orchestra in the hometown is the backdrop. (7)

Gorky Park — If you didn't read the book, you'll like it better. Complicated plot leaves too many gaps in film version. Strong action, tone, movement, however. Story of a good detective in Moscow, sorting out three murders which involve. (6)

Hot Dog . . . The Movie — Outrageous, unbelievable romp about some fanatical skiers at a half-horse competition that includes as much sex as snow. (3)

Never Cry Wolf — A very worthwhile film. Dazzling photography. Takes one into feelings and perspectives you'll never forget. Not as boring as it sounds. A biologist lives among the wolves and Eskimos way up north. (8)

Rear Window — Revival of the Hitchcock classic starring James Stewart and Grace Kelly. A photographer with a broken leg gets involved in the lives of his neighbors with help of his girlfriend. (8)

Reckless — Another formula high school picture, Romeo and Juliet in a bleak industrial town. More artistic than most. (5)

Silkwood — Gripping story about a complex woman who works at a nuclear plant, gets involved as a union organizer, and dies in a mysterious car accident. Meryl Streep, as usual, serves up a stunning performance as the fragile, mixed up, but stubborn Karen Silkwood. Regrettably, the movie somehow lacks a cohesive soul. (8)

Star 80 — Based on the true story of a *Playboy* centerfold who was murdered by her estranged husband. Bob Fosse seems intent on a centerfold of his own. Born loser the whole way. (3)

Terms of Endearment — Apart from the hard-to-take ending and the shallow characterizations of the two implausible husbands, this tale of a mother and her daughter disappoints. Very uneven in its skill. Shirley MacLaine and Debra Winger are tops, but the script is B-grade. (6)

To Be or Not to Be — Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft in a farce about a theater troupe in occupied Warsaw. Trying to outwit the Nazis. Hilarious. (6)

Uncommon Valor — Has some strong moments. Fantasy about fighting the Vietnam War right and preserving honor. A team returns to rescue some relatives missing in action. (4)

Yentl — Review on next page. (8)

Films are rated from an adult **FQ** perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity, and technique.

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YENTL: Probing and Delightful

It's hard to put *Yentl* into a convenient category. That doesn't keep it from being powerful, engaging, and strangely moving.

Is it a musical? No. Barbra Streisand calls it a dramatic film with music. In this way especially it defies traditional categories with one lone singer and no "production numbers" and dances. But the music the way Streisand performs it actually becomes more powerful than an old-fashioned musical.

The music is only one of three "unique" aspects of *Yentl*. The more obvious feature headlines Streisand. Not only does she play the difficult lead role with outstanding deftness and credibility, not only does she perform the music, and not only is she co-author of the screenplay; Streisand is producer of this picture and she directs it with a crisp vision which as a debut would alone win plaudits for any other new director. The camera lets us see and helps us enter worlds unknown without feeling self-conscious or intruding.

The third unique aspect of this movie

stems from its sources. *Yentl* is based on a tale by I. B. Singer, "Yentl, the Yeshiva Boy." A Broadway show in 1974 was also



based on his story. (Singer has been less than happy with Streisand's movie, but then Singer is less than happy a great deal.)

Aside from Streisand's history-making

tour de force, the sources, and the use of the music, how does *Yentl* stand up? If one were to see the film without knowing any of the above, would it engage and entertain?

This reviewer believes so. Granted, it's a popular medium for a very serious setting, but when have books and learning been given so much dramatic sympathy lately!

A rabbi's daughter somewhere in Eastern Europe about the turn of the century develops so much longing to study the Torah and the Talmud (forbidden to women) that she disguises herself as a boy named Anshel so she can study in a yeshiva (a Jewish religious school). Things get complicated when her/his best friend Avigdor (played brilliantly by Mandy Patinkin) tries to get Yentl/Anshel to marry Avigdor's bride-to-be (Amy Irving is great) when the marriage falls through.

The movie explores issues of faith, love, learning, and human fullness. But the story's strength is not muddled up by the insistence of these issues. *Yentl* probes, engages and delights.

—MG

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FOREIGN BEAT

Man With a Mission

by Jan Gleysteen



One morning last July we drove into Ibersheim, a quiet little village on the Middle Rhine. The person we wanted to see, Fritz Kehr, wasn't home. We found him working in a chapel at the south end of town. When he saw us he laid down his brush, began to explain his project, and for the next three hours held us spellbound with his varied interests and insights. The son of a Mennonite minister, Fritz Kehr was born in nearby Eich in 1908. As a youth he went to Mainz to study sculpture. "How I delighted in liberating a figure out of the hard stone!" recalls Fritz. His education in Mainz was very thorough and soon he was able to earn money from his first commissions. From Mainz Fritz Kehr moved on to Offenbach to one of the very best art schools in all Europe. In particular he enjoyed the classes in lettering under the great type designer, Rudolf Koch. It was Koch, a devout Christian, who inspired Kehr to become "an artist in God's service."

After six semesters Kehr passed the Ger-

*When a mural is
finished, Fritz
introduces it first
of all to the
children, even the
very young.*

man art proficiency exams and six semesters later he became a Meister. Leaving Offenbach Kehr moved to München to work under private tutelage of Professor Möller. It was his dream to become the Commissioner of Public Monuments for the entire state of Hesse. But in the 1930s Germany got a new regime. Because Kehr's faculty advisor was married to a Jewess, the man was dismissed and all his recommendations were blacklisted by Adolf Hitler. Fritz found himself on the street.

Kehr returned to Ibersheim to marry Elisabeth Stauffer, the last descendant in Germany of the Mennonite Stauffers. Together the young couple managed the Stauffer property called the Rohrhof. Shortly after that World War II began.

Classified noncombatant, he was shipped off to Poland as a communications specialist. Once there, Fritz convinced his superiors to have his duties prescribed as company artist. He managed to spend much of his army time studying in Vienna and in Mi-

lano and was lucky enough to stay away from battle. Even so, he saw enough devastation to make him hate war even more. When the war ended the remnants of the German army were driven across Europe like cattle. Fritz was captured and spent much time in POW camps, a gruesome experience. "If each nation's minister of defense would have to spend two years as a prisoner of war before his appointment, we'd have no more wars," promises Fritz.

Even in those times Fritz saw God at work. Traded off to the French he was singled out as "Sculpteur-Prisonnier de Guerre" with special privileges and a place to work. Released in 1946 he made his way back home to assist his family in the task of rebuilding the Rohrhof and to minister to the refugees and DPs passing by. But, whenever there was any slack time in the field or on the Hof, Fritz returned to his first love—sculpture.

The Stauffer farm was rich in old Mennonite books and memorabilia and Ibersheim was rich in local Mennonite history. Having turned over the farm to his daughter Ursula and her husband, Walter Lang, in 1971 Fritz now devotes his time and energy to recording the Mennonite story in two media: sculpture and murals. In sculpture his most recent project is the design of a plaque symbolizing the Mennonite pilgrimage since 1525 from Switzerland to all parts of the globe. The murals, when finished, will be scattered through the village of Ibersheim depicting both the secular and Mennonite history of this town which dates back to the Middle Ages. When a mural is finished Fritz introduces it first of all to the children, even the very young. With biblical zeal he tells them the story over and over again.

Now when a stranger comes to town and asks, "What does this painting mean?" a twelve-year-old may start out: "To show hospitality to the strangers passing by, the citizens of Ibersheim . . ." or: "One day when the Lord of the territory went out fishing . . ."

So, Fritz Kehr works not only to beautify the walls of the houses or the chapel by the cemetery, but his works serve as visual aids to remind everyone of the story of a people of God and their pilgrimage, particularly as it relates to the quiet village of Ibersheim on the Rhine. □

Jan Gleysteen, an artist and historian, lives in Scottdale, Pennsylvania, where he works for Mennonite Publishing House and participates in TourMagination as a leader of tour groups in Europe.

This column first appeared in the February, March, April 1977 issue.

All the Mennonites Are Dead

by Peter J. Dyck

The message that Johann Enns was alive in an obscure village in southern France reached us in Frankfurt, Germany, from an alert pastor in Canada. In our attempts to trace and find people separated from their loved ones by the war, we had developed an intricate system of records, exchanged information with other tracing agencies, and systematically gleaned all likely sources for possible clues. Whenever there was a "find" everyone rejoiced and we felt like celebrating.

Even now we still have more than 15,000 names of missing persons in our MCC tracing files.

But Johann Enns had been found and we knew the address of his wife in Russia. Even if they could not be reunited physically at once, the joy of knowing about each other, of being able to write to each other, of catching up on twenty years of news since separation during the war — all this was exciting even for us as we vicariously rejoiced with them.

After several exchanges of letters, it seemed best that I visit Enns personally. I was appalled at the conditions in which he lived. The tiny village was dirty and dying. Somehow it just had not yet arrived in the 20th century. I found Enns in a small one-window room, part of the barn with animals. It was musty and almost completely dark.

Even more shocking was the other darkness in which Enns had lived for so long. During many hours of conversation I was able to piece his sad story together.

He had only been married a year when the war ruthlessly separated him from his young wife. At the time he was drafted into the Russian army she was pregnant. For a few years they had stayed in touch through letters, but when the war ended and he became a POW (prisoner of war), they lost all contact.

After his release from the POW camp he went immediately to the Red Cross to locate his wife, but there was no trace of her. Other agencies gave the same answer, "We have no record of your wife." He asked about Mennonites and was told all Mennonites are dead. Hitler killed some and the rest were killed by the communists.

"And you really believed that?" I gasped in disbelief. "Yes, I did," he said, reminding me of the brutality of Hitler and Stalin, and the fact that all his efforts to locate Mennonites had failed.

And there was a further complication. One day after his discharge as a POW while working for a farmer, he had an accident. "What kind of an accident?" I asked. I could see his inner struggle as he debated with



himself whether it was safe at last to tell it all. "This," he finally said, lifting up his left arm and pointing to the underside above the elbow. I understood. "SS," I said, and he nodded sadly.

He had defected from the Russian army and landed on the German side where he was promptly drafted again and ultimately put into the elite and crack division of the German army known as the SS. All soldiers in the SS had their blood type permanently tattooed on the inside of their arm. Caught by the Russians, he would certainly have been shot as a traitor, and the Americans and British also dealt harshly with any man found with the tattoo, or a scar where the tattoo had been, as many tried desperately to remove this telltale evidence after the war.

He had managed to conceal it from others, but on the day of his farm "accident," it had been very hot, they were in the field making hay, and he had taken off his shirt. That was his mistake. As he pitched the hay and lifted his arm the farmer spotted the tattoo.

Enns was taking no chances. He disappeared at once, finally surfacing again in southern France where he successfully avoided all attention by blending into the landscape of the dreary village in which one day was like every other day and where a priest visited only when there was a funeral.

We talked about his wife and daughter. His face lit up then and his eyes shone as he fondly unfolded the first letters from them. "My little girl is 21 now; she's a teacher," he said. "My wife tells me she's a very good daughter and a good teacher."

I shall never forget the scene in that half-lit dingy room in an obscure village in France as he haltingly and almost reverently read from his daughter's letter. Through the years she had often wished for a father like other little girls had; and that she was sure her father would have been good and kind to her. He would have given her candy and a doll; that even now, though she had never seen him and distance separated them, she loved him dearly. Finally she asked whether he would add to her already overflowing happiness by sending her a little parcel.

Enns looked up and asked whether we would help him send that package. I promised to and asked what we should send her, thinking of clothing or other practical things. He picked up the letter and continued reading: "Now that I have my own father, just like other girls, would you please send me some candy and a doll." He choked up and I had the feeling that the tears which silently started to flow over his cheeks were the first tears of joy in more than twenty years. □

*I found Enns
in a small
one-window room,
part of the barn
with animals.
It was musty
and almost
completely dark.*

Peter Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs, and telling wise and witty stories. At home in Akron, Pennsylvania, he works in Constituency Relations for Mennonite Central Committee.

This column first appeared in the November, December 1980, January 1981 issue.

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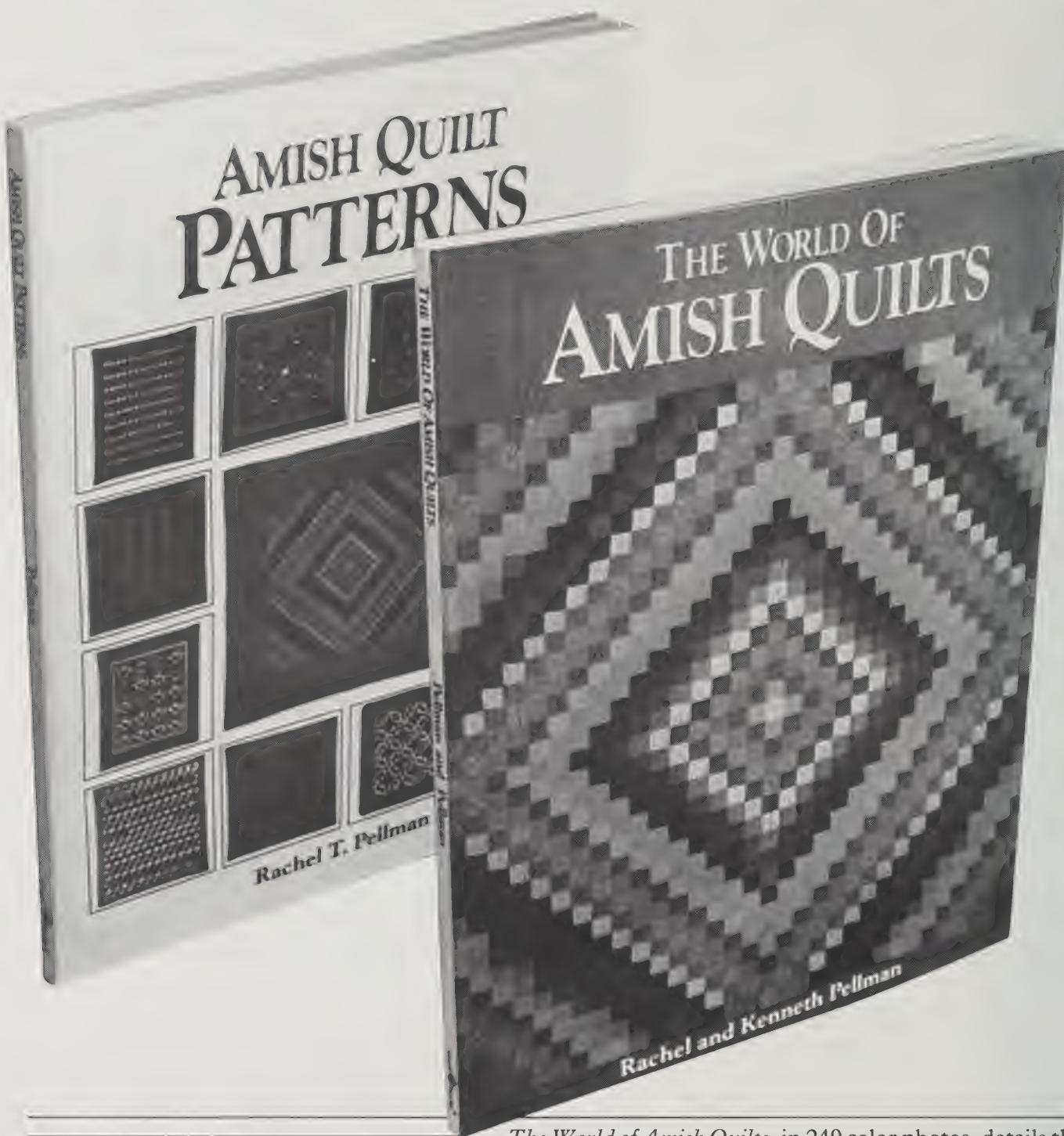
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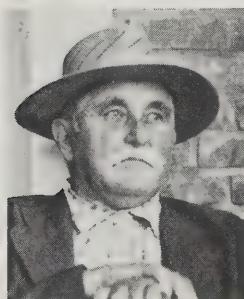
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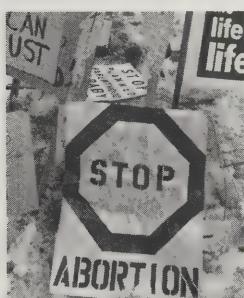
Final communion service at the 10th Assembly of Mennonite World Conference in Wichita, Kansas, in 1978. In this issue, **FQ** approaches the 11th MWC Assembly with a look at questions facing the Mennonite peoplehood worldwide.



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by Jan Gleysteen

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In Search of Refuge

by Yvonne Dilling and Ingrid Rogers

The journal of a North American volunteer who spent 18 months with Salvadoran refugees on the border between El Salvador and Honduras. Yvonne walks through Honduran villages learning to know the Salvadorans who seek refuge there and listens to their anguished stories. She describes the emergency work and the horrors of war as well as the day to day tasks of coordinating the education program, assisting in health clinics, and learning to live in a new culture. Through her journal, Yvonne shares what life is like on the receiving end of U.S. foreign policy as she watches the gradual militarization of the border zone.

Illustrated with photographs by Mike Goldwater.
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by Glenn H. Asquith

In brief chapters, noted author and American Baptist leader Glenn Asquith traces his personal search for faith from the unquestioning belief of childhood through the teachings of many and the experience of life. The result is a distillation of what he has decided is needed for a life of assurance and serenity. Older adults will find hope as they use this guide to examine and solidify their own faith. Younger persons eager to communicate with their elders will find much to offer. "Glenn Asquith examines his life and its values with an honesty that is close kin to humility. True pastor that he is, he is ready with stories and examples to help us understand what he sees clearly and feels deeply." —Elizabeth Yates in the Foreword
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Quarterly

The **Festival Quarterly** (USPS 406-090) is published quarterly by Good Enterprises, Ltd., at 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The **Quarterly** is dedicated to exploring the culture, faith, and arts of the various Mennonite groups worldwide, believing that faith and art are as inseparable as what we believe is inseparable from how we live.

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good.

Looking Toward Strasbourg . . .

This issue of our magazine has been in preparation for about a year. We have attempted to pull together an international discussion of some of the key issues facing our fellowships around the world. We hope you enjoy the results.

We have done this, of course, to coincide with Mennonite World Conference this summer in Strasbourg, France. These articles are

by no means the final word on these issues, but we hope they can contribute to the overall discussion.

Our staff will be listening eagerly in Strasbourg. We plan to interview as many persons as possible from our fellowships spread throughout four dozen or so countries around the world.

Perhaps we'll even meet you! We hope so.

— MG

Menno Video

I feel a frenzy growing within our churches to be on the inside — if not the topside — of the world of video. I am troubled by the near mania in some quarters. And I have a few questions about the church's use of this technology. Captured by the relative simplicity of video machinery — and it's proven power with viewers — some voices are urging congregations and agencies to "ordain" these tools for spreading the Good News.

Yet I have the lurking feeling that as churches we're about to sink considerable money into production and equipment, more because of our terror of being backward and behind the times, than because we believe that this investment will really truly enhance our faith-life and our witness.

We are dazzled by the power of these technological machines and systems. In fact, we're nearly intimidated by them. Some speak in hushed reverent tones about dishes, chips, satellites, and futuristic technologies. There are those who want to convince the church to develop its own video industry.

I sense the same rationale developing that some of us used to fund expensive church buildings — if we don't make this investment, we'll lose our own kids, and we certainly won't catch the attention of our unchurched neighbors. But does that rationale hold water?

I admit that I will almost always choose reading a book over watching TV. But before you write me off as a pro-print primi-

tive, let me say that I do realize the astounding amount of television most people in our society watch.

Furthermore, I have been and continue to be deeply involved in the production of some fairly major film projects. So I believe in the effectiveness of cinema as an art form.

But that does not erase the uneasiness I feel with the breathless fervor in some corners for Menno Video. I believe that the film medium, whether on a little screen or the big screen, is most effective at informing viewers or in reinforcing values they already hold — but it is least effective in persuading viewers of a new point of view or a new set of values.

Person to person contact still remains the most effective form of Christian witness. Temperamental, forgiven men and women touch people in a way perfectly moving dots and professionally projected images never will.

Is there no place for video resources in the church? Absolutely. The combination of a good script, creative camera work, sensitive sound, and imaginative editing can make a powerful film. Especially if there's a strong story at its center.

It's the infatuation that frightens me. Especially in a day when most of our denominations operate on skintight budgets. I'm convinced that if we as a church are agog about video, it will seduce us away from who we really are and from what we as a faith-community do best.

— PPG



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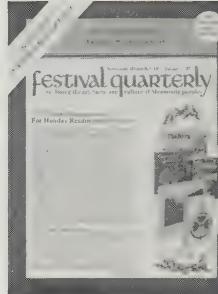
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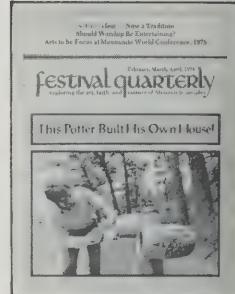
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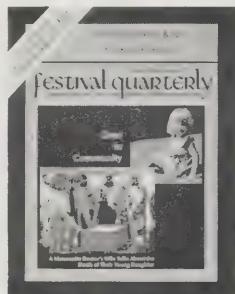
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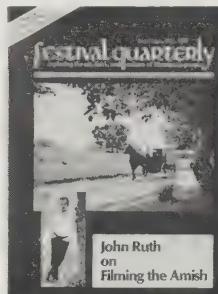
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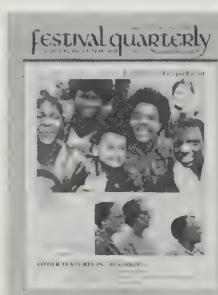
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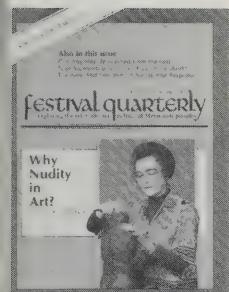
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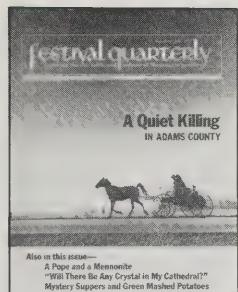
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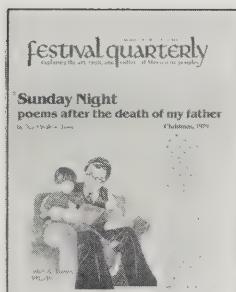
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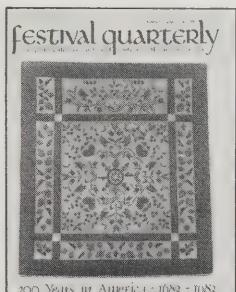
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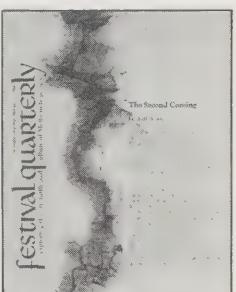
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FESTIVAL Quarterly

Congratulations on your 10 years of publication of your interesting **Quarterly**. The reprints are refreshing to my mind.

— Wilmer Reinford
Creamery, Pennsylvania

I was really disappointed with the Spring issue of **FQ**. When I sorted the mail that day I thought, "Oh, what a fat one. They must have outdone themselves for the 10th anniversary." No wonder the jolly Dutchman is laughing. He's read all the articles (as did many of us) plus he didn't have a deadline for this issue.

I felt much like the kid who surveyed the leftovers for supper and announced, "No need to say grace, this was all blessed before!"

On a different note — a question. How do you obtain movie reviews? I sincerely hope no one has to "view in order to review" some of the sleaze that's being put out these days. Correct me if I'm wrong but I can't recall any ratings lower than a 2 in **FQ** for films which worldly reviewers don't hesitate to pan outright and unabashedly warn us against wasting our time and money.

Film is a powerful medium. Too bad so few good movies have been made.

— Lou Maniaci
Gladstone, Minnesota

Greetings! Just a note to express my continued interest in the **Festival Quarterly**. As a non-Mennonite I at times question various points of emphasis, but even though I disagree I have no desire to enter into controversy because of this. I am convinced that the Spirit of God, the Blessed Holy Ghost, who moved "over the face of the waters" in the beginning (*Genesis*) is still hovering over this universe and is well able to keep it in

orbit, balance and harmony — and "this" includes the human family — with its awesome power of choice. The free agent!

As we maintain our fellowships with the Holy Spirit, he makes us open and receptive to the wisdom and mind of God and unity with our "fellow creatures." Thank God for the "tie that binds."

— Felix M. Boyce
Brooklyn, New York

I believe that a review of your editorial standards for the "Mennonite Books: In Review" section is in order. I refer to the review of *I Heard Good News Today* which was printed in your most recent issue of **Festival Quarterly**.

In my opinion, a book review should cover the book's content — good or bad. Seldom, if ever, is it appropriate to cover items such as price and typographical error. The individual who eventually purchases the book will decide if the price is appropriate. They do not need a reviewer to tell them it is or is not. As for the price of *I Heard Good News Today*, comments from some in the publishing business indicate that the book is actually significantly underpriced when compared to books of similar quality. Also, I am not aware of any book readily accessible in today's market that is of such wide scope as *I Heard Good News Today*. As for the typographical errors, all I can say is rarely, if ever, has a perfect book been produced.

I hope I am not coming through as terribly biased because *I Heard Good News Today* is our publication. I have had similar reactions in the past to book reviews in **Festival Quarterly** and other periodicals. I do want to thank you for the reviews and cover-

age you give Faith and Life Press. And I also want to commend you for the overall high quality of **Festival Quarterly**. I enjoy reading it very much.

— Brent H. Sprunger
Marketing Manager, Faith and Life Press
Newton, Kansas

Cecelia's Sin (Mercer: 1983) cannot be read, let alone reviewed, apart from Will Campbell, *The Glad River* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston: 1982). Many readers have concluded that taken together the two books do indeed represent the "Great Anabaptist Novel." **FQ** readers ought to be treated to more space on Campbell and his books.

Thanks for your good work.

— Murray L. Wagner
Oak Brook, Illinois

I wish to thank you sincerely for the **Festival Quarterly** magazine. It has been enlarging my indepth knowledge about the Mennonites all over this continent and the world. The feature articles have been serving a useful purpose particularly as they often expose the facts.

— Abraham K. Wetseh
Conference Secretary, Ghana
Mennonite Church
Ghana, West Africa

I have just finished reading the **Festival Quarterly** again, from cover to cover. For me, working as a volunteer here in Paraguay, it is of great interest to read articles and viewpoints of people from all over the world.

— Evelyn Dalke Leferink
Asuncion, Paraguay

It was an ingenious move to have Mennonites read and think about Yeats' "Second Coming" (November, December 1983, January, 1984 **FQ**); an appropriate way to bestir ("explore," to use your word) the apocalyptic in our own faith. For after all, we are "Mennonite" in a meaningful sense only insofar as we are "Christian." And how much the arts can do for us in a cultural impasse, especially if we do not substitute them for faith!

The Christian thrust of Yeats helps us to identify with the poem, but the pagan elements (Celtic) are there too. The last lines reminded me of T.S. Eliot's "The Journey of the Magi" in which also there is a slouching towards Bethlehem — but to die and to be reborn. Maybe you should provide your readers the opportunity to sharpen their faith on Eliot's interpretation?

— Irvin B. Horst
Amsterdam, The Netherlands □



Drawing by Weber, (1981), The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

God Never Visits an Empty Space

by Charles Christiano



FQ Kenneth Polman

I was rather worried on my way to a village church. My watch told me that we only had twelve minutes before the worship began. But my Javanese friends seemed to have all the time there was, walking and chatting at ease. More than once they told me to wait. "Do not hurry, it is still early!"

We were late, yet not late! The Joglo

building (a typical Javanese style of architecture) where we were to assemble was almost deserted. There were but eleven people. We would wait nearly another hour before the hall was filled. I was late by almost one and a half hours, but everybody was relaxed.

"Why did you tell me that the worship starts at 7:00 when actually it does not begin until 9:00?" I asked my host.

"Well, sir, for most of us, our watch is the sun! And many of us have to walk for miles."

But they could start earlier, couldn't they? I discovered these people have no specific word for being "too late." They got the concept from foreigners. So they have had to invent a phrase in order to express it, such as, "Being left by the train or by a bus."

In the service there were only a few who wore trousers and skirts. Most of them were wearing sarongs, faded shirts, T-shirts, or

I even overheard one friend who did not want to join the rest, hard-headed singing our version of the songs. When I later asked why, he chided me that I was compromising! I was not faithful!

kebaya. Very few wore shoes; most of them had sandals. And they took off either the shoes or sandals outside the hall. If they have an audience with a high ranking official they do just that, they explain. What else should they do to worship the almighty God? There were no chairs or pews. Everybody squatted.

These people liked singing, so they sang many songs. Some were familiar translations such as "Holy, Holy, Holy" and "Come, Thou Almighty King," but in a much slower tempo. Some of their music was on a pentatonic scale. In other songs the rhythm was different. Some of us encourage our Javanese friends to utilize original Javanese songs. But some Christian friends from the city find it difficult to affirm singing, and even harder to accept the rhythmic hand clapping which accompanies the songs. The reason? The music reminds them of the Ketoprak, a Javanese drama, or even worse, a tayuban, which is a folk dance usually accompanied with erotic movements, done by many couples.

I went to Kalimantan (Borneo) with a small number of colleagues to help "start"

our mission outreach there. But some of my friends were not ready for the surprises that lay in store for us. I was asked to baptize many new believers, Kantu Dayaks.

The hut where we had our fellowship was a public meeting house in that kampong (village). At the gate we saw ornate decorations made of young coconut leaves, wild flowers, and colored papers. Inside there were a few pews and ratan mats. On the wall behind the pulpit hung song sheets written in giant letters so that everybody could read and sing. The translations were their own, using their own images. Those of us from Java felt rather strange. I even overheard one friend who did not want to join the rest, hard-headed singing our version of the songs. When I later asked why, he chided me that I was compromising! I was not faithful!

Nor could some of my friends believe me when I baptized our Dayak friends differently. I did not have on my black clerical gown which I always wear for such an occasion in the city churches in Java. Instead I wore a plain batik shirt and no shoes! When we gave our reports and showed some slides to our colleagues in Java, there were a lot of

protests, mainly from church leaders! I was called unfaithful to our common practices. They charged me with harsh words. They suspected that I was trying to start a different denomination. These new ethnic groups were not considered genuine Mennonites simply because they do not wear the same kind of dress we do. They do not sing the same songs we sing. They do not use the same liturgy we use.

When some of us heard that our Dayak friends still drink tuak (a domestic strong drink made of fermented rice), we were shocked! They were to be disciplined! They should not be baptized in the first place. But many of us do not know their culture! It is the Dayak custom to have tuak for any important occasion such as a wedding, celebrating baptism, or during harvest time. These people want to share their great joy with the others. Now, how do we give new direction to the new believers about their social life? Shall they completely refrain from drinking or can they drink moderately, without getting drunk?

I have found out that even among my brethren in Indonesia, we have multicultured



Sharon Hooyen



fellow believers. It is not always easy to accommodate others because we tend to think that we are the genuine Mennonites. We think that everybody has to follow our ways of dressing or our sense of what color is "biblical." When I was confronted with many different ways of doing things, I became aware that what I thought was the right way of doing things happened to be imported from the West. I was blinded by how foreign I had become until I met options my other Indonesian brethren have. And I want to thank God for those different things. I learned that they are not necessarily wrong. Many of those strange things are just skin deep; not wrong but different! There should be room for differences. We are enriched because of the varied expressions that we have.

Yes, we have much tension. But I call it dynamic tension that stretches us for growth. And love has the capacity for much growth.

I believe that God is open to many expressions of faith. And He never visits an empty space. He did not come to a vacuum when He came to Bethlehem. He was willing to be wrapped in the Jewish culture. And if He is to visit any given culture, He is willing to condescend, to stoop to become like one of the lowest of the low. So why do not we make ourselves also open to differences?

I know our problems are nothing new. Peter and Paul had difficulties. They too had to deal with what were essentials and what were peripherals.

We should not misread statements such as, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free . . . for you are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:28). For Paul who was a Pharisee had to learn what it meant to be in Christ, "For though I am free from all men, I have made myself a slave to all, that I might win the more. And to the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might win Jews; to

*We think that everybody
has to follow
our ways of dressing
or our sense of
what color is "biblical."*

those who are under the Law, as under the Law, though not being myself under the Law, that I might win those who are under the Law . . . to the weak I became weak, that I might win the weak; I have become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some" (I Corinthians 9:19-23).

I have only spoken here about a tiny section of my people — Indonesians. What a mosaic of culture the Mennonites and Brethren in Christ around the world is! How challenging and perplexing the real situations are, but at the same time how wonderful it is to realize that our Father God is bringing many and still many more people, real people with their different cultures, to join His peoplehood. We are all His; we are all God's people. And He loves us all. □

Charles Christiano is an Indonesian Mennonite Church leader and President of Mennonite World Conference.

Becoming a Salad Bowl?

by Hubert Brown



There are risks involved in writing about what it means to become a multi-cultural fellowship. Depending on where one lives, and the nature and extent of one's involvement with the church, answers will likely differ. So the danger is that what is written reflects only local interest or a local situation.

In spite of that danger, I want to share some insights. All through the years of my involvement as a member of the Mennonite Church, I've had a deep concern for the establishment of authentic interpersonal relations between the various racial and cultural groups in the church. My dream is to see a multi-cultural church operating. Since we are, in fact, a multi-ethnic society — and given our theology of oneness in Christ — it seems natural we would become that one great big fellowship of love, which we sing about but seldom follow up on.

The church, after all, has been given a very important role on earth in relation to the Kingdom of God. There is solid biblical precedent for having a multi-cultural, multi-ethnic church — both in nature and style. Unfortunately, the Mennonite Church is held captive by its history and culture as well as the history and culture in America. We are not now a multi-cultural church. We are a mono-cultural church, resisting, out of ignorance and, at times, responding out of curiosity, to the possibility of being different. Average Mennonites are nice people, but tribalistic, so they have a difficult time imagining a multi-cultural church.

To become a multi-cultural church, we have to come to grips with the American way of life. Roughly speaking, in North America today — as it has been for the past 200 years — there exists complex relations of power between the dominant group and racial minority groups. This dominant-minority situation has to do with differences — differences that are perceptible and identifiable. There are the biological differences pertaining to physical type. For example, the traits which are highly valued in American culture are the White features. Any vari-

Hubert Brown with his son, Eric.



Average Mennonites are nice people, but tribalistic.

nonite Church is not multi-cultural, nor multi-ethnic. But it can be. If Mennonites could be brought up out of their captivity to their history and culture and to North American dominant viewpoints, then it would be possible. Of course, there will need to be a coming together of peoples for co-orientation so all can experience inclusion, acceptance, and utilization of their gifts.

The real question is, can the Mennonite Church become what Jesse Jackson terms a "Rainbow Coalition?" I doubt it, but theology and biblical precedent are not the obstacles — we are!

As a matter of interest, I am finding the Southwest Conference of the Mennonite Church to be one of the most exciting areas in our denomination. Our conference is fast becoming a multi-cultural fellowship. We are moving from a predominantly white population to a conglomeration of whites, blacks, Hispanics, and Navahos. When our conference gets together, it's no longer the Swiss Dutch connection, but a rainbow of cultures sharing their music, testimonies, vision of the church, and sometimes even their food. It's great! Community happens and we savor the moment, and then we go back to our pattern of living where we live. Each culture is affirmed and appreciated, not melted down. We don't want to be a melting pot, but rather a salad bowl.

It is difficult, perhaps even impossible, for any person to fully get inside a culture that is not their own. There are, however, fruitful ways in which one may connect to another's culture. It takes a certain amount of sophistication and maturity. It will not happen if one is egocentric and unable to value other persons, to see them as having something to offer the relationship. Too often Mennonites tend to be closed to others, though appearing open. We really do need each other; therefore, we must learn to respect our differences and become one. □

ation from this type is held in less esteem by the dominant culture. Then there is lineage. Lineage is somewhat invisible but clearly a difference. During times when the dominant elements strongly desire to exclude minorities from privileges and participation, even a small proportion of minority ancestry is enough to designate one as a minority.

Then there are cultural differences. The presence of an accent or imperfect grammar in speaking the dominant language, or simply the practice of speaking another language in the family or among close associates may serve as an identification in a derogatory sense. Other cultural traits involve dress and institutional behavior; that is, the different ways of behaving in family, economic, political, and religious life, and in one's world view.

You see, I realize just how different we are. We are worlds apart — we're not the same. I realize there exists today degrading attitudes toward racial minorities. Some people see a

black and immediately feel fearful. Others might see that same person and feel disgust. The attitude that other racial groups are inferior, lazy, and indifferent exists. Some folks pity minorities because they "have not had equal educational development." But whatever the view, skin color has a lot to do with it.

Prejudice is alive. Prejudice is the act of making decisions about people before having any information about them. Prejudgments come in a variety of ways, based on isolated instances, wrapped in handed-down stereotypes and generalizations.

When I was a little boy growing up in the Mennonite Church one of the first songs I heard was "Jesus loves the little children, all the children of the world. Red, Brown, Yellow, Black and White, all are precious in His sight." And yet over and over again, I wondered. If Jesus loves the racial minorities, why are they absent in so many churches in the Mennonite denomination? The Men-

Hubert Brown is pastor of the Calvary Mennonite Church in Inglewood, California, and moderator of the Southwest Conference of the Mennonite Church.

Indian and German a Second Time

by Gerhard G. Giesbrecht



In the three Mennonite colonies in Paraguay — Menno, Fernheim and Neuland — there are 10,000 Mennonites and 12,000 Indians, among them the Lengua, Chulupi, Guarani, and Ayore (Moros).

Each Mennonite colony has its own history of experiences which characterizes its church life and its education through families and schools. Our common belief in the forgiveness of sins through Jesus Christ leads us to fulfillment in life and to seek to serve others. The motivating force of our faith is the love of God in us and through us to our fellow man. Because all of our churches teach the value of the family through strong marriage bonds, the Mennonites may seem somewhat set apart. And their European roots make their behavior seem very logical.

Recently I saw a young couple crossing the street in Filadelfia. He was Paraguayan and she German. Maybe it was love that had attracted them to each other. The young man was in a hurry and progressed rapidly down the street because he carried nothing in his hands. The young woman, on the other hand, couldn't keep up with his pace because she was burdened with a heavy bundle. I wonder if the young couple considered cultural differences in their marriage?



MCC/Matt Beach

In the Chaco of Paraguay we live together multiculturally. We anticipate no change in the future to isolate our individual cultures. Our work and our faith in Jesus Christ unites us and separation can only be achieved by emigration.

The Indians in the Chaco who have already lived for decades among the Mennonites and who enjoy their food, clothes, and other advantages are basically still rooted in their own culture. They want to be Christians; they want to be free from their fear of evil spirits. However, when their father, mother or one of their relatives dies, their belief in evil spirits surfaces. They want to seek the person who caused the death and revenge themselves on him. The medicine man was their mediator between themselves and the demon world, as well as between them and their neighbors. The medicine man had the power to preserve life or destroy it. He took the initiative when his people expressed interest in a common life as a clan. They ate, they celebrated, they abhorred death together. Their children were considered common property; loved by all, they enjoyed many privileges and were brought

up by relatives.

Our mission work with the Lengua Indians started in 1935. The Mennonites considered them their responsibility. At that time anthropological theory posed no danger. After ten years of hearing God's word, it found entrance into many Indian hearts. Without the missionaries giving them rules to follow about what they were allowed to do or not do, they voluntarily quit smoking. They considered exchanging of marriage partners unlawful. They avoided the celebration of the puberty rites because unfaithfulness to their marriage partners occurred at these celebrations. They had experienced Christ in their culture and they abstained from many negative practices which were sin.

Old frivolous Indians, who still live in their unregenerated condition, think nostalgically about the time when sin was allowed to be practiced without restrictions. They, however, know very well that their soul after death takes on the characteristic of their behavior during their lifetime, either good or bad.

I wonder several things about the Indians. Are they, in their group, happy as Chris-

tians? Is their group organized so that sin is controlled and not allowed to run rampant? Do they allow themselves to be taught by God's word?

My questions are answered when I see a Lengua Indian sitting by the bedside of his sick wife, quietly talking to her, gently stroking her arm. When I see the church collect money for a church project. When a mother gets her child ready for school and sends a snack along. When a man goes to work daily and brings back enough food for his family. When I see the sick person gently being carried to the wagon in order to be interned in the hospital, and, in the case of his death, being buried after a message was brought at the graveside. The Lengua write many songs to their own music. In July a Chulupi and a Lengua Indian will represent their tribes at the Mennonite World Conference.

God has given a great task to the Mennonites in Paraguay. As the white people, they must carry the burden. The Indians walk rapidly ahead of their own pace. They feel free and the land lies open before them. About 3/4 of the Indians have small farms. They are allowed to have cows on their 50 acres of land, and to plant crops and harvest them. They market their products which are bought by the Mennonites. The Indians also may go to school. Seventy-five percent of all their hospital bills are paid for by the Mennonites. The Indian says proudly today, "Soy pobre." I'm poor, and the poor go to heaven.

We must admit that our German-Mennonite culture differs greatly from that of the Indian. However, what does this matter as long as our service and our faith is shared according to God's word? Emperor Friederich Wilhelm the Great coined the maxim, "Each shall be happy in his own way." One could say it this way: Both the Indians in the co-existence with other Indians, and the Mennonites with their belief in God and doing His service, may find happiness through a "God-freed" culture. In this way an Indian in the Chaco becomes an Indian for the second time. And a German becomes a German for the second time. □

Gerhard G. Giesbrecht is from Colony Fernheim in Paraguay. Since 1964 he and his wife, Liese, have been missionaries there to the Lengua Indians.

MCC Takes Shape

*A Former
Executive Secretary
Reflects*

by Melanie A. Zuercher

On the day Margaret Snyder (Sprunger) was born, her father, Bill, visited his wife and new daughter at the hospital in Ephrata, Pennsylvania, and then left for Ottawa. It was 1947, and he and others from the Mennonite Central Committee were meeting with Canadian Pacific Railroad (CPR) representatives and government officials to try and find ways to bring Mennonite refugees not under the mandate of the International Refugee Organization (IRO) to Canada.

"We were sitting around talking about the state of these refugees," Snyder remembers, "and Dr. T.O.F. Herzer, a Lutheran



MCC Jim King

and a longtime CPR executive, exclaimed, 'We've got to help these poor devils!' And J.J. Thiessen [himself an immigrant from Russia] sat up straight and said, 'Brother Herzer, these are *not* poor devils. They're our brothers and sisters.' "

This is not the story of a delinquent father, but the incident does characterize in several ways William T. Snyder's tenure with MCC. His commitment spans an impressive 40 years, over half the organization's official existence. Snyder began serving MCC in 1943 as a CPS man handpicked for the Akron, Pennsylvania, MCC administrative office by then executive secretary Orie O. Miller. In 1958, Snyder himself became executive secretary, a post he retained until 1982. Today he remains fulltime at MCC as a special consultant.

His has been an era marked by swelling numbers of refugees and political upheaval worldwide, and increasing political activism on the part of the Mennonites, all of which has helped to shape MCC. Concern for

brothers and sisters became one theme during those years.

One of Snyder's first big assignments came during the 1950s when MCC went into the "Green Hell" of the Chaco in Paraguay to build a highway from the Mennonite colonies in the interior to their major market in Asunción.

Snyder recalls that many persons, including some colony leaders, thought perhaps the North Americans "had their heads in the clouds" thinking such a task could actually be accomplished. But, he says, the highway was an economic necessity for the colonists. Taking their produce, largely lumber, meat and dairy products, to market by river resulted in much loss due to spoilage and thievery, and it kept men away from their families and farms for long periods. So, with Snyder one of those helping to coordinate assistance from both the U.S. and Paraguayan governments as well as MCC, the Trans-Chaco Highway became a reality.

Many of the Paraguay colonists were Mennonite refugees who had come from Russia, either directly or by way of Canada, after World War II. The plight of refugees, Mennonites and others, has been a major issue for MCC throughout its history. MCC began, in fact, in the 1920s when Russian Mennonites, doubly oppressed by famine and the Bolshevik Revolution, sought freedom in the Americas, and Mennonites there organized to help them.

Refugee concerns have been especially important to the Canadian arm of the MCC body, which came into being in the early 1960s, not long after Snyder became executive secretary. He sees the development of MCC Canada not so much as fragmentation of MCC as a reflection of the "diversity within unity" that characterizes an organization whose umbrella covers constituent groups ranging from Brethren in Christ to Beachy Amish. He illustrates one facet of the Canadian viewpoint with another story about J.J. Thiessen.

Thiessen, a General Conference leader, was considering going back to the Soviet Union. MCC was trying to reestablish ties with Mennonites still in Russia, a connection all but severed for many years. As a member of the MCC executive committee, Thiessen was a possible "envoy." And, Snyder recalls, "He wanted to see the Old Country. No question, it was a real pull. He came to Akron and we were going to discuss this at an executive committee meeting the next day. We put him up with Melvin Lauver, a local minister."

The next morning, Snyder saw Thiessen and asked him whether he had done more

*"We refused to be part of a military operation.
The American representatives were incensed.
They called us disloyal and took it
all the way to the top in Washington."*



MCC, Reg. Towns

thinking about going to the Soviet Union — should they get the visas? Thiessen said, "William, last night I dreamed I was back in my village and the Bolsheviks were coming after me, to torture me as they had so many others.

"I woke up. And I knelt down by my bed and thanked God I was in Akron, Pennsylvania, instead of the Soviet Union."

Snyder said, "It seems to add up to a 'No,' then, that you're not going."

Thiessen said, "I can't go." For him, the thought was simply too emotionally charged.

The percentage of Canadian Mennonites with what Snyder calls "hearthside relatives" still in Russia is higher than among Mennonites in general. One-fourth of the total MCC constituency today is Canadian, a majority of them refugees or children of refugees. Canadian attitudes on issues such as the situation of Mennonites still in Russia and of Mennonite refugees worldwide are often different — more deeply and personally felt.

But differences have not kept everyone from working together for the past 23 years — "I've observed," Snyder says, "that Canadian concerns are usually those of the broader MCC as well." — and Snyder sees no reason for that to change. "We're stronger together," he declares.

Besides, with such a diverse constituency, no one expects constant consensus. Snyder cites the example of the Amish who, following World War II, felt they could not support an MCC program, similar to the GI Bill for higher education, to help CPS men with educational expenses. "They simply asked to sit that one out," Snyder says, "not to withdraw from the MCC."

MCC's definition of "brothers and sisters," of course, is not limited by ethnic, denominational or even political boundaries. Snyder's stories from the Vietnam era, certainly one of the most highly charged in both American and MCC history, vividly point this out.

He remembers people like Doug Hostet-

ter who went into the Vietnamese interior — "further than even the Marines would go" — to talk with people, and who refused, with MCC support, to turn informant for the U.S. military when he returned. He tells the story of Everett Metzler, a Mennonite missionary in Saigon who one day received in his postal box an unsigned note which said, in essence, "We know why you are here. You will not be harmed." This was during a time when people and buildings alike were frequent targets of Viet Cong terrorist attacks. "Everett told me he believed the note had been sent by the man who had some say in who and what the targets were," Snyder says.

MCC spoke out freely at home, as well, in regard to American military involvement in Vietnam, though not to the extent of organizing "marches in the streets" such as were popular then. Snyder tells of a time when American advisors wanted MCC to prepare to receive refugees from "free-strike areas." These were sections of land that would be



A Vietnamese boy looks through the rubble of his home, destroyed in a 1973 bombing in South Vietnam.

tion of independence from Belgium, followed by civil war.

Many have heard the story of John Snyder (no relation to Bill), a Paxman caught in the crossfire between warring tribal groups, who barely escaped with his life. But a more common and far-reaching result of revolution, in Zaire and elsewhere, was a change of attitude North American mission and service workers were forced to make, or else leave their work. As native peoples took more control of the running of their countries, mission workers realized that native peoples must also take an active, even superior role in mission work. MCC's community development programs, at their height in the late '60s and into the '70s, are an outgrowth of this realization.

Sometimes programs "succeed" and sometimes they don't; at any rate, there is constant change. These days Snyder sees a swing away from community development and back toward direct relief and material aid. Sometimes MCC must leave a specific location — Snyder remembers Algeria and Korea most vividly. "It's hard, in the church, to say you were wrong [in going into a particular location]," he says. "When one talks of being led by the Spirit, it's often very difficult to change views." Sometimes MCC serves in a country where the U.S. is considered "enemy," a problem not confined to Vietnam. That conflict currently exists in Nicaragua and, more overtly, in other Latin American countries like Guatemala and El Salvador. "The church in Nicaragua stands behind the [Sandanista] government there, and we don't want to undermine the church," is Snyder's cautious statement.

He would prefer to characterize MCC's policy, in Central/Latin America and elsewhere, this way: "We don't ask hungry people which side they're on." And he tells the story of William and Gwen Mellon, who wanted to start a hospital in Deschappelles, Haiti, over 20 years ago. Medical personnel, well aware that the Mellon name meant money, asked exorbitant fees for their services. Then Snyder and others helped work out an arrangement between MCC and the Mellons whereby MCC would supply medical personnel for Hospital Albert Schweitzer — which it does to this day. Mellon said of the MCC workers, "There's one thing money can't buy, and that's commitment."

Both William T. Snyder and the organization he served for so many years are proof of that. □

Melanie A. Zuercher, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is assistant editor of **Festival Quarterly**.

cleared of civilians and then bombed, under the assumption that anyone left was an enemy.

"We refused to be part of a military operation," Snyder says. "The American representatives were *incensed*. They called us disloyal and took it all the way to the top in Washington. I had to go to a meeting with representatives from all the volunteer agencies in Vietnam, to talk over the matter of support of American government policies there.

"When our turn came, we and the American Friends Service Committee people got up and said, 'We don't believe in the American policies in Vietnam. We *can't* support them — they're *wrong*. We've gone to the White House, we've gone everywhere else saying this, and if anybody in our organizations would support the American government policies, we would recall them.' That shocked people. But I still feel we were right."

Political involvement by Mennonites in general has become an increasingly pressing question in the past 20 years, particularly since Vietnam. The development of the issue has somewhat paralleled Bill Snyder's years as MCC executive secretary and, given the nature of MCC has affected it as well.

The sudden surge of political (or near-political) activity in which MCC found itself involved as a result of its position on

Vietnam was no doubt partly responsible for the formation a new MCC "unit" during Snyder's administration — the Peace Section office in Washington, D.C. But Snyder is quick to point out that Mennonites have a long history of "witness to government," particularly on matters related to conscientious objection to war.

The stated purpose of the Washington office is to gather information about issues of peace and justice (draft resistance and conscientious objection, Native American concerns, prison reform, poverty at home and abroad, economic exploitation of Third World countries by U.S. corporations, nuclear arms buildup, etc.) and to conduct educational seminars on these issues, rather than to act as a "political lobby." "We are a witness to government," Snyder declares.

Still, many people feel MCC has become too actively political. One leader from a more conservative group said recently he fears MCC Peace Section is headed in the direction of a leftist political alignment.

But it is not as though MCC has until now been free of controversy or problems. Take the example of another program which, like the Washington office, took shape during Snyder's years as executive secretary — the one in sub-Saharan Africa. Zaire (then Belgian Congo) was the location for the first MCC group there. Not long after MCC had sent in personnel, in 1964, came a declara-

MCC Doug Hostetler

From Dusk to Dawn

by Bruce Yoder

On the one hand. On the other. And I thought this was going to be simple. But matters of life and death never are. At least not for me. The curse of ambiguity, I sometimes say, though I could never revel in a world of black and white. God is a God of nuance and subtlety as well as the bold stroke. There is night and there is day. But who is to say when one ends and the other begins?

The blessed beauty of color is found in that gray time between. Truth, also, is often found in the same place, the ambiguous place between. Which is not to say that day is night, nor black is white. On the one hand. On the other.

As a people of peace, we believe that nothing justifies taking the life a human being. To kill another person for any reason not only ends that life, it also diminishes the life we share as a gift from God. For we are knit together, a web of life precious to God. To prize peace is to protect and preserve all life in the human community.

Why then, I have wondered over the years, do people who are articulate in their opposition to the nuclear arms race have so little to say about abortion? And vice versa. Ought not the love of life and fidelity to God which prompt a stand in one arena, both logically and morally prompt a stand in the other as well? What is compassion if it is selective?

I began to ask questions. Physicians, male and female, answered. As did biologists, chemists, psychologists. Women who had had induced abortions and spontaneous abortions (miscarriages) shared thoughts and feelings. As did persons who have committed their lives to stopping the arms race and persons immersed in the work of establishing and directing a local Crisis Pregnancy Center, a Christian organization opposed to abortion that provides support for pregnant women. Throughout these conversations were threaded stories of painful isolation, human struggle and fears for a society grown calloused and blind.

Literature about the issues of abortion and the nuclear arms race abounds. Some of it perplexes, offends and angers, especially the abortion material (both pro and con) in which slogans are slung and smeared, shibboleths shouted as self-evident truths, and positions entrenched through emotional assertions that tend to inflame rather than enlighten. The provocative and temperate exception is *Aborting America*, a compassionate, non-religious case against abortion.

It did not take long to discover that some persons strongly opposed to nuclear armaments are also strongly opposed to abortion. A prime example of this stance is found in

the November, 1980 issue of *Sojourners*, "What does it mean to be pro-life?". Many individuals with whom I spoke who are opposed to abortion, had a difficult time grasping a relationship or parallel between the two issues. But so did many who want to bring the arms race to a halt. Those who see a consistent compassion encompassing resistance both to nuclear armaments and to abortion are a distinct minority.

More common are the following. One Mennonite church leader takes an absolute stand against abortion but sees nuclear war as a possible instrument of divine justice.

life, whether human or not, is killed without either a deep sense of loss for that life or respect and gratitude for its contribution to the web of life and death into which we are all spun. If we want to be consistent in revering life, then let us be consistent. The fabric of life's sanctity unravels when we, without a second thought, pollute rivers and seas, ravage forests and mountains, kill animals for sport. As Schweitzer said, "When houseflies are killed, as they must be, it is to be done with deep regret."

However, it is not the death of any life form that prompts my queries about selective compassion. It is that form of life which is human.

On the one hand, we know that the bulk of scientific research in the world is military-related. In anyone's mind, how can this be seen as defending life when 40,000 children die daily of disease and starvation? As the nations of our planet are militarized, the poor become poorer, jobs are lost, money for food and housing becomes scarce, and the spirit of hope, especially in children, is paralyzed. To argue deterrence — that we intend to use weapons in order not to use them — is to engage in chicanery. There is also the disquieting knowledge that the very reason a country arms itself tends to be the reason those arms are used.

On the other hand, we do not know whether the possession of nuclear arms by one country is keeping at bay the use of those arms by another country. History has told us what happened when only one country was armed with atomic weapons. The United States used them. In a fallen world if the possession of a nuclear weapon does deter the use of a nuclear weapon, is that an act of violence? Is it the taking of life?

Some wonder how the church can address itself in matters of spiritual maturity. Or if pacifism and love of life call down an indictment upon the diverting of funds from human need, what does pacifism have to say about the monstrous offerings given to the gods of sport and entertainment?

The abortion question is not without its own ambiguities. The question within the question is, when does life begin? Or at least I thought that was the question. I asked my spiritually eclectic guitar teacher and he said it was the craziest question he had ever heard. Life doesn't begin. It continues.

The question is a serious one in my mind and I found his reply of little use. When are we dealing with human life inside the womb? Is it when the egg is fertilized? A few days later when the fertilized egg is implanted? In the sixth week when heart rhythms develop? When brain waves can be

A Look at Abortion and Disarmament

Another church leader sees the nuclear arms race as the chief moral issue of our day but has no moral problem with abortion. Is this selective compassion, to be for life in one instance but not in another? It is not a disturbing discrepancy that peace is offered to some but not to all? As a people of peace whose love is to be as boundless as our Lord's, ought we not be consistent in receiving and nurturing God's gift of life, resisting any and all attempts to diminish, devalue and dehumanize that gift by dividing life into that which can be killed and that which cannot? Is this not a fractured peace? A broken humanity?

But is it that simple? Yes. And no. On the one hand. On the other. All of life is a gift of God, not just human life. That vision is dulled and the sacred is violated when any



There is a great inconsistency between our proclamations of being a people of peace and our inability to both maintain our positions and convictions, yet walk together when we differ.

monitored in the seventh or eighth week? When a woman senses movement in her womb? When does life begin?

So I asked a Mennonite physician. His Socratic response was, "Are your sperm alive or dead?". The point was made. The question was crazy. Not only are my sperm alive, but the life-bearing genes they carry are basically the same as those of my father, grandfather, great-grandfather, great-great-grandfather . . . Life doesn't begin. It continues.

So I reshaped my question. When is human life a human person? This pertains not only to our origin but also to our end on this earth. One moral philosopher has noted, "It is not true that the fetus is a human being, but it is not false, either." On the one hand. On the other. The anthropomorphic metaphors of scripture that tell of God knitting, shaping, and watching life in the womb reveal a reverence for life. But neither they nor the ambiguous injunction of Exodus 21:22-25 support the argument that from conception the zygote, then embryo, then fetus is a human being.

Persons who hold that abortion is murder because a fertilized egg is a human person have on their hands the troubling fact that due to some form of spontaneous abortion approximately one-half of all fertilized eggs do not result in live births. There is a natural process of elimination within the womb. If

these are persons within the womb who are not surviving, what are we to do at the time of their deaths? Hold funerals? Have investigations to determine responsibility or negligence involved? The questions sound crude but those who call abortion murder must answer them.

Medical technology now allows us to keep alive in neonatal intensive care units a fetus weighing 500 grams, approximately one pound. Increasing technological sensitivity and sophistication allows us to monitor signs of life at increasingly early stages of fetal development. But when is that human life a human person, the taking of whose life is never justified? No one knows. That is the ambiguous and confounding truth. All criteria for judging, though reasonable, are arbitrary.

On the other hand is the agonizing truth that abortion is used increasingly as a means of birth control. Without any awareness of their responsibility or with their imaginations failing them, male and female come together not thinking anything will come of it. Whether or not a fetus is allowed to develop is determined too often by the economic comfort or the social respectability of its parents. For others, a lack of adequate social funding or a scarcity of deep spiritual and emotional support effectively eliminates options and perpetuates the repressive cycle of death. We are morally numbing ourselves

through 40 to 55 million abortions yearly (worldwide), a utilitarian taking of life which, even if one believes is not the life of a human person, is a special form of life to be revered and protected. We are losing the religious sensitivity to all of life that grieves its loss in any form.

With abortion, as with the arms race, we will find consistency only through the drawing of necessarily arbitrary lines. This is not to say that lines ought not to be drawn or drawn without reason. But of necessity those boundaries will be arbitrary for we are dealing with dusk and dawn. We do not know when human protoplasm is a human person. Nor do we know what would happen if a superpower were to strip itself of its nuclear weapons. Where is one line to be drawn?

It is evident to me that some people think primarily in personal-ethical terms while others operate at a macro-social scale. Both have their place. Some want to protect the voluntarism and freedom inherent in a democracy and also in matters of faith. Others want to push or at least nudge society in a direction of higher morality. Ironically, each sees the other as being fervently misdirected in a cause that fights the possible taking of life while ignoring the true horror of death now.

We are dealing with a discrepancy — those persons who are opposed to nuclear



Christian Action Council

armaments but not abortion and vice versa — a discrepancy which diminishes as the ambiguities within each issue are realized, and as the humanness of the struggle is touched. But there is a great inconsistency between our proclamations of being a people of peace and our inability to both maintain our positions and convictions, yet walk together when we differ.

What is essential for a people of peace is not primarily consistence, though that matters, but our ability to be a resilient and faithful community of love. Humbly to admit that the lines we draw may not be the ones God has drawn is to create space for the struggle of peace. Our call is to cultivate a vision of peace between men and women that both cherishes intercourse as the sharing of covenantal love and that nurtures the consequences of that serious pleasure, whether it is a fuller life for the couple or the gift of a new life. And visions require a receptive heart and reverent stillness.

When the painful dilemma of abortion is confronted, would that the decision could be made within the embrace of a community that offers, pastorally and prophetically, the spectrum of experience, thought, prayer and love necessary for such a time. We must share the consequences of such decisions if peace is our vision. And when faithfully made decisions turn out to be wrong, as they will, we need each other to offer priestly

forgiveness. Since even our virtuous acts are not quite as virtuous as we would like to believe, even when we are correct, we must still be saved by forgiveness. About that there is neither uncertainty nor ambiguity.

And a vision of peace must offer hope not only for our salvation but for the salvation of the world. It will offer not only the ending of hostility but the power necessary to secure peace for people to live in harmony, the power of grace. When we are tempted to place our security in the deadly arms of nuclear weapons rather than the graceful arms of the cross, we are engaging in idolatry of the highest order. It is imaginative blindness and spiritual death. If we do not see the possible destruction of our planet, as well as the terrible price we now pay for stockpiling weapons, we have lost the vision for that day when all swords will be beaten into plowshares, spears into pruning hooks, and the training for war is no more. To say nothing, having seen the terrible possibility, is to say something.

But what is said, and how it is said, will depend on our vantage point. Not all peacemakers are pacifists. Not even nuclear pacifists. Not all pacifists believe that social peacemaking is appropriate. Yet the sharing of reasoned discussion as well as the poetry of peace is a must if our witness to peace is to ring true. Though we believe we are correct, and are willing to give our lives for our

beliefs, still there must be that corner of our convictions in which we can entertain other possibilities.

There are some things about which there are no final answers. Tentative answers, yes. Final answers, no. If we make righteous pronouncements about the moral purity of our particular peace position, we create no space for the struggles of peace that are the stuff of life. Whether we maintain a precarious balance of terror and suffer a poor peace, or disarm and continue to fight non-nuclear wars, there is no peace. Or, if in the process of disarming, deterrence fails, who will know why? The holocaust will have happened in its final form.

And just as we shall never know when or how a human person becomes a human person, we shall never know what worked or failed to work for peace. Other than love and justice. Beyond that, when the bombs explode, so too will our questions and easy answers.

On the one hand. On the other. In God's. And in ours. □

Bruce Yoder is co-author of *Single Voices* and pastor of the First Mennonite Church of Richmond (Virginia).

Good for the Image, Bad for the Faith?

by Ed Unrau

Editor's Note: Questions about the church's relationship to the state seem to be with us always, no matter our time or place in history. Here is a recent and specific example from a community in Canada. It is full of moral ambiguities for a body of believers who want to be faithful to their tradition and theology.

The questions are ours; we hope they may lead you to explore this issue in your own setting.

We have become so used to the availability of government grants that when a government handout is turned down it becomes major news. Such was the case in November when the Steinbach Mennonite Brethren Church decided to decline a \$194,000 federal grant that would have covered about half of the cost of its new church and provided employment to those whose benefits had run out.

An administrator of the federal program said he could not recall an example of any organization turning down government money after it had been awarded.

The Steinbach church used an essentially secular argument to support its rejection of the grant — a move that was wise in the circumstances. A spokesman for the congregation said the government money would be welcome if the new church building was to be a public facility, such as a hospital or recreation complex; but because full participation in the life of the church is limited to people who must accept a specific faith and theology, the building thus becomes a "private" project. Accordingly, the membership was persuaded that "public" funds had no place in a "private" project.

This rejection of the federal money has indeed earned the church some good public relations points. At the same time, however, the congregation has still to demonstrate good stewardship.

First, the purpose of the federal grant was to create employment, not the advancement of the religious objectives of the congregation. Will the Steinbach MB church address the government's job creation objective when it finally begins building? Will it, for example, insist that its contractors do all they can to employ persons whose unemployment benefits have run out? If the congregation is

genuinely concerned about the quality of its witness in the community and of the effects of joblessness on people in its community, then it will insist that the capable unemployed be hired.

Second, would it have been difficult to design a building and a use program that could be of "public" benefit while at the same time fulfilling the "private" worship needs of the members? Although this is perhaps an unfair observation, church buildings are the most under-used structures in most communities, being in use only in evenings and weekends. In terms of usefulness, most church buildings represent not an asset, but a liability — benefitting from a land-tax exemption but contributing nothing to the welfare of the community.

There are all sorts of community uses that a congregation could offer as a "public" service through its physical plant without violating the integrity of its worship. These uses must, of course, be specific to the community context around the congregation, but their range and scope is limited only by the imagination of the planners.

Evangelical churches are always concerned about "outreach." Typically these programs are all "outreach" and therefore doomed to failure because a sermon is the last thing someone with a problem needs. If one of the objectives of outreach is to show individuals in the community that a congregation cares, then that congregation should demonstrate its concern by sharing its physical facilities and human resources unconditionally and in such a way that individuals are helped. A congregation that reaches out by caring enough to help those in need will soon find itself overrun.

Jesus says in Matthew 11:29, "Come to me all whose work is hard, whose load is heavy; and I will give you relief." In a sense being Christian is not a case of being concerned with faith and theology, but of helping those whose lot in life is hard.

One of the issues involved in the Steinbach decision is the nature of the relationship between church and government.

Whether or not we agree with the policy, the government decided to establish a job-creation program. It also decided to award its funds to non-profit organizations, and churches are just one example of qualifying

Can the government actually spur the church to greater fulfillment of its mission?

Is a church ever justified in accepting government aid, including tax exemptions?

organizations. Thus a church that is concerned about the effects of unemployment in its community should not be embarrassed about accepting government funds to create employment. Such was not the case in Steinbach where it appears that many viewed the acceptance of a grant as the first step to government control of religion.

This perception is flawed because government at all three levels is already involved in the affairs of the church. Government gives benefits to all religions in the form of special income tax exemptions for clergy, registration of clergy, exemption from land taxes for sanctuaries, charitable registration numbers so that parishioners can deduct gifts from income, etc. As well, governments at all levels have regulations in place that are accepted by all churches and that in one way or another affect church life. The only difference between the grant and the other benefits is that the grant is explicit. To be consistent in wanting to establish distance between church and state, the Steinbach congregation and others should decline all "benefits" of government.

The perception that the Steinbach MB church wanted to use government money to do something it should be doing for itself, is one that deserves support. Indeed, more groups should demonstrate that they can survive and flourish without the need "to feed at the public trough." Governments are necessary for social order and to provide common services and in many respects should not be involved in addressing the self-interest of groups that are quite capable of managing on their own.

The Steinbach MB church is, therefore, to be commended for its rejection of the grant, but at the same time the congregation should take their stewardship further by addressing the job-creation aspect of the government's program and also use their building as a "public" facility. □

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Ed Unrau is Managing Editor of Mennonite Mirror, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Drawing Lines in Mennonite Families

by Jake Thiessen

Almost every parent has been on the receiving end of the but-everyone-else-gets-to argument. This favorite among childhood ploys, like all tried and true efforts, remains because it is both easy and effective. Although many parents recognize it as an exaggeration frequently containing little more than a grain of truth, for some reason it remains a compelling argument. It seems to draw normal parents back to times when they felt strongly that everyone else *was* freer than they were — when everyone else *did* get to stay overnight at a friend's house — when *no one* else had to be home every night for supper by five o'clock.

Historically, one of the distinctives of Mennonite families has been that when

children compared themselves to others, the response they got was that everyone else may be doing it but we do not because we are different. I can still hear my father when I attempted to get my way. He would typically respond, "It isn't what you want that makes you fat; it's what you get." That response became a ritual, a frequent reminder of a family rule used to draw a boundary around what he believed was the right thing to do.

In order for families to run smoothly, they need clear boundaries. Family boundaries serve to distinguish family from the "outside world," a concept which has been especially important to Mennonites. Boundaries are not walls. Rather, they make a statement of family identity, allowing for discussion but guarding against disintegration of the family unit, the faith and, to some extent, our Anabaptist heritage. They might mark the difference between what we believe and what others believe or between how we are allowed to act and how others are allowed to act.

Family boundaries carry with them consequences for both parents and children. Children are likely to experience them as restrictive and confining — even painful. Their initial and most persistent response to boundaries is likely to be resistance and anger. Certainly, few Mennonite families escape the heaves and sighs that accompany efforts to get children to attend Sunday evening services in the summer. Imagine the whining melody that children can put into the question, "Do we have to?"

The conversation might go something like this:

Parent: Come on, it's time to get ready for church.

Child: Can't we play just a little while longer? We were just getting started on a new game.

Parent: No, it's time for us to go.

Child: But no one else has to go and it

is so boring. Why do we have to go?

Parent: Because it is good for us.

Child: Why is it good for us?

Parent: Because it just is. Now get ready.

The process of establishing and maintaining a standard, a family boundary, takes its toll on both parent and child. Parents who expect childbearing to be painless are shortsighted at best. Indeed, there is something curiously antiseptic about parents who never hurt. The consequences of healthy boundary maintenance are often that parents come away from the situation feeling like the bad guys. Undoubtedly, current literature and thinking on parenting would most frequently side with the children. Why should children be different? What benefit could children possibly derive from things like church services that exceed a child's developmental readiness? After all, shouldn't every effort be made to make church and other "good" experiences as positive as possible for children?

An interesting combination of events seems to be taking place among young Mennonite parents. On the one hand, they remember quite vividly their own distaste for being made to join in undesirable family rituals such as Sunday evening church or wearing plain clothes. On the other hand, they are reading and hearing that parents ought to make participation in all family rituals desirable. As a result, they are caught — caught between unpleasant memories of being different and a growing belief that "differentness" is not good. Frequently, the combination of unpleasant memories and the need to be the "good guys" results in parents relaxing family boundaries — becoming vague Anabaptist parents. The net effect is that parents withdraw and attempt to maintain boundaries which are acceptable to their children.

Where does this process leave Mennonite families and especially Mennonite children?

Those of us who were brought up in families with definite, even undesirable boundaries, had the advantage of knowing exactly where to rebel if we needed to rebel. It was no great task for us to find rules to break. In fact, we had the privilege of remaining relatively healthy (and Christian, by most objective standards) even after we broke our parents' rules.

Looking back on my childhood, it seems that there were numerous rules like, "We go

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Anabaptist parents.*

to church every Sunday night." One benefit of rules such as these is that movement away from home and the achievement of independence from parents never had to take the form of questioning the faith. There were so many convenient rules to break that I never had to "break" the faith.

The scenario which young Mennonite parents may set when they establish family boundaries too broadly is that when their

children break the rules (as experience tells us they likely will), they almost immediately take the risk of questioning the *content* of the faith rather than the *form* of the faith.

One of the most hopeful aspects of Mennonite culture is that it has traditionally provided an exit from the nuclear family and an entrance into independent adulthood. Service with the Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) has been the route to independence for many young adults. It has almost been as if there is a subliminal message among Mennonites which gives permission to expand family boundaries through involvement with MCC. The result of this message is that many of us have gone through something of a "planned" and productive rebellion. This has allowed for an opportunity to stretch and even break boundaries without having to be weird.

There are, of course, many ways parents can deal with family boundaries. Insisting on Sunday evening church attendance and wearing plain clothes are simply two of the most obvious ways of establishing family boundaries. In addition to drawing lines, families may choose to expand boundaries by encouraging children to participate in MCC.

The variety of potential family rules is virtually limitless. Parents may insist that children not watch violence on television or participate in violent sports. Or, they may insist that children join in world hunger awareness activities. There are numerous activities such as these that can serve to provide boundaries for Mennonite families and by providing boundaries perhaps result in preserving our families, our faith and perhaps our Anabaptist heritage as well. □

Jake Thiessen is the father of a daughter and assistant professor of Family Studies at Messiah College, Grantham, Pennsylvania.

Both In and Of the World?

by Dr. Joop S. Postma

The problem of how to be in the world, yet not of it, has occupied the Dutch Mennonites for centuries, but from the eighteenth century on to a lesser extent.

Why nonconformity? What does "Be not conformed to this world but be ye transformed" mean today? Or "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" and "be ye separate"? Who is "a chosen generation"? How should "a royal priesthood, an holy nation, and a peculiar people" behave?

It seems that most Mennonite church schisms in The Netherlands proceeded from different opinions about nonconformity questions. The matter of nonresistance has been a big tension point. In our early history when every third man had to enter military service, one could buy a substitute. During that time nonresistance was a major issue. But in 1795 France captured our country, and their emperor Napoleon introduced conscription and compulsory military service, and then it got to be difficult.

Before that, however, there were other problems. About 1600 nearly eighty percent of all ships in use were Dutch ones; our navy "ruled the waves" during the "golden" seventeenth century. Could Mennonite merchants send out their ships without arming them? Uncertain answers became definite decisions after 1800: nonresistance lost quickly. Other questions had also come up about plain dressing, appropriate furnishings for houses, and whether or not to participate in cultural life and in non-Mennonite amusements. The world, instead of the church, won those games.

Reflections on the Dutch Mennonite Experience



Illustrations from the Jan Gleysteen collection

Above, etching of a Mennonite orphanage in Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

Below, the town hall of De Rijp, The Netherlands, designed by world-famous Mennonite engineer and inventor Jan Adriaensz Leeghwater (1575-1650).



Traditionally in universities, Mennonites studied in the medical faculties only; in fact, many ministers were also medical doctors. But gradually students started crossing the bounds to study whatever they wanted. Many Mennonites became leading engineers; Mennonites empoldered lake after lake. Today Mennonites are at the forefront of many

professions; for example, the Zuiderzee empoldering, which is still under construction, is a project connected with the name of the Mennonite Lely. One wonders, are we now in the world . . . but also of the world?

For a while, nonconformity had been simple because the Dutch Reformed church had official rights to disparage and weaken Mennonites. Reformed pastors were given permission to take over the pulpits in our churches at any time. They had to lead our weddings and burial services. They controlled our orthodoxy. At times our pastors were dismissed, once for 15 years. In Friesland, for a period, all our churches were closed.

But in the eighteenth century, things changed rapidly. In several regions the government could not function when the rich Mennonites did not grant financial help. So Mennonites traded money for privileges. They did not have official civic rights, but in this way they got political influence. Then when the French came, the power balances shifted and suddenly Mennonites took over lots of influential positions. Nonconformity faded away; the ideals of I Corinthians 6:1-11 were overlooked. Only a few small groups within the church for a while did not participate.

In the second half of the nineteenth century liberalism swept away what little separateness remained. Nonconformity was over. We were both in the world and of the world. □

Dr. Joop Postma has been a leader and monitor of the Mennonite church in The Netherlands for many years.

How Lena Got Set Back

A short story by Sara Stambaugh

Lena's first husband, Isaac, hadn't much in the way of material goods. In fact, as Lena's cousin Sike said, he was grub poor, but he soon made up for his earthly poverty by inheriting a heavenly mansion, though he left behind a daughter, wife, and no hopes of setting them up.

Lena did better on her second try. She was in her thirties and still had a sparkle which even plain clothes couldn't dull. She pulled her hair back into a bun under her covering, but she made sure that it waved nicely over her forehead. Though her skirts were over her knees, a shapely calf showed through her dark stockings above the black shoes, and after several years of widowhood her tidy print dress (usually in an attractive lavender sprig) worked itself into a lace-edged V over the properly caped bodice. The other ladies gaped at first, but after the first Sunday, the younger ones began to imitate the Widow Burckhardt's innovation. It wasn't long till she'd got herself a second husband.

This one was well set up, though the church people whispered to each other at how an old, godly bachelor could be caught so easily. She'd chased him on a bus tour, they said, and only caught him when his donkey stumbled half-way down the Grand Canyon, where he had no one from the community to help him.

But get him she did, and shortly the Widow Burckhardt was Mrs. Jacob Eby and set up with her daughter Lillie in a fine house in Strasburg. And Jake too, of course, since it was his house and crammed with furniture from his family: a set of six arrow-back chairs to go round the extension table when some of the eight extra boards were put in for family dinners, extra chairs from his grandparents in miscellaneous patterns, and two special ones painted in Gaudy

Dutch, yellow with tiger stripes and big pink roses over the back. And that was only for the dining room.

As for the house, it was in the village, brick and substantial and verandahed. Lena saw that Lillie had piano lessons in the front parlor and smiled over the other ladies while she sat on the women's side during church.

T hen Jacob died. Lena switched to blacks, but she wasn't prostrate with grief when she arrived at church the first Sunday. One by one the ladies in the cloakroom kissed her cheek. Gleaming in her new mourning, she prodded Lillie and moved lightly past the solid women and dutiful pecks, then sat through Sunday service while the preacher of the day made special mention of her tribulation and called for prayers.

It was only with the funeral and reading of Jacob's will that her vision of the world changed. Jacob had left all his worldly goods to the Mennonite school. She and Lillie were penniless.

Lena's first reaction was incredulity. At fourteen, Lillie was too young to realize what had struck, but Lena did. The church ladies came by and patted her hand, smiling smugly and staring at the wave in her hair and the scandalous neckline. Lena stared back and accepted their condolences. Then she made a trip to town and hired a lawyer to break Jacob's will.

S he and Lillie were dutifully in the front parlor when the delegation arrived from church. Lillie was practicing and broke off in the middle of *The Poet and the Peasant* when the knock came. The

girl rose at her mother's nod to answer the formal knock at the parlor door. A knot of self-conscious men straggled into the room, the four preachers who circulated about Strasburg, Kinzers, Paradise and Hershey, with Deacon Eby and Bishop Sam Hershey leading the way. Self-consciously, they eased themselves into Lena's satin parlor furniture and the yellow chairs she and Lillie brought in from the dining room.

Bishop Hershey stared at Lena. He was a vigorous elderly man who had retired from farming several years back after his son settled enough to take over. The other younger men were cleanshaven, but he carried the authority of a full grey beard, though his lip was clean. Mennonites didn't wear mustaches.

Bishop Hershey sat himself carefully in one of Lena's satin chairs. The other men stared at her patterned carpet, but he looked her up and down, from her waved pompadour to her shapely black ankles. Then he cleared his throat. "Sister Lena," he said, "I and these godly men have come to speak to you."

"Lillie," Lena said, "maybe you'd better see to the kitchen." Glancing over her shoulder, Lillie moved to the varnished swinging doors that opened to the back of the house. "And see that the beans don't burn," added Lena, as her daughter disappeared.

T he men around her gave a collective sigh, and Lena turned to Bishop Hershey. "Now tell me what you're after," she said. The other men kept their eyes fixed at the floor, but Brother Hershey again cleared his throat. Focusing on her eyes, he leaned forward. "Sister Lena,"

he said, "some dealings of yours have come to our attention. The congregation has sent us to investigate what may be a serious, a very serious backsliding."

"Oh," said Lena. Reacting to the pressure from the bishop's stare and the careful breathings from around the room, she pulled her ankles back against the rungs of the chair.

"You know, sister," the bishop continued, his eyes trained on her waved hair, "that we are forbidden certain actions."

"Of course, Brother Hershey," Lena breathed, drawing her legs in further and fidgeting with the crocheted edgings on her hankie.

"It has been called to our attention," continued Bishop Hershey, his voice rising as Lena's limbs retracted, "that you have considered raising a civil suit against a member of our congregation."

Lena pushed forward in her chair and flashed out her ankles. "He's dead," she retorted. "And how else am I to look to that child out there?"

The men around the room looked at her, then once more forced their eyes against the carpet. Bishop Hershey cleared his throat.

"God's way is separate," he said softly, and another sigh went round the room.

Lena stared up now, moving her legs as though she were a calf tied against the beams. "I know all that," she said, "but what else can I do?"

"Follow God's way," said the bishop. Lena looked at him, swept her eyes past the others, and laughed. The men who crammed the room glanced at her furtively, but the bishop stood up. "Lena Eby," he cried, his voice resonating from the piano, "you have turned your face against the congregation

and chosen the way of the ungodly. Henceforth you will not join in our communion until you repent of your ways!"

Lena rose too, as the words were pronounced, then followed dumbly as the group of men led by the bishop solemnly moved through the front door and out to the porch and beyond. As soon as they disappeared, the kitchen door swung open. "What does that mean, Mamma?" asked Lillie. "It means I've been set back," Lena replied curtly. "Now look to those beans."

The beans got scorched and so did Lena. She continued to go to church faithfully, but the ladies in the cloakroom drew back and stopped their conversation while she hung up her coat and bonnet. Lillie continued to sit with the other girls in her Sunday school class, but Lena proudly walked the length of the church aisle, flashing her ankles at the men who huddled on the right, and sat by herself on the last bench on the women's side. At least her cousin Sike, for a few weeks, anyway, was seated opposite her on the men's side. When the sermon sounded too loudly against backsliders, he looked over and winked, and they grinned at each other across the aisle.

But while she was being ostracized, Lena's lawyer kept busy. "If you hang on we'll break it," he said, when she visited him in his fancy office. She didn't know if he was worth trusting, but Lena held on, even when Lillie complained that her friends didn't whisper to her during prayers and ran from her in the break after Sunday school.

"That ain't nothin,'" replied Lena, and

went on to her next appointment with her lawyer. Her cousin was welcomed back to the congregation in a ceremony between Sunday school and church, when the bishop kissed his cheeks and said how fine it was to see true repentance. "And he got it for drinking," muttered Lena, but she combed out the waves in front of her covering and continued to march proudly up and down the church aisle.

Finally her lawyer called her to come to court. Lena crossed her legs smartly, and the judge found against her husband's will. Lillie wasn't there to applaud, because Lena wouldn't allow her daughter to witness a breach of church rules. But Lena stopped by Bishop Hershey's on her way home from court. "Bishop Hershey," she said, "I'm willing to admit my backsliding."

The bishop beamed at her while his wife stared from behind the door and clucked her tongue.

Lena was welcomed back to the congregation the following Sunday. She crossed her ankles and smiled at the preacher from the front bench, and when Bishop Hershey asked did she repent, she replied, "Most heartily." The bishop's wife had to bend down and give her the kiss of peace. □

Sara Stambaugh is author of the upcoming novel, *I Hear the Reaper's Song*, to be published in August. She lives in Edmonton and teaches English at the University of Alberta.

How Lena Got Set Back™ was earlier published in Descant XI-XII, Spring-Summer, 1975.

Where Does the Train Lead?

A review of *And When They Shall Ask*

by J. Daniel Hess

And When They Shall Ask is a half-million dollar drama-documentary film that proposes to tell of "one of the most violent events of modern history" — the Mennonite struggle in Russia, particularly during the Bolshevik revolution.

A half million dollars, while surely a fantastic sum for frugal Mennonites, surprised me. Alongside *Reds* (which used similar techniques but cost \$40 million), this Mennonite film looks good, and deserves the critical acclaim it is receiving.

In 1763, Catherine the Great invited Prussian Mennonites to settle newly acquired land in the Ukraine, promising them religious freedom and exemption from military service. These folk settled along the Dneper River and there built a paradise. But their Eden was not to be eternal. Attacks, plunder, rape, gruesome murders, frightened escapes by foot, by cart and train, the "loss" of thousands to Siberia and enforced acculturation — what shall we say to our children when they shall ask?

This 90-minute film, produced by David and Toni Dueck of Winnipeg and John Morrow, writer and director, gives us one answer. Their version is effectively re-created from a variety of materials: poignant on-camera testimonies of survivors, snapshots of family albums, newsreel purchased from a private European supplier, re-enacted scenes (filmed in Canada, using actors by the name of Reimer and Sawatsky), and footage shot in the Soviet Union during a three-week visit in 1983.

Music by Victor Davies, based on the Mennonite Piano Concerto, and recorded by the London Symphony Orchestra, both authenticizes and universalizes this sub-cultural statement.

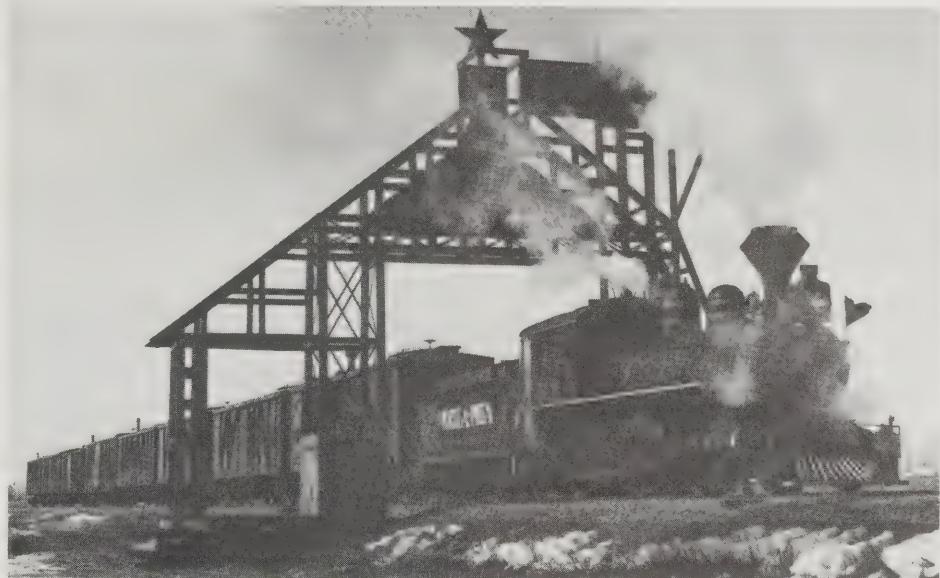
High point in the film is a visit to a Mennonite congregation now enduring in the coal mining city of Karaganda. A communion service there unites all Mennonites, on and off the screen.

The film is, in my opinion, the most sophisticated cinema Mennonites have produced to date.

We must be reminded, however, that documentaries are not, by nature, more truthful than feature films. Both feature films and documentaries can reveal and conceal, depending upon the manipulations of the film-makers.

When my children ask about the Russia story and they see this version, I fear they will not grasp the full picture. They will be impressed, but they may carry the wrong impression.

The problem is not in the testimony of the survivors. Their pained memories are told to us as no professional actor could tell them.



The problem is not in the newsreels or snapshots. Even in a documentary, one can make such materials say what you want them to say. The director uses them judiciously.

The problem is not in the re-enactment of scenes, even though the historicity of details may be questioned.

Rather, the problem lies in the interpreted meaning of this tragedy. I imagine viewers leaving the film celebrating the survival of the remnant, or condemning the Russians' barbarity. Both responses, it seems to me, miss the mark.

A tragedy, told well, leads to a purging of the soul and to insight. In this film, when the steam locomotive pulls its cattle cars of huddled fugitives through the arched gateway into Latvia (an overworked montage), the audience breathes a sigh of relief, but does the viewer learn a lesson?

At issue is the film's interpretation of the tragedy's motive. In classical tragedy, the cause is shown to be external, even though the tragic figure may curse the gods and accuse the neighbors. Rather, it is internal, one's own fatal flaws.

To blame Russia, or a political movement, or raiding armies, or Lenin or Stalin or even the deranged Makhnov merely encourages a martyr complex. A measure of the effectiveness of the film is given by whether, in the end, we are embittered against the persecutors or humbled in the knowledge of our frailty.

The film-makers mention the flaws, but the images of suffering overpower the words of explanation. Does the viewer comprehend that the paradise along the Dneper was an exclusive country club? Does the viewer understand that in a nation of "the incredibly rich and the incredibly poor," the Menno-

nites had a "flair for turning a profit"? Does the viewer see the self-indulgence in that "long soft summer evening"?

The religious persecutions of the 16th century should not be confused with the social, economic, and political hostilities in this event, in which Mennonites, while professing pacifism, were not politically neutral.

I'm not asking for a film that accuses. But would several re-enactments of ethnic insularity, or of unequal relations between Mennonite master and Russian servant help us understand that the tragedy was not because of the disaffected former employee Makhnov, but because of Mennonite identity? Might the film-makers, instead of yielding to anti-Soviet nuances, have shown that in any time and place (Germany, the Congo, China, Indonesia, or Nicaragua), a fenced-in ethnic garden becomes dry tinder in a war-mongering world?

The film's opening motif doesn't illuminate the meaning I am seeking. "We are traveling on a journey," says the narrator. Where does the train lead us? As I looked around at the Swiss and Russian Mennonites who saw the film with me, I wondered whether the train track — in Canada, Paraguay, and the United States — is just circling Chortiza.

In program notes, John B. Toews has wisely written, "Those who left (Russia) found new lands and new prosperity. Some remembered the past, others forgot. Today Mennonites in Canada and the United States again enjoy a golden age. No one knows for how long." □

J. Daniel Hess, who teaches communication and English at Goshen (IN) College, is the author of *An Invitation to Criticism*.

New Curriculum Fruit of Broad Cooperation

The first book in an 18-volume Spanish-language Sunday school curriculum for adults came off the press in late May.

The curriculum is the fruit of over five years of work by the *Curriculo Anabautista de Educacion Biblica Congregacional* (CAEBC).

According to CAEBC executive director Arnoldo J. Casas, it is also the first major project for Latin American Mennonites representing such broad geographical and inter-Mennonite cooperation. CAEBC includes persons from South, Central and North America and the Caribbean.

CAEBC first took shape following a consultation held in Colombia in 1979. At issue then was the need for Sunday school material for Spanish-speaking Mennonites in the Western Hemisphere.

CAEBC used the two-year adult Foundation Series curriculum as a basis from which to work but developed a four-year curriculum. Thirty writers and numerous editors from all the geographical regions represented in CAEBC were involved in the project.

Besides its length, a significant difference in the CAEBC material is the fact that it is "written in a Latin American context," incorporating "issues facing Latin American peoples," said Casas.

Sewing Workshops Nourish Community Growth

Women's sewing workshops conducted in several villages on the Honduras-El Salvador border have produced more than economic benefits.

Those who completed the five-month workshops, co-sponsored by the Honduran Mennonite Church and MCC, learned to make pants, dresses and shirts for their families and help save what little money is available to them in this poorest of Latin American countries.

In addition, persons of Catholic, Baptist and Mennonite faiths learned to work, study and play together constructively. For example, in one village, Mapulaca, a day of games highlighting human relations was aimed at



CAEBC meets this summer in Mexico. One major agenda item is the development of a Spanish-language Sunday school curriculum for children, using the same kind of basis and principles as the adult material.

A second agenda item at the Mexico meeting is discussion of incorporating CAEBC, as an "international Anabaptist Mennonite corporation" to plan and coordinate further programs and projects in literature and curriculum material for Latin Americans in the Western Hemisphere.

As for the new curriculum, Casas said, "We're feeling good — we're very excited. It turned out even better than we expected. We've already gotten good comments from the CIM group [Council of International Ministries], which lends support to CAEBC."

Elsewhere...

- A Swedish Mennonite artist now working with Mennonite Board of Missions recently participated in a 300-year-old winter market. Disa Rutschman exhibited her paintings with several other artists at the market in Jokkmokk, above the Arctic Circle in Sweden. Her husband, Tom, sold wooden puzzles at a handicraft stand in the same market.

- For the second time in seven years, Switzerland has rejected legal recognition of conscientious objectors (COs). A referendum put before voters to decide whether alternative civil service should be allowed for COs brought a 64% "No" response.

Every able-bodied Swiss male up to age 50 is required by law to serve in the army. COs face prison terms of six months or more.

Hansulrich Gerber, a Mennonite pastor in Bern, reported that one positive result of the referendum is a growing awareness of the CO issue in Mennonite circles. Last summer, the 13 Swiss congregations issued a statement supporting alternative service — "not an easy thing to pass," Gerber said.

- Mennonite Brethren in Angola are seeking association with sister conferences in North America. Most became MB as refugees in Kinshasa, Zaire over the past 15 years, and have recently begun returning to their homeland.

Peter Hamm and Peter Kroeker of MB Missions/Service spent five days in Luanda, Angola, the capital, earlier this year, at the request of the church there.

Makanimpovi S. Sikonda, head of the recently registered *Irmaos Menonitas em Angola* (Evangelical Mennonite Brethren Church of Angola), led the group which hosted Hamm and Kroeker. The entire church is made up of some 500 signed-on adherents, about half of them baptized members.

- A new entity, charged with enhancing communications among Spanish-speaking Mennonite churches in the Western Hemisphere and supporting audio-visual media activities at the conference level, has recently been formed.

Representatives from 11 Latin American Mennonite conferences and groups voted to dissolve JELAM (Junta Ejecutiva Latinoamericana de Audiciones Menonitas) and to transfer its assets to the new body, named Asociacion Menonita Latino-Americana de Comunicaciones, or AMLAC. □

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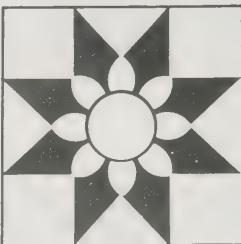
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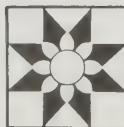
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• The Mennonite Mass Choir celebrated its tenth anniversary with a performance of Handel's *Messiah* in November, and a hymnsing in Kitchener, Ontario's famous Centre in the Square in May. In the past ten years the **Mass Choir**, which performs each year in Ontario, has presented twelve choral works by five major composers.

The **Mass Choir** was originally an extension of Ontario's **Menno Singers**, who sponsor the choir. **Menno Singers** awards annually the **Abner Martin Music Scholarship** (named for the group's founder) which this year went to **Jane Schultz** of Cambridge, Ontario, a pianist, French horn player and vocalist.

• **Eastern Mennonite College** has received a parcel of historically significant land in western Rockingham Co., Virginia. The site contains the remains of the Morris kiln, believed to be the only survivor of many potteries that operated in the county in the 1800s, and may potentially list as a national historic landmark.

• **Jean Janzen**, Fresno, California, described as "perhaps the Mennonite Brethren's only serious female poet with an advanced degree in poetry," was selected as recipient of **Fresno Pacific College**'s annual Distinguished Alumni Award. Janzen's work has been published in a variety of literary journals and Christian magazines.

• MCC has recently released several new audio-visual productions, all slide sets. *Strangers Become Friends* features four MCC U.S. programs. *The Killer Storm of 1982: One Christian Response* outlines the philosophy and goals of Mennonite Disaster Service through the example of one disaster in northern California. *Hear Us: Voices Out of Central America* focuses on two families, one from Guatemala and one from El Salvador.

• **Buller Films, Inc. (BFI)** of Henderson, Nebraska, received a Council on International Non-theatrical Events (CINE) Golden Eagle award for its 16 mm, 25-minute film, *The Jewel Reclaimed*. The film depicts Church World Service work in Kampuchea, and was produced and directed by **BFI** president **Burton Buller**.

Another **BFI** project is the just-released one-hour TV special, *The Hutterites: To Care and Not to Care*. The project marks the first time a U.S. film producer has been allowed access to the restricted colonies of the Hutterites. **John L. Ruth** wrote and directed the film.

• **Sisters and Brothers, Inc. (SBI)** second dramatic film, *Wolfhunter*, was released in March. The first film, *The Weight*, also received a CINE award. *Wolfhunter* has been nominated for two Christian Film Distributor Awards, including "Best Children's Film of the Year."

Another **SBI** production is a series of films featuring **J.C. Wenger**. "What I Believe About Baptism and Church Membership" and "What I Believe About the Devotional Life," along with the two-part "What I Believe About the Bible" are available on 16 mm color film or videotape.

*Did You Know That . . .

INTERNATIONAL QUIZ

How Well Do You Know Strasbourg?

by Paul N. Kraybill



1. For which two of the following is Strasbourg famous?
 - a) A medieval fortress dominating the center of the city;
 - b) One of Europe's famous cathedrals;
 - c) Seat of the European Parliament;
 - d) An old Roman ampitheatre recently discovered.
2. Strasbourgers speak several languages and dialects. Can you name one of them?
3. If you had written a letter to a friend in Strasbourg in the year 1900, to what country would you have addressed it?
 - a) Germany;
 - b) France;
 - c) Switzerland;
 - d) Luxembourg.
4. On a clear day you can see which three of the following from Strasbourg?
 - a) The Alps;
 - b) The Atlantic Ocean;
 - c) The Pyrenees Mountains;
 - d) Paris;
 - e) The Rhine River;
 - f) The Mediterranean Sea;
 - g) The Black Forest;
 - h) The Vosges Mountains.
5. Why is Strasbourg's Cathedral so famous?
 - a) Oldest cathedral in Europe;
 - b) Built of marble;
 - c) Only one tower has been finished;
 - d) A famous astronomical clock, three stories high.
6. It was in Strasbourg that Anabaptist reformers found a "City of Hope." There they experienced tolerance and freedom, little known elsewhere. Notable disputations were held with local officials. Name one of these officials.
 - a) Matthew Zell;
 - b) Martin Bucer;
 - c) Wolfgang Capito;
 - d) Ulrich Zwingli;
 - e) Martin Luther.
7. Who joined the Anabaptists in Zurich in 1525, was expelled the same year, went to Strasbourg, later fled to Wurttemburg (Germany), presided at the conference which adopted the Schleitheim Confession of Faith, and was martyred in 1527 in Rottenburg?
 - a) Wilhelm Reublin;
 - b) Hans Denk;
 - c) Felix Manz;
 - d) Michael Sattler;
 - e) Kaspar Schwenkfeld;
 - f) Sebastian Franck.
8. An Anabaptist leader named Pilgram Marpeck was well-known for which of the following?
 - a) A mining engineer from Austria, who became an Anabaptist in 1527, and as a result was forced to flee and suffered the loss of his rather considerable property and wealth;
 - b) A respected engineer in Strasbourg 1528-1532, who built an extensive water system and series of canals to float logs out of the forest;
 - c) a prolific Anabaptist writer, scholar and leader.
9. When Mennonites gather in Strasbourg in 1984, this will be the first time any significant Anabaptist/Mennonite meeting will have been held in that city. True. False.
10. There has been a continuous strong Mennonite community in Strasbourg from 1525 to the present. True. False.

(Answers on page 34.)

Paul Kraybill is Executive Secretary for Mennonite World Conference.

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Quiz Answers

1. b; c
2. German, Alsatian, but first and foremost, French!
3. a. Alsace was a part of Germany between 1870 and 1919.
4. e; g; h
5. c and d
6. a; or b; or c. Zell was a pastor of the Cathedral parish, Bucer and Capito were leading reformers.
7. d.
8. All of the answers are correct!
9. False. History records at least six important Anabaptist conferences held in 1554, 1555, 1557, 1568, 1592 and 1607.
10. False. A student center and a small congregation were opened in 1978. There is no record of a Mennonite congregation in Strasbourg for almost 100 years, 1880-1978.

(Questions on page 33.)



"Another thing about Liechtenstein — their road maps are easy to fold."

©Punch Rothko. All rights reserved

Home for a Wedding

by José Ortiz



My youngest sister insisted that I must come home to Puerto Rico for her wedding. It took place this winter, the last marriage in our family of nine children.

She was the second in the family to marry within the Roman Catholic church, this time a brief ceremony, a pocketbook version of what church weddings used to be.

As usual, a Saturday morning wedding brought a traffic jam among the shoppers in the small town of Aibonito. For a person like me with a taste for solitude, driving in a caravan with dozens of cars honking horns is quite an exercise in tolerance, but I survived the twenty-minute ride to our home in Asomante. The newlyweds enjoyed it all, especially the sunny, tropical morning made to order. The event was full of worship, carnival, folklore and tradition, all elements in flux in that world, as well as my own.

Eventually the meal, the fellowship, the well-wishing came to an end and by mid-afternoon most of our relatives, friends and visitors headed home. Their coming for the wedding said, "We are together in this." A merger has taken place and the witnesses have become trustees for the home just born. It takes more than two to make a happy marriage.

The event also meant the conclusion of 25 years of parenting for my folks. Their nine children have become eighteen children, some with unusual names like Hershberger and Brenner and some with more familiar names like Lopez and Espada. None of us have more than three children; no one is rushing to break the magic number of nine!

Now the nest was empty. For the first time I saw a surplus of beds in my home — usually there was a shortage. My father and

*My father and mother, just like
the newlyweds, now have to face each other
and explore avenues to find fulfillment
in each other's company
but with a different set of definitions.*

My parents' home was ready for the reception; in fact, Mother stayed there to assure that things were in order and on time for the last wedding of her nine children. Maria Emilia — who carries the names of my mother and grandmother — was showered with rice as she got out of the car, a tradition that I also witnessed while visiting in Indonesia. The practice expresses the wish that the couple live in a world of plenty.

People gathered in the living room for the second chapter, the cutting of the cake, the pictures, the brief speeches, the handshakes, the well-wishing. My father read from the Bible about the wedding at Cana of Galilee, a reminder that in the same way Jesus acted in the shortage of wine, he will also act in the many shortcomings of life. If he is around, he will respond to our needs, just like at Cana.

I had the unique feeling of stretching out my hand to a man who had just become my brother-in-law, but whom I had not met before. A handshake, a hug and a "Welcome to the family" bridged us together.

mother, just like the newlyweds, now have to face each other and explore avenues to find fulfillment in each other's company, but with a different set of definitions. The younger couple will commute to "Shangrila" while the older one will move to the borders "On Golden Pond."

Let's see how they will survive without the "kids," at times the glue that keeps couples together. The miracle of life continues through passages. It is a privilege to be an eyewitness. □

José M. Ortiz, Elkhart, Indiana, is on the faculty at Goshen (IN) College.

PUBLISHING NOTES

• A variety of publications have come out in connection, or coincidentally, with the Mennonite World Conference Assembly in Strasbourg, France this summer. One of these is the English-language study guide available from Mennonite Publishing House, 616 Walnut Ave., Scottdale, Pa. **God's People Serve in Hope** is divided into five lessons that conform to the daily themes of the MWC Assembly.

• For use in touring, such as for those going to World Conference, is **Trail of the Martyrs**, a 48-page pocket-sized guide to the Anabaptist martyrs, arranged alphabetically according to country and town, and including descriptions of occupations and executions. Write Lynn Miller, 3003 Benham Ave., Elkhart, Ind. 46517.

• A facsimile reprint of the 1685 edition, in Dutch, of the **Martyrs Mirror** is available in two volumes from BV Vitgeverij de Bataafsche, Leeuw, Hoflaan 6, 6953, AM Dieren, Netherlands. The 1685 edition was the first to use Jan Luyken's etchings.

• An international listing of several hundred European homes is a significantly enlarged section in the new **Mennonite Your Way Directory IV**, for 1984-86. This directory is the largest to date, containing over 2300 listings from the U.S. and Canada which include more than 200 Church of the Brethren households.

• Several important translation projects have been completed recently. Mennonite Board of Missions (MBM) workers Albert and Lois Buckwalter, along with Roberto Ruiz, finished work on the Mocovi translation of the New Testament, soon to be submitted to the United Bible Societies for publication.

• A Japanese translation of John Driver's book, **Community and Commitment**, was the first title to come off the press as part of an effort, funded by the Japan Mennonite Church and MBM, to publish Anabaptist-Mennonite literature in Japanese. A second book, including two essays by C. Norman Kraus and Robert Ramseyer's **Peace and the Mission of the Church**, followed shortly. David Augsburger's **Caring Enough to Hear** is slated next for translation.

• **Have a Great Day Every Day!** (Herald Press, 1984) is Art McPhee's latest book. It is an eight-week devotional guide offering biblical reflections on nine principles for spiritual growth.

• **Glockenlauten-Gedichte**, a book of poetry written in German by well-known Waterloo, Ontario, Mennonite poet Valentin Sawatzky, was recently published by J.G. Blashke Verlag, St. Michael, Austria.

• Another German-language title is **Immer Kreisen die Geier: Ein Buch von Chaco Borial in Paraguay** (1983; available from J. Klippenstein, 57 Jefferson Dr., St. Catharines, Ont.). This second book by Peter Klassen on the physical, ecological, and human landscape of the Chaco, home for the majority of the 17,000 Mennonites living in Paraguay, includes a few poems and sketches by the author as well as many short anecdotes on life in the Chaco. □

• Two books of particular interest to those of Russian Mennonite background are **What God Has Done** by Gerhard Neufeld and **Fire Over Zagradovka** by Gerhard Lorenz. Neufeld's book, translated by Margaret Klassen Neufeld, is an autobiographical account beginning in affluence in Lindenau, South Russia and progressing through war, revolution and emigration to Whitewater, Manitoba. Lorenz' book provides additional information on the tragedy of the destruction of Zagradovka, Russia, at the hands of Nestor Makhno.

• Wes Prieb, Tabor College professor, and *Christian Leader* managing editor Don Ratzlaff have written **To a Higher Plane of Vision**, condensing 75 years of Tabor College history into 48 pages, in time for Tabor's Diamond Jubilee celebration. The book, described as "a synoptic, historical narrative," is available from Tabor College, Hillsboro, Kan.

• MCC Peace Section is the subject of another brief history. **The Progressions of Mennonite Central Committee Peace Section**, by Frank H. Epp and Marlene G. Epp, is a 23-page topical history covering such issues as the Section's involvement in conscientious objection, witness to the state and international Mennonite peace work. • Recent titles for young people include **Big Questions** (Herald Press, 1983) by Richard A. Kauffman, former *With* editor. A discussion for youth from a Christian viewpoint, the book examines "How can I cope with failure?" "Why do some people suffer?" "Why am I tempted?" and three more "big questions."

• **Nature Friend** is a monthly magazine for children with stories, articles and projects emphasizing God's creation. It is published by Stanley and Janice Brubaker. Pilgrim Publishers, Box 73-A, Goshen, Ind.

• The Mennonite Historical Society of Ontario has recently begun publishing **Mennogesprach** (Menno-conversation), a newsletter giving serious attention to genealogical issues. Edited by Samuel Steiner, it includes feature articles, a regular column and book reviews.

• Another new newsletter comes from Ted VanderEnde, pastor of St. John Mennonite Church, Pandora, Ohio. **Consultation**, subtitled "A Hermeneutical Newsletter for Concerned Mennonites," is directed at pastors, laypersons and entire congregations who have withdrawn from Mennonite church bodies because they "find little to identify with," and is intended to "aid in debates and enlarge perspectives concerning contemporary issues."

• Information on all religious bodies tracing their origin to the Schwarzenau Brethren of 1708 is just one feature of **The Brethren Encyclopedia**, three volumes charting Brethren life, belief, practice and history. Edited by Donald F. Durnbaugh and others, the **Encyclopedia** also includes biographical articles, family histories, congregational articles and human interest stories and is available from Brethren Encyclopedia, Inc., 6611 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. □

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What Would You Do?, John Howard Yoder. Herald Press, 1983. 136 pages. \$6.95.

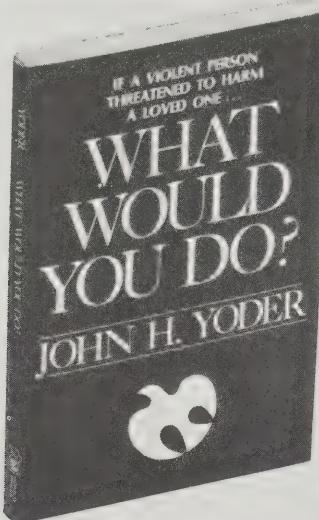
Reviewed by Donald B. Kraybill

This short book of some 100 pages is divided into three sections. The first part is an essay by Yoder which focuses on the ethical and theological issues surrounding the hypothetical question of "How would you respond if a friend were attacked?" The second part consists of seven brief essays by conscientious objectors from Tolstoy to Joan Baez to Dale Brown who also address the same question in various ways. Six stories demonstrating the use of nonviolence in personal situations close out the final third

would you do?"

He debunks the hypothetical question as unfair, which is disappointing, because he really never answers it. Drawing a hard ethical line between the personal situation and war betrays an implicit assumption that it may be permissible to use violence at the micro level.

We are given four options if faced with violent threats on a loved one: tragedy, martyrdom, surprise (natural or providential) and attempted killing. Less than one page



of the book.

It is very helpful to have a collection of readable answers to this hypothetical question in a single source. The short length and readable style of the essays makes them attractive to high school students and any others interested in the "what if" question.

Yoder's beginning essay requires the most concentration but is relatively light compared to his typical fare. Yoder argues persuasively that the question of nonviolence in the personal situation is fundamentally different from war conducted by the state. He also describes the ethical complexity, the capricious nature of a personal assault, and the variety of action alternatives open to the person faced with the hypothetical "What

deals with creative "other ways" but we are really never told under what conditions the use of non-lethal violence might be ethically permissible. Yoder would castigate such a question as "legalistic" but that is a round-about way of avoiding the real question which he hasn't addressed: "Are there circumstances that call for or require the exercise of force?"

Donald B. Kraybill is a sociology professor at Elizabethtown (Pennsylvania) College and author of Facing Nuclear War.

FQ price — \$5.55
(Regular price — \$6.95)

I Can Make Peace, a record/cassette produced by Mennonite Central Committee Peace Section, 1983. \$7.95.

Reviewed by Margaret Loewen Reimer

How does one catch a child's imagination? This fine-quality recording, aimed at "speaking peace" to children, uses jingles, ballads, stories and skits with a variety of performers. This smorgasbord approach certainly provides variety; does it sustain the focus?

Perhaps the intention is that different items will appeal to different ages. My four-year-old enjoys the catchy theme song (even the horribly clichéd line, "Make peace, it can't be beat"), and the dramatized gasoline



story. My eight-year-old appreciates the story of Quaker Sarah Haines, although I had to explain the context.

The biggest disappointment of this recording is the music. Surely Mennonites, who excel in singing, can dig up a collection of good "peace songs" for children, both new and traditional. Let's not sell our children short on this aspect of our peace heritage.

This is a good effort to interpret peace for children; I am grateful for the increasing Mennonite resources for them. One thing bothers me, however. Whatever Mennonites touch turns to moralism. Our imaginations are fettered by a compulsive didacticism.

This recording, too, never strays far from the literal — each song and story interprets for us the message that we should be kind to others, as Jesus was. Not even children must always be fed plain, unsweetened oatmeal on a wooden spoon. They also find nourishment in airy delights with no coarse fiber.

Margaret Loewen Reimer, Waterloo, Ontario, is associate editor of the Mennonite Reporter and the mother of three children.

FQ price — \$6.35
(Regular price — \$7.95)

Mennonite Tourguide to Western Europe, Jan Gleysteen. Herald Press, 1984. 340 pages. \$12.95.

Reviewed by Robert Kreider

No doubt about it. Everyone planning to attend the Mennonite World Conference in Strasbourg this summer must buy the **Mennonite Tourguide**. For those who choose to defer that trip to Europe, the **Tourguide** offers hours of delightful reading and opportunity to fantasize about a possible future trip. At \$12.95 this is inexpensive as tourguides go. One may save the cost of the book ten-fold from the tips in these pages.

Jan Gleysteen, a native of the Netherlands who makes one or more trips to Europe



every year, exudes in this **Tourguide** a love of travel and an intense curiosity about all things Mennonite. He tells you everything you wanted to know about travel in Western Europe and sometimes a bit more. For example, he cannot hide the fact that he is a classic car and railway buff.

Jan is encyclopedic in his coverage: jet lag and 300 kinds of French cheese; Michelin maps — red and yellow; lost luggage and the 24-hour clock; routes in Alsace; the skyline, the vine, flowering village and picturesque village; off-the-beaten-track-museums; walking tours of Anabaptist towns; and ten thousand items more.

I found some topics I would have deleted to make room for items missing. But this **Tourguide** will go through many editions. I am confident that each revised edition will contain new and additional intriguing lore on Mennonite travel in Europe. **Mennonite Tourguide** rates four stars.

Robert Kreider is a history professor at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas, editor of Mennonite Life, and a prolific writer.

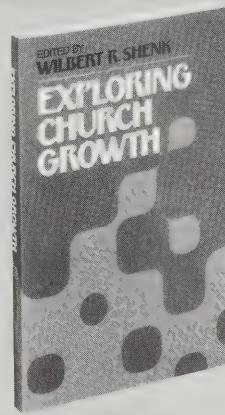
FQ price — \$10.35
(Regular price — \$12.95)

Exploring Church Growth, Wilbert R. Shenk, editor. William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 1983. 312 pages. \$12.95.

Reviewed by Erwin Rempel

For years the Church Growth School (Fuller) has been a favorite target of missiological attention. Particularly offensive have been the emphases on the "homogeneous unit principle," distinctions between "discipling" and "perfecting," quantitative growth measurements, and a weak biblical-theological base.

Mennonites have been some of the most articulate in pointing out these weaknesses. Yet North American Mennonite churches are very homogeneous, focus on "perfect-



ing" (nurture) ministries, and seem fearful of numerical growth. Clearly a need exists for an exploration of church growth principles for North American Mennonites.

Exploring Church Growth, however, is not intended to be a critique of the Church Growth School nor of the North American Mennonite experience. The primary aim of the book is to "probe further into the premises, principles, and goals of church growth" as well as "open up fresh lines of inquiry — historically, experientially, methodologically, and theologically."

Editor Wilbert R. Shenk has successfully met these stated intentions by bringing together contributors from a variety of church and mission perspectives. Each chapter is designed as a serious and scholarly study.

The six case studies and most of the methodological and theological discussions are concerned with cross-cultural church growth. The book will appeal to and is highly recommended for missionaries, mission administrators and students of missiology. It will find its place among the most significant studies in contemporary missiology.

Erwin Rempel, Newton, Kansas, is Executive Secretary for the Commission on Overseas Missions of the General Conference Mennonite Church.

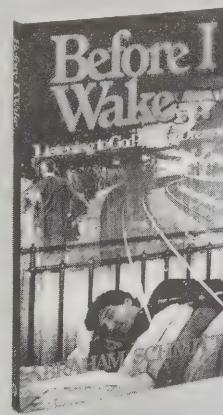
FQ price — \$10.35
(Regular price — \$12.95)

Before I Wake . . . Listening to God in Your Dreams, Abraham Schmitt. Abingdon Press, 1984. 160 pages. \$7.95.

Reviewed by Ruth Detweiler Lesher

Before I Wake is a very palatable invitation to explore the "mystery" of our souls. Dr. Schmitt helps readers become better acquainted with what is often portrayed as an esoteric, better-to-be-left-alone aspect of ourselves — the not-yet-conscious part.

The specific focus of the book is the use of dreams to help readers gain personal insights, day-to-day guidance, and an increased sense of God's direction and calling. Schmitt notes dreams can be valuable tools for appreciating the impact of our early life expe-



riences on us as well as specific means for "working through" these traumas and their formative patterns. He provides both the hope that healing can come and a description of the process.

There is a danger in using dreams to obtain knowledge of God's will for your life when it's really no more than your own wishes. This danger is identified, but not adequately dealt with, in the book. We need to be held accountable to fellow believers for discerning God's direction in our lives. Schmitt's presentation of the use of dreams has the potential to become an overly individualistic approach to personal and spiritual growth.

Reading this book and listening to your dreams could be an important step in a journey toward emotional wholeness. I suspect, however, that many persons will find listening to their dreams more difficult than it sounds. Don't give up. Listening to self, God, and others are worthy lifetime goals.

Ruth Detweiler Lesher, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is a psychologist at Philhaven Hospital.

FQ price — \$6.35
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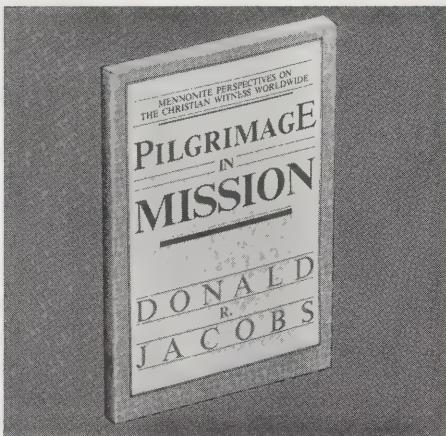
MENNONITE BOOKS

Pilgrimage in Mission, Donald R. Jacobs. Herald Press, 1983. 168 pages. \$6.50.

Reviewed by Vernon Wiebe

When I was growing up in a large German Mennonite Brethren church and community I often thought secretly that it was futile to invite our English neighbors to become Christians and join our church because it was doubtful that they could measure up to my church's purity nor survive its rigors. I confess that notion unwillingly recurs from time to time to this day.

According to Don Jacobs in his book **Pilgrimage in Mission**, this issue and variations of it dominated the inner circles of the



Mennonite brotherhood for many decades.

Severe persecution from Catholic, Reformed and civil authorities caused Mennonites to slowly spin themselves a Germanic cocoon which served them well for 350 years. About the turn of this century, the cocoon began to split as Mennonites became aggressive in missions and evangelism.

Jacobs rightfully observes that the Mennonite church's involvement in cross-cultural ministry poses a threat to the Mennonite theology of separation, compromising their convictions on maintaining a "pure church."

On the other hand, to stop evangelizing is equally unacceptable because the mission imperative is clearly biblical.

Pilgrimage in Mission helps clarify how churches can maintain both a vision for being a "pure" fellowship and a "missionary" one. Twelve short chapters outline a course for salting the earth without losing the saltiness.

The book is not about Mennonites, but about a Christian dilemma suffered by Mennonite Christians in particular, for which there are deeply biblical answers.

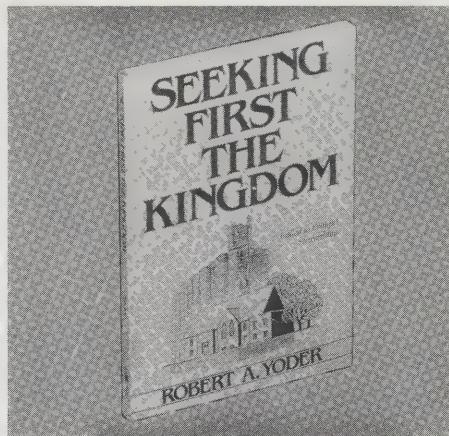
Vernon Wiebe served as Executive Secretary for the Mennonite Brethren Board of Missions for many years. Today he operates a travel agency in Hillsboro, Kansas.

FQ price — \$5.20
(Regular price — \$6.50)

Seeking First the Kingdom, Robert A. Yoder. Herald Press, 1983. 104 pages. \$4.50.

Reviewed by Calvin Redekop

This book asks "What does it mean to be a faithful Christian in a society that is rapidly increasing the chasm between the haves and the have-nots, and depleting the storehouse so that coming generations will be deprived?" Using a variety of biblical sources, personal experience and scientific data Yoder weaves a tapestry in seven short chapters describing the predicament we are in, and what responsibilities we have. That the book is informal and chatty and not as propositional and logically ordered as the more academic might



desire does not weaken its impact. Yoder speaks from life on the farm, from his experience in the church, and from his activity in the modern business world, and shows us how such a person "puts it all together."

Yoder is not anti-technology, but unequivocally points to the dangers which it has produced. He is not opposed to consumption but shows us how a lack of restraint and compassion can impoverish the rest of the world. He tells us, for example, that the cost of food is almost impossible to determine, for two bushels of American soil are lost for every bushel of corn that is raised.

The author touches on faith and economics, Mennonites and their economic attitudes, and models of stewardship. This is a prophetic call to be heard by those who would be faithful in a world that is rapidly winding down because of our own hardness of heart.

Calvin Redekop, Waterloo, Ontario, is a professor of sociology at Conrad Grebel College, and editor of the Marketplace.

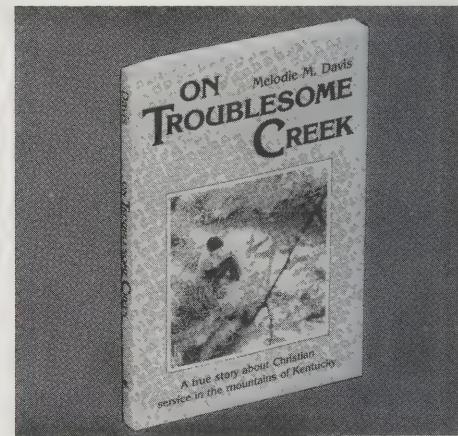
FQ price — \$3.60
(Regular price — \$4.50)

On Troublesome Creek, Melodie Miller Davis. Herald Press, 1983. 112 pages. \$5.95.

Reviewed by Sara Wenger Shenk

On Troublesome Creek is a gentle, unpretentious gem of a story. Without noticeable strain or condescension Melodie Miller Davis re-enters her just-graduated-from-high-school worldview and brings it believably to life. A year of voluntary service in Appalachia becomes a tantalizing first venture into the awesome unknowns of responsible adulthood.

Leaving sheltered home communities can be like plunging into cold early summer surf. First we realize our own sub-culture is



but one drop among many. Davis' experience illustrates the next step — turning to use that same heritage as a resource for personal growth and a stimulus for service to others. She shows us through her eyes the poverty and nobility of Appalachia and of a girl's striving to be faithful to her heritage and her own gifts.

The book in some respects resembles the year of voluntary service it describes. As in a single year one only superficially sees the pattern of the Appalachian fabric, so one person's story sometimes only thinly weaves the fabric of unit and community life. Yet it is in the personal particular that we sense the universal. Davis thought she entered VS to change others' lives, but found herself profoundly changed.

Davis' book is a poignant testimonial to the church's belief that a year of voluntary service can bolster an individual's resolve to give a lifetime of service.

Sara Wenger Shenk lives in Chicago since her family's recent return from several years in Yugoslavia. She spends her time writing and being a mother to two young sons.

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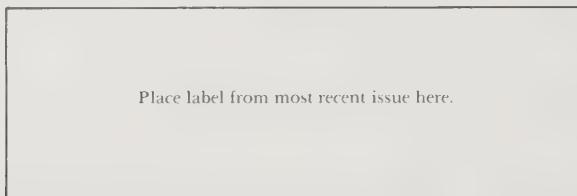
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Keep on Truckin'?

by Keith Helmuth

The business of the farm requires that I regularly become a truck driver. The produce must move to market and the jugs in which we bottle our fresh apple cider must be brought from the manufacturer, some 300 miles north and west of our valley.

I play this role with mixed emotions. I much prefer being a gardener, a keeper of sheep and goats, a cider-maker and a woodcutter, but I am far from immune to the lure of the open road.

Consider this: the bracing coolness of the night air when you step from the cab; stretching your whole body like a cat; the smell of a hot engine when adding oil; the coffee and country music; the courtesies of the road passed between truckers; the real

for rest, I am again well aware the exploit of transportation I have just performed will likely have no place in the development of a sustainable human economy. I am a small-time practitioner of a passing art.

It won't be me, but I trust someone will one day hear his children's children say, "Grandpa, tell us again about the time of the big trucks." Grandpa will lift his hoe from where he has been working around the onions, and with a smoky faraway look in his eyes begin, "Once upon a time there was this big Jimmy diesel who loved nothing more than to highball a load of iceberg lettuce from California to Boston. Well, one time he was just coming up on the Mississippi River at St. Louis when the rain

*I play this role with mixed emotions.
I much prefer being a gardener,
a keeper of sheep and goats, a cider-maker
and a woodcutter, but I am far from immune
to the lure of the open road.*

affection you feel for a good engine and drive train working without fail mile after mile; the grace of the deer bounding through the headlights and up the steep bank, white tail disappearing into the dark woods; crossing a high ridge in heavy snow and coming down into a valley of gentle rain; driving through the night out of a storm into glorious sunrise, the last water droplets wind-dried on the windshield; the cool sweetness of clean cotton sheets at the end of the run; the ecstasy of safely closing aching eyes. Oh, there is no end to the images of the trucking life. They flow with the road itself.

And so when I rise from my bed shortly after midnight, pick up my lunch and thermos of coffee, make a final check of the trailer lights and begin the long run to the northwest for a load of cider jugs, I do it with a kind of hidden pleasure, a sense of small adventure.

I know it would be better to be home spreading manure, but when I top that long grade on the Trans-Canada just west of Rivière du Loup and gaze up the River St. Lawrence past freighters from who knows what far ports of the world and see the Laurentian Mountains in the sunrise, I am so blended with the machine which makes all this possible that my critical consciousness dwindles to an ember.

Fortunately it does not go out, and when I pull into our farmyard that evening, my head hyped with coffee and body begging



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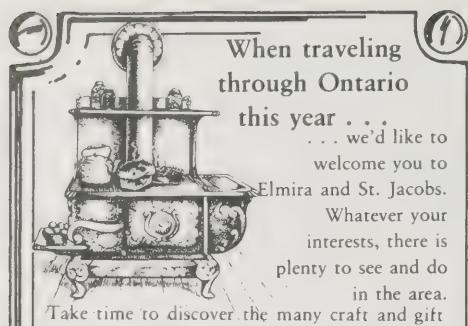


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WHAT'S COOKING?

Playing at Breadmaking

by Glenda Knepp



Quite often these days the yeasty aroma of freshly-baked bread permeates our walls, as I play with interesting combinations of flours and yeast. I'm currently involved in a community education breads class, which means that almost every Wednesday evening we enjoy a crunchy sample loaf with our stew or soup.

And the recipes I have for you in this column are from two of those staff-of-life bakings. Either recipe fits nicely into an afternoon schedule at home, with a few free minutes to mind the leaven.

The first, Pull Bread, is fun both to make and to eat. Served by simply pulling off

at 400°. Cover top lightly with foil after 10 minutes of baking.

Let cool slightly before inverting pan. Served warm, it's absolutely delicious.

This next bread, called Cinnamon-Raisin Batter Bread, is simple, yes, but also simply delicious. Our family of four devoured the entire loaf in one evening.

Cinnamon-Raisin Batter Bread

In large bowl mix:

1 T. yeast

1½ cup warm water (110°)

1 T. honey

I continue to be amazed at the ability of freshly-baked bread to transform a drab, ordinary meal into one of special luster. In such a setting, those Hash-Browned Refrigerator Leftovers may even receive honorable mention.

piece after delectable piece, its butter-and-honey-flavor needs nothing added.

Pull Bread

In large bowl mix:

3 T. yeast

1 T. honey

1½ cup warm water (110°)

Let sit ten minutes. Add:

¼ cup dry milk powder

¼ cup oil

1 t. salt (optional)

1 egg

1½ cups whole wheat flour

Mix thoroughly with whisk. Add:

1 cup whole wheat flour

Mix well. Add:

1 ¾ - 2 cups unbleached flour

Mix with wooden spoon until blended. Place in oiled bowl, turn to coat dough, and cover. Let rise until doubled. Turn out onto lightly floured surface, and knead 5-10 minutes. Let rest while melting together in saucepan:

3/4 cup butter

1/3 cup honey

1 tsp. cinnamon

Divide dough into 2 equal parts. Roll out each to 12" x 18" rectangle. Cut into 3/4" strips, dividing each strip into 3" pieces. Dip each of the strips into the butter mixture, then toss into bundt cake pan, or one-piece tube pan. Let rise in prewarmed oven about 30 minutes. Bake on bottom rack 30 minutes

Add:

2 T. oil

1 t. salt (optional)

1½ cups whole wheat flour

½ cup unbleached flour

Mix for three minutes with whisk or wooden spoon.

Stir in:

1 cup unbleached flour

1 T. cinnamon

1 cup raisins

Cover and let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, about 45 minutes. Then punch batter down by stirring 30 strokes with wooden spoon. Place in greased loaf pan. Let rise in warm place about 30 minutes, or until batter rises just to edge of pan. Bake in preheated 375° oven 35-40 minutes. Cool on wire rack. It makes one loaf.

I continue to be amazed at the ability of freshly-baked bread to transform a drab, ordinary meal into one of special luster. In such a setting, those Hash-Browned Refrigerator Leftovers may even receive honorable mention.

Happy baking!

Glenda Knepp from Turner, Michigan is the mother of two sons. She has "great fun running" as a means of following "the way of disciplined grace."

The Resurrection According to Matthew

by James and Jeanette Krabill

March 18

Today, just two weeks before the beginning of Holy Week festivities, death hit the village when our neighbor, Pita, left this world to join the next.

March 19

As Dida tradition prescribes, on the night before burial, the body is placed outside on a spacious double bed in the courtyard of the deceased one and the entire community gathers around to pass the night in singing. Mama and Papa put Matthew and Elisabeth Anne to bed a bit early tonight and left them for several hours in the care of Lassina — a Muslim friend from Mali who sometimes



black cloth in place of the usual white one. Preacher Alphonse's comments were short and barely audible; from where he stood, only snatches reached us. Matthew, normally bubbling with questions, was caught up in the solemnity of the occasion. He remained silent and like the rest of us simply moved along with the flow of things until Pita had been lowered into the ground and we had headed for home.

April 1 — Good Friday

The practice here on Good Friday is to reenact a funeral — the funeral of Jesus. And so today we did it all over again. Black dress, muted singing, the symbolic removal of the

As Dida tradition prescribes, on the night before burial, the body is placed outside on a spacious double bed in the courtyard of the deceased one and the entire community gathers around to pass the night in singing.

helps with work around the place — in order to attend the "death watch."

March 20

This morning was Pita's funeral service and burial and Matthew accompanied his Mama and Papa throughout the entire affair, even walking the long distance in the scorching mid-day sun to the cemetery and back again. Most folks came dressed in black or dark blue, and before the service assembled quietly around Pita's bed to pay last respects. Pita's sister sat beside her brother on the bed, wiping his brow and chasing away a growing number of flies also drawn to the occasion. "Fight, fight the war for me!" the choir sang in muted voices and without the usual musical instruments. "It is you, my God, who can fight for me!"

When the body had been washed and placed in the casket, the mourners proceeded to the church in two long lines — men on the right, women on the left — on either side of Pita. "Women of Honor," dressed in black uniforms, led the way carrying bouquets of freshly cut flowers to be spread about Pita's grave. We paused for several brief moments at the church to offer final prayers. The middle row of benches had been removed to make way for the casket. Everywhere one looked were signs of sadness. The sanctuary candles remained flameless, the flower pots flowerless, and the floor unswept. Across the altar was draped a large

benches and freshly cut flowers (deposited this time at the foot of the altar). We explained the rerun to Matthew by telling him that Jesus had died and that on this day, all other activity ceased in order to think about His passing. "You mean Jesus is like Pita?" Matthew wanted to know. "He's like Pita lying there on his bed?" "Yes," we said, "Jesus is like Pita lying there on his bed."

April 3 — Easter Sunday

Easter morning! We got up and began preparing for church. This day, we knew, would be one of great joy! There would be singing. Dancing. Bright flowers and palm branches decorating the sanctuary. And the musical instruments would be back in full force! We dressed the children in their little white outfits prescribed for the day. "Hey, why aren't we wearing dark clothing?" asked Matthew, confused by his revolving wardrobe. "Because Jesus isn't dead any longer," we replied. "He's come back to life!" Matthew stopped, reflected for a moment and then with a burst of inspiration added, "Jesus isn't on the bed anymore!" "No," we said, "Jesus isn't on the bed anymore!" □

James and Jeanette Krabill live inland in Yocoboué, Ivory Coast, where they are available to independent African churches.

Our Fiction Policy

1. We believe there is a need for quality fiction which rises out of the milieu of our peoplehood.
2. If we can find enough quality fiction, we would like to publish one new novel each year.
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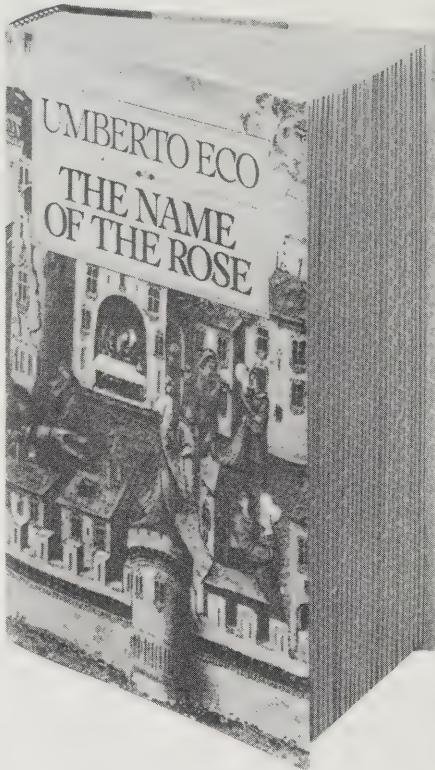
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BEST-SELLING BOOKS

The Name of the Rose, Umberto Eco. Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1983. 502 pages. \$15.95.

Perhaps the greatest mystery about this book is that it has stayed on the best seller list for so many months. That the American reading public has so much interest in the details of a 14th century Italian abbey is startling. That these readers have the patience to slog through 502 pages of a debate about the appropriate role of the church in the world and the temptations connected with knowledge, both of which underly the action of the story, is an even greater surprise. If all the people who buy this book make it through to the end, they may bring a rare wisdom and kindness to this world.

The Name of the Rose's intrigue lies in its skillful inter-weaving of sheer mystery (who's been killing all the monks, anyway, each with a new flourish?), rich detail about the Italian political-religious landscape in the Middle Ages, and a deep discussion that has modern echoes — the perversion of church and state and society when "knowledge is



used to conceal, rather than to enlighten."

The tension over "the seduction of knowledge" builds as the sixth and seventh bodies appear. And, in fact, the crimes and the vic-

tims all have connections to the Library, the seat of knowledge (and, therefore, power) within the Abbey. Eco, it turns out, has made the Abbey a microcosm of the world where the Pope's envoys in all their regal glory gather for a showdown with the Franciscans, who advocate the wisdom of the simple.

Eco evokes the fourteenth century world so precisely that modern readers believe they are there. Having accomplished that, Eco then brings on the big arguments with his devastating conclusions — the search for a private, prideful truth is a violation of the Library and ultimately leads to the destruction of the Abbey's peace.

Because he is a good storyteller, Eco's questions do not assault; because he asks them in such a removed setting, twentieth century readers can afford to think about them without having their emotional triggers touched off automatically.

The book is not a breeze. But its interplay between mystery and history, and its searching questions about being right make reading it a satisfying and thoughtful experience. It's a downright modern tale. □



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Against All Odds — Unfairly cut from his team, a football player gets involved in tracking down a friend's girlfriend. Romance, betrayal, and corruption. Jeff Bridges and Rachel Ward. (5)

The Bounty — Thoroughly boring retelling of the mutiny on the ship *Bounty*, trying to round Cape Horn, and the subsequent visit to Tahiti. (3)

The Dresser — A powerful picture about the English theatre. Albert Finney portrays the old, formerly outstanding actor; Tom Courtenay plays his faithful dresser, cajoling his temperament and his memory. Deftly directed by Peter Yates. (7)

El Norte — Two Guatemalan Indians head to "the north." A poignant, understated odyssey leads them to the promised land, which has its own terrors. In Spanish. (7)

Entre Nous — French film by Diane Kurys unpeels the pieces of the lives of two women who become close friends and lose their husbands. Mature, tough look at liberation. (7)

Footloose — Better than most teenploitation flicks. A city boy moves to a small town where dancing is outlawed, romances the preacher's daughter, and stirs up things. Less trite than some. (5)

Ghostbusters — Delightful spoof of horror films by some of the old pros from "Saturday Night Live" — Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd. Three

defrocked professors catch ghosts and save the world. Hilarious. (6)

Greystoke, the Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes — So-so attempt to nail down the legend in proper fashion backfires because a legend nailed down ain't a legend. (2)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom — Sure, it's exciting at first; but the constant Spielberg-invented crises dull under rapid fire. Yawn. Harrison Ford goes to the Palace of Pankot on a mission of mercy to free children and to put an end to human sacrifice. (3)

Moscow on the Hudson — Delightful. Soviet musician defects in Bloomingdale's and becomes involved in a series of friendships with other immigrants. Robin Williams excels. Borders on patriotic. (8)

My Best Friend's Girl — Boring portrait of two buddies at a ski resort who fall in love with the same willful girl. (2)

The Natural — Robert Redford stars as a farm boy who gets a chance to play for the Chicago Cubs. In his innocence he meets tragedy. Fifteen years later he attempts a comeback and becomes caught in a complex web of focus. Superb acting, subtle direction, and outstanding photography combine in this fantasy of life. (8)

Police Academy — A flop about misfits at a police

academy. Funny at spots. (2)

Racing with the Moon — Wonderful film about growing up. Sean Penn and Elizabeth McGovern capture the nuances of this tender love story. Superb direction by Richard Benjamin. (8)

Reuben, Reuben — Outstanding performance by Tom Conti as a poet on the edge of things. (6)

Romancing the Stone — Empty-headed, half-enjoyable, escapist adventure film set in the jungles of Colombia. Topnotch in spots. (5)

Sixteen Candles — Crude but tender high-school-dating yarn. Better than most in its sensitivity. (6)

Splash — Funny romantic comedy about a lovely mermaid who lands at the Statue of Liberty and the young man who falls in love with her. (6)

Swing Shift — Easy-going, but engaging, detailing the lives of war wives in defense plants during World War II, this Goldie Hawn vehicle basically succeeds. (5)

Unfaithfully Yours — The jealous husband this time is a renowned conductor (Dudley Moore) who suspects his protege and plots death while he conducts. Funny by spells, but mainly silly. (4)

Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity, and technique.

Is *The Natural* Superb or Schmaltz?

Folks ask from time to time how I decide if I like a movie. What makes a movie good?

One criterion is — "It depends." It depends on where you see the film, who's with you, what time of day it is, what your expectations are, and most importantly, what mood you're in when you go to see the movie.

The same holds true for reviewers of movies. Film critics have a lot in common with political columnists. If Mondale wraps things up before the Convention, he is faulted with risking a boring convention; if the battle for the nomination continues the whole way to San Francisco, he is "bloodied by the contest" and "unpresidential." One gets the distinct impression that what matters most is whether the expectations and the mood of the political writers are met.

So it goes with movie critics. Take *The Natural*, a current film starring Robert Redford. The first wave of reviews were mostly positive. Then the second group of reviewers — some of whom took time to read the book on which the film is based, and some of whom cared less about the film or the viewers than about being noticed themselves as reviewers by disagreeing with published reviews — this second batch of reviews were mainly pans.



But where's the truth about *The Natural*? Is the film good or not? Well, it depends.

First, let's subtract the fact that this movie relies heavily on Bernard Malamud's novel. A book is a book, and a film is a film. For critics to say they thought that the book was

better tells us little about the film as a film.

Secondly, let's be careful about our expectations of the actors. If Robert Redford had never acted before, the same critics who blasted him would have praised his performance. The basis of their critique is their own expectations of how Redford should act now that he's so famous and hasn't acted in a film for four years. But what's the truth about his performance?

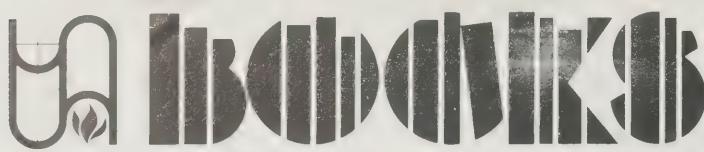
Some reviewers go bananas over good and evil allegories. Every symbol, every shade, every allusion to events past, every touch of mystery — everything is analyzed and hung up before us, piece by piece. Some other critics vomit over any film which includes an upbeat ending.

Why all this? Mainly because I saw *The Natural* with someone I love; we were in a good mood; it was early evening; we hadn't read the book; we especially enjoy Robert Duvall and Glenn Close (who also star); and we were deeply moved by this understated fantasy of mystery, darkness, and triumph.

On the other hand, some of our friends expected more baseball or less lightning or more explanations or a less subdued Redford and came away disappointed.

It all depends

— MG



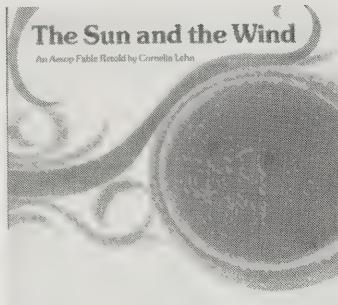
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The Sun and the Wind

by Cornelia Lehn

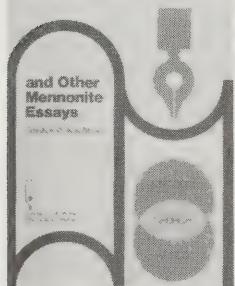
The Sun and the Wind is a peace book! This retelling of an Aesop fable presents the concept that love and nonviolence are stronger than force and violence to preschool and elementary schoolchildren. Mennonite artist Robert W. Regier has created colorful, appealing illustrations, making this book a delight for both children and parents.

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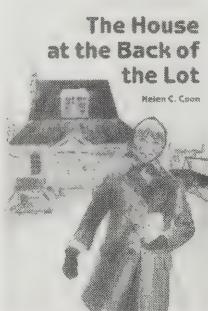
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RECLASSIFIED

Mennonite Evaluation

by Katie Funk Wiebe



These days everyone is being evaluated for their performances. Here's a guide for evaluating Mennonites enrolled in the Superman Training Course offered annually.

Executive Secretary (a newcomer to a tribe whose numbers are increasing). He can leap from city to city in a single bound, with loaded briefcase in one hand and garment bag in the other. His speed is faster than that of a supersonic plane. He doesn't need a cape. He considers a set of good minutes of the last meeting next to godliness. He consistently walks on water, even when not required to, and talks directly to God without amplification.

Board member (who has membership in several tribes, depending on conference bylaws). He or she must take a running start to leap tall church buildings, like cathedrals. The sprawling kind, with education wings attached, can be taken with a single bound at the speed of a commuter plane without losing luggage. Board members walk on water in emergencies, especially financial crises. They talk with angels in disguise, sometimes monthly. They consider frequent coffee breaks the equivalent of godliness with contentment—but hope they won't gain weight.

Pastor (may her tribe increase — his has many members). He or she can leap over only small houses at the speed of a station wagon. Mennonite cathedrals are too tall for continuous leaping. A change of racetrack is needed every three years. Pastors wade in deep water regularly. They talk to their secretaries daily. They consider a carefully typed Sunday bulletin very near to godliness.

Church members (whose tribe should increase). They crash when jumping over church pews to get to all the meetings, even at the relaxed speed of a bicycle. They wash the church laundry with water regularly, usually at Sunday noon. Church members talk with one another. They consider a sermon lively enough to keep them awake next to contentment.

Sunday School members. They recognize the church building except on Sunday mornings. They jump over sofas to claim the TV at racehorse speed. They bathe in water, frequently at the lake. They argue with their children, most often on Sunday. They consider the preacher's ability to get them home on time to see the beginning of the football game next to godliness.

President of the Women's Missionary Service (who wants her tribe to increase). She has no buildings to jump, but does so anyway at all speeds. She passes out water for others to drink at church suppers. She considers the thrill of having fastened down a speaker for the next meeting next to cleanliness. She doesn't talk or argue with anyone. She doesn't need to. She gets the work done. □

Katie Funk Wiebe is a writer of many books and articles and an English professor at Tabor College in Hillsboro, Kansas.

The editors invite you to submit humorous stories and anecdotes that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes — we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submissions to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, Tabor College, Hillsboro, KS 67063. She will give credit to anecdotes she selects.



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The Author Speaks

by C.P. Snow

*Each quarter **Festival Quarterly** features speeches or essays from the larger world which, because of their subject, unusual sensitivity, or wisdom, are of interest to our readers.*

The basic problem of a novelist in the United States and Great Britain, in any advanced industrial society, is this — we haven't enough experience to share with each other. The sheer necessities of advanced society make us specialize — the areas where we understand each other become less every day. Over whole areas of intellect and feeling we have ceased to speak a common language. Scientists can't talk to nonscientists; engineers can't talk to schoolteachers.

These pressures have caused novelists to lose their nerve. They have been driven into a private world where, since they could not talk to anyone else, they could at least talk to themselves. And they have tended to talk to themselves about their own loneliness. More and more they have taken refuge in their own sensations. That was the final refuge — in *Finnegan's Wake* — for a writer as gifted as Joyce. It has been a refuge of dozens of American and English writers, less gifted, but driven

by the same pressures. The dominant artistic trend since World War I has been the pursuit of sensation.

When I started writing novels I knew that trend well enough. I also knew it was no use for me. Whether, even if I'd wanted to, I could have accomplished anything along those lines I didn't inquire. I was simply certain that for me, with one life to live, I shouldn't think it worth while to devote a lifetime to it.

Of course, I had several different motives which forced me to write novels. All writers have a special vanity which makes them want — as, for instance, Dante did — to hint at the person they are, to give nudges and tip the wink. This is one of the strongest motives in all art. It is pretty naked in me. I wanted to leave at least a blurred picture of what I had been like, set in my own place in time. But as well as those deep reasons I had a conscious one. I thought I knew a bit more than most novelists. Being trained as a scientist was a help; it meant that, from an early age, I was plunged among people living a life profoundly different from the literary life. I went on acquiring inside knowledge of men at work. World War II took me right into the

middle of the high English bureaucracy and big business — the "corridors of power." It wasn't only that I had a chance of watching those lives, scientist's, civil servant's, industrialist's. I was also compelled to live them.

It seemed to me that, in a society getting increasingly split, the kind of novel I wanted to write ought to be able to interpret different people and different bits of society to each other. I had a shot at trying to make scientists intelligible (in *The Search* and again the *The New Men*). I have also tried to bring into range academics, civil servants, the Anglo-Jewish aristocracy, businessmen, and so on. The spirit behind the whole work is that we are "members one of another." Committing myself in that spirit, I thought I might help by telling the truth, as unsparingly as I could manage, about myself and the people I had seen.

What gives me most heart is when someone unknown to me tells me something about the private life of my narrator, Lewis Eliot.

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Galen Reed, Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania

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FALL SEMINAR

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"Three Tough Questions
Mennonites Face" —
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January 18 and 19, 1985

- "How to Express Values in Your Writing" —
Margaret Loewen Reimer, Waterloo, Ontario
"How to Write the Short Story" —
Kenneth Gibble, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
"Feature Writing" —
Ruth Seitz, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
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Carolyn Charles Wenger, Ephrata, Pennsylvania
"What I've Learned About Writing" —
Merle Good, Lancaster, Pennsylvania



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WINTER CULTURAL SERIES

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Sara Stambaugh, Edmonton, Alberta

December 3 and 4, 1984 — Musical Concert —
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Stanley Kaufman, Harrisonburg, Virginia

February 18 and 19, 1985 — "Stories of My Life" —
Joy Lovett and Jack Dueck, both of Elkhart, Indiana

ANNUAL BANQUETS

VALENTINE'S BANQUET

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ANNUAL ASSOCIATES BANQUET

Date to be Announced

- "Mennonite and
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Lawrence Hart Family,
Clinton, Oklahoma
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and theology!)

VISUAL ARTS CONFERENCE

March 8 and 9, 1985

- "Observations about Faith and Art" —
Judith Rempel Smucker, Akron, Pennsylvania
"How I Go About My Work" —
David Peter Hunsberger, Waterloo, Ontario
Artistic Slide Presentation —
Blair Seitz, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
"The World of Amish Quilts" —
Rachel and Kenneth Pellman,
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
"Artistic Craft: Woodworking" —
John Nigh, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

FESTIVAL

Quarterly



On the Cover...

Top choice in FQ's sixth annual photo contest,
"Serve in Hope." Other winners begin page 21.



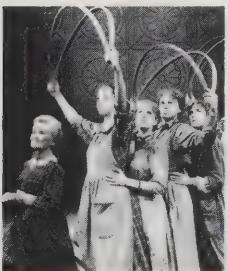
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New!



Joel's Other Mother

by Dorothy Hamilton

The story of Joel, who had two mothers in the same person—one who drank and the one who began a new life because of Joel's help. The story portrays the conflict created for a young boy whose mother is an alcoholic.

Paper \$3.95, in Canada \$5.15

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by Robert V. Dodd

Enables the reader to enter into the child's experience of death, then provides psychologically sound, spiritually valid resources for assisting children in dealing with their feelings of death—the death of a friend or loved one, or their own anticipated death.

Paper \$1.95, in Canada \$2.55

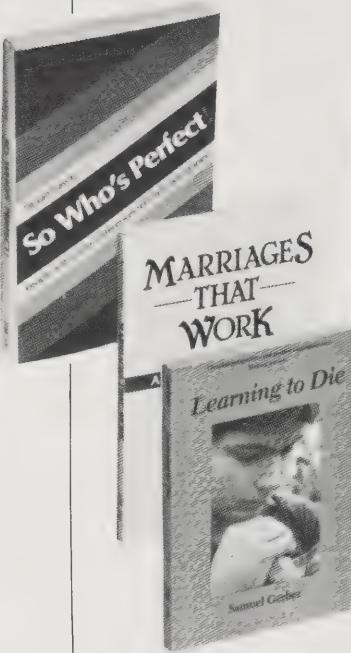
So Who's Perfect!

by Dhyani Cassie

Sixty persons with visible differences tell what it is like to "stand out" in society so that we all may learn to be more sensitive, knowledgeable, and supportive. Do we assist the stammerer, remark on the birthmark, guide the blind? Here the experts tell us how they want us to react.

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New!



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by Samuel Gerber

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Mature Faith

by Glenn H. Asquith

Glenn Asquith traces his personal search for faith from the unquestioning belief of childhood through the teachings of many and the experience of life. The result is a distillation of what is needed for a life of assurance and serenity. Older adults will find hope as they use this guide to examine and solidify their own faith. "Glenn Asquith has modeled a spiritual discipline. To ask ourselves our own thoughts on the great questions, meditate on our answers . . . will be to find a closer walk with God." —Elizabeth Yates in the foreword

Paper \$6.95, in Canada \$9.05

Marriages that Work

edited by A. Don Augsburger

Nine leading marriage counseling couples share their insights on how they have made their marriages grow. Paul Tournier, Charlie and Martha Shedd, Evelyn and Sylvanus Duvall, Richard C. and Doris Halverson, David and Vera Mace, William E. and Lucy Hulme, Cecil H. Osborne, and John M. and Betty Drescher reflect and give encouragement to couples.

Paper \$6.95, in Canada \$9.05

NEW FROM HERALD PRESS



In Search of Refuge

by Yvonne Dilling and Ingrid Rogers

The journal of a North American volunteer who spent 18 months with Salvadoran refugees on the border between El Salvador and Honduras. Through her journal, Yvonne shares what life is like on the receiving end of U.S. foreign policy as she watches the gradual militarization of the border zone. Illustrated with photographs by Mike Goldwater.

Paper \$9.95, in Canada \$12.95

Confronting the Big C: A Family Faces Cancer

by Henry D. Weaver

With contributions by his wife, daughters, son, and mother, Henry Weaver describes how hope, support of friends, prayer, humor, and good medical care worked together to heal. "How moved I was by your manuscript. It has passion, poetry, integrity . . ." —Norman Cousins

"One of the great rewards of my medical career has been my association with Henry Weaver. He is helping me realize that despite all the scientific and technical advances behind the art of medicine, the physician is one very small spoke in the wheel of the healing process." —Joseph W. Blum, M.D.

Paper \$5.95, in Canada \$7.75

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FESTIVAL

Quarterly

The **Festival Quarterly** (USPS 406-090) is published quarterly by Good Enterprises, Ltd., at 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The **Quarterly** is dedicated to exploring the culture, faith, and arts of the various Mennonite groups worldwide, believing that faith and art are as inseparable as what we believe is inseparable from how we live.

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Editor — Phyllis Pellman Good
Publisher — Merle Good

Design Director — Craig Heisey
Assistant Editor — Melanie Zuercher
Circulation Manager — E. Dean Mast

Contributing Editors — David W. Augsburger, Hubert L. Brown, Kenton K. Brubaker, Peter J. Dyck, Sanford Eash, Jan Gleysteen, Keith Helmuth, Glenda Knepp, James R. Krabill, Jeanette E. Krabill, Paul N. Kraybill, David Kroeker, Alice W. Lapp, John A. Lapp, Wilfred Martens, Mary K. Oyer, Robert Regier, Jewel Showalter, Carol Ann Weaver, Katie Funk Wiebe.

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good.

On Piety and Ethics

Most theological debates these days seem caught between two poles. One group stresses personal faith and piety. There are many clowns creating a circus of this conviction, but in truth there are also millions of sincere Christians around the world for whom this forms the center of their faith: A personal relationship to God.

A second group these days begins the definitions of faith with matters of ethics: What can I personally do to bring more justice to the structures of our society and our global village? Here, too, one is nauseated by the multitude of clowns converting this conviction into a circus. Nonetheless, millions of sincere Christians around the world embrace this as the center of their faith.

What happens when faith is understood and experienced in two such apparently different ways by so many millions? Several observations:

1. The first task is to ignore these noisy, grotesque "Christian" sideshows hogging the main stage from both wings. To debate with them only creates another circus; regrettably, many Christian churches expend their best energies trying to upstage the clowns.

2. It helps if we recognize that this piety/ethics tension has not been sent to us of God as a recent affliction. The same tension clearly existed in the New Testament. The early church debates were caught in this dialogue. Augustine struggled mightily, as did Luther and Wesley. Each struggle results in a different mix of a lived answer, but the tension is never fully resolved.

3. But why does this tension exist? Is it part of creation? Or is it a curse from God?

Personally, I've come to believe that within the fabric of the human kernel, at the very heart of being human, a dynamic sun-like center energizes each of us. This soul consists not of solid rock nor of constant fluid; rather, it has the ability to stabilize *and* to change all the time. Within this kernel are many traits which nurture the self and, conversely, many which reach out to others.

Everyone of us has a different mix. We long for a wholeness in our center, yet we can't stand the tension of heart and mind forever. So personality, environment, and experience all contribute to influencing the particular

mix of faith which will emerge from each of us when God touches our dynamic center!

(Some who read this will find it hard to consider without footnotes; others will wish I had used specific Bible quotations. All of which confirms the tension.)

4. These understandings have helped me to expect these two dominant strains of Christian faith everywhere I turn. With a million variations. If we discuss prayer, I expect it. If we discuss Central America or Poland, it will be there. If we examine the Christian stance on abortion or nuclear disarmament, the comments by these two dominant groups will be nearly parallel, only at opposite moments in the discussion.

5. We Mennonites have been blessed with a tradition that tries to work at this tension. We believe in personal faith and piety, and we also believe in embracing a set of ethics which works for justice in the larger world.

Yet we have not been much more successful at handling this faith/life, piety/ethics split than other Christians throughout history have been. Most of our church debates, including recent go-arounds, reflect this seesaw clearly.

What delights me is the way in which Mennonite fellowships in all parts of the world continue to work at weaving these two emphases into one whole piece.

6. This writer's appeal is not for more "balanced" Christians, although that would be wonderful. The hope here is that we will have fewer circuses if we at least recognize this mysterious tension of the human soul as a given and an opportunity, not as a horror or a curse.

7. Lastly, I must say that I have personally been most warmed in my faith-life by Christians who both openly confess personal faith and who also openly work for justice in the name of Christ. I believe, too, that this kind of dynamic Christian startles the rest of the world everywhere. Witness Andre Trocme, Mother Teresa, and John Paul II.

But most importantly, take another look at the life of Jesus the Christ, full of prayer and piety and overflowing with concern for the ills of others.

—MG

Help Them! Help Us!

It happens often enough to be unsettling. We meet creative people or reflective thinkers and midway through our conversations discover that they've never seen **Festival Quarterly**. What's particularly discouraging is that often they are friends of some of our most avid **FQ** supporters. It's the missing link

that hurts.

So take this as a gentle nudge to remember those people in your family or congregation or among your friends whom you assume get **Festival Quarterly**. Perhaps they've never heard of **FQ**! Consider giving them a subscription. See our **FQ** Christmas Package on page 39.

—PPG

What happened? As my article is printed in the most recent issue of **Festival Quarterly**, several typographical errors appear. Some are of little account. Others matter more. The most troublesome occurs at a crucial transition within the article. As printed in your journal the sentence reads, "Some wonder how the church can address itself in matters of spiritual maturity." In my manuscript the sentence reads, "Some wonder how the church can address the state about matters of military strategy when it fails to address itself to matters of spiritual maturity." I regret that some readers may dismiss much of what I have to say because I have seemingly leveled a negative broadside at the church when in fact I was doing precisely the opposite, pointing out that the church is called to address itself to spiritual concerns.

Thank you again for providing me the opportunity to struggle with these issues and to share my thoughts and feelings with the larger church.

—Bruce Yoder
Richmond, Virginia

Editors' Note: We apologize to Bruce and all readers for inadvertently dropping a significant part of a sentence in the article, "From Dusk to Dawn," p. 19, Summer 1984 **Festival Quarterly**. It was an accident on our part and not intentional editing.

I wish to comment on Bruce Yoder's article "From Dusk to Dawn" in the Summer 1984 issue of **FQ**. While admitting that the abortion issue is "not without its own ambiguities," Yoder has little trouble equating abortion with nuclear war. (In other words, a woman's personal life decision is equated

with men's plans of mass genocide.) Once more a man—a pastor at that—is making a moral statement about the personal choice and mental/physical well-being of a woman. For a male pastor to spend precious hours divining the moral truth about stopping life before it has breathed air is EXACTLY the "selective compassion" Yoder so much despises. Yes, there is compassion aplenty for the unborn, but where is the compassion for the woman—probably deserted by her Menno boyfriend-lover, and made to bear the birth or abortion, the moral dilemma, as a single person?

Rather than making abortion a moral issue, should not a pastor speak to the *men* in his/her readership about responsibility toward the women they have impregnated? Is not compassion TRULY selective if it cares *more* for an unborn fetus than for a victimized woman who lacks the support, financial means, or time-in-her-life to be a single parent?

If MEN could bear children, would we women be presumptuous enough to give them moral directives about when they should or should not give birth? Would not Joe Menno's four years of uninterrupted Greek, church history, theology, ethics studies be recognized as more beneficial than four years of fathering an unwanted child? Would not the Menno world be better served by Joe's pastoral care and leadership than his mere parental care of a young one? Should not the women stand off and let Joe determine his own future, OR promise mutual care of the child? At what time will men in our society fully realize that a statement on abortion belongs to the child-bearer, NOT the tokenly-involved father?

—Carol Ann Weaver
Kitchener, Ontario

I would like to respond to your editorial remarks in the issue of the **Festival Quarterly** regarding institutions [August, September, October 1983]. I felt that you had completely missed the point when you said, "But there's also a taboo sterilizing the soil of our faith after 300 years. It demands that church institutions not be critiqued. ('They have funds to raise...')."

The problem is not that they aren't willing to be critiqued. We have found them much more open to criticism than churches and church people. So my concern and a deeper point is how this critiquing is done. It is often done in less than a brotherly/sisterly fashion and often is false judgment based on false rumors. If the channels of complaint are used properly, criticism is no problem and often welcomed.

Lawrence (my husband) has been a Menno-

nite pastor, relief worker, professor and administrator. We have been in many Mennonite churches. So our observations are not born of inexperience. Also, my parents were missionaries in India (my father for 40 years). While on furloughs, he visited churches small and big across the nation. So I grew up with him defending the India mission over and over again.

So, from my vantage point the institutions have always been fair game for the churches to vent their wrath and often their own frustrations.

True, there is not much in the New Testament to guide the running of institutions. But the time is more than ripe for the church to form a theology of institutions so that our church people support them rather than knock them constantly. I am not blind to the dangers of sterility which can come with bureaucracy. But so also can the churches become sterile if they try to go it alone. Where would our leaders come from without the institutions?

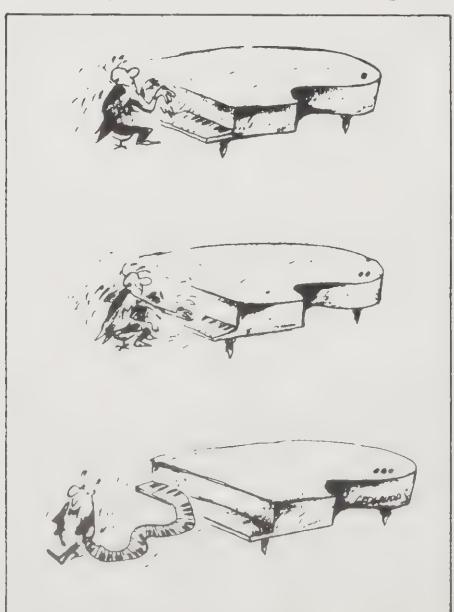
There were also a few other points that troubled me, but I will not deal with them in detail. I did not see the reporting of the boards as "promotion." I saw them telling the church what they are doing and certainly the people were interested. The "merger" talks come more from the grassroots than, as you stated, the bureaucrats. I think the bureaucrats are walking very cautiously at this point. I did not see all the dramas. But certainly your criticism, "twisted to teach," I do not agree applies to "Grossdoddy." I met Bro. Funk in his final days—rejected and downed by the church he had tried to save in his day. We might not agree with all his points of view, but the time to recognize his contribution is long overdue.

—Harriet Burkholder
Goshen, Indiana

I recently received my first issue of **Festival Quarterly**, and was delighted with the contents. It definitely exceeded my expectations. This kind of stimulation from fellow Christians in the arts is appreciated. You may be hearing from me again with a contribution of my own.

The last issue included a poem by a Japanese pastor which I much enjoyed. I immediately clipped it out and sent it to a Jewish friend in Japan with whom I have had many conversations about life, faith, and Christianity. He wrote back, saying that he knows the author personally. In this way your magazine helped me continue my contact with my friend in behalf of the gospel.

—Philip E. Friesen
Taipei, Taiwan



Shiuota Vintus (Lithuania) World Press Review, June 1984. Reprinted with permission.

Mennonite Journalism: A Call for More Candor and Depth



FQ Kenneth Pohlman

by Eugene Kraybill

The issues of the day were openly explored in many biblical writings, often being recounted in terms of the events and people involved in those issues. Scriptural writers, speaking truth, recorded uncomplimentary comments about Jeroboam (I Kings 14), Alexander the coppersmith (II Tim. 4) and a whole host of other people.

Do our church journals today have similar freedom to speak the truth with love?

The books of the Old Testament are filled with descriptions of what must have been major controversies among God's people in those days. The New Testament contains many frank discussions of issues such as circumcision, false teachers and divisions within the church. Paul did not see any contradiction between his outspoken criticism of church practices and his admonition

to "make every effort to keep the unity of the Spirit through the bond of peace" (Eph. 4:13).

The Bible is a unique document inspired of God and in many ways it cannot be compared to today's newspapers and magazines. And yet, in its function of providing a written account of God's working among imperfect men and women, it does bear some similarity to what the function of today's church journals should be.

Mennonite church publications today are doing many things well. They provide good inspirational articles. They recount significant parts of our history. They inform people about the activities of church institutions and agencies.

But, from the perspective of one who has worked as a reporter and editor for com-

munity and city newspapers for nearly 10 years, Mennonite journalism seems to avoid many key issues or to place far too much distance between the issues and the events and people involved in those issues.

We shy away from controversy and open debate because we fear — incorrectly, I believe — that such free discussion will shatter our unity. Though we endorse the truth, we fail to provide an arena where people with different viewpoints can come together and learn from each other in a mutual, loving quest for truth.

Shouldn't our church-related journals, both official and unofficial, hold a greater commitment to candor and probing pursuit of the truth than the secular press?

In both the secular and religious press, a journalist bears an important responsibility

to report the significant events of the day; to obtain the full and straight story of the events people are talking about and thus set the record straight before the gossip mills grind the truth to pieces; to put into writing, through interviews with newsmakers, opinion shapers and information collectors, the issues of the day; and to chronicle the joys and frustrations of life, so people recognize the common bond of humanity they share with others.

In the final analysis, what a journalist does — wittingly or unwittingly — is to create a public record, to write what someone has called "the first draft of history." By objectively and sensitively digging to the core of significant developments, a journalist provides the invaluable service of outlining pieces of the puzzle that historians of the future will put together, thus helping our grandchildren and great-grandchildren to avoid our mistakes.

To recognize what church journalism should be, we must first look at the mission of the church.

In simple terms, the church's chief mission is to provide a focal point for hope and belief.

The mission of the church is also to promote close relationships of Jesus-believers. We call this fellowship. Church is a community, a bonding together of people who know enough about each other to grapple with issues of faith, with translating that faith into the language of everyday living.

At its deepest level, the mission of the church is to seek and embrace truth, in its many shapes and forms, and then to share what it has learned about truth with the world. As members of both the Mennonite Church and the church in its broader sense, we are called to follow the one who summed up his life by saying, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Seeking the truth and following him who called himself "the Truth" means much more than simply embracing honesty in our everyday dealings. Embracing honesty, insisting on candor, refusing to cover over things that only increase in size when we ignore them or pretend they don't exist — these are all important duties of those who would seek the truth.

The Mennonite press today helps to build a sense of community by reporting the activities of local congregations and church leaders. But I believe it often fails to perform the important journalistic service of aggressively examining current issues in its news columns.

Why can church papers carry every direct and sometimes almost brutal letters to the editors when they seem unable or unwilling to examine those same issues through news

articles that seek out the pros and cons of an issue in a more balanced manner?

Why do our church journals carry deeply philosophical articles about current issues while they rarely carry news features that deal with the same issues through interviews with the range of people involved — articles that would put flesh and immediacy and meaning to otherwise difficult-to-grasp issues?

Along with a more energetic stance on the part of the church press, we need a more open attitude on the part of our church insti-



FQ/Kenneth Peltman

Overlooked Mennonite News Stories of Today: "Mennonites and the Elderly: A Revolution in Attitudes and Care" ... "Young People and Peace: Is the Tradition Being Passed On?"

tutions. There is a place for closed-door sessions, particularly in sensitive personnel issues, but by and large our congregational and denominational boards and agencies need to actively encourage attendance of their meetings by the church public and press. For the meetings to be meaningful to such observers, they must, of course, be actual decision-making sessions, not mere rubber-stamp assemblies convened to quietly endorse what has been hammered out behind closed doors.

We also need a major reappraisal of the

role of public relations departments within our church agencies and institutions. Is the money spent on these departments money that can be fully justified by a church that holds honesty and truth as important virtues? This is not to accuse our PR people of lying; they may simply conceal the truth or be so committed to narrow institutional interests that they fail to help the church as a whole gain the candid picture of itself that is required for growth.

Could we eliminate some of the growing dozens of PR slots in our church structures and, as a church community, encourage the development of a press that is able to pursue the truth in a less restricted fashion? Recognizing the potential value of free and unshackled discourse on the key issues of the church, could we divert some of our funding from institutional PR networks to non-profit church newspapers and magazines freed to function beyond strict ecclesiastical control?

Could we change our attitudes toward debate and controversy so that when a church journalist writes a sensitive but probing account of a "cutting-edge" issue, we will embrace his efforts as a contribution to church growth rather than a despicable attempt to "hang out the dirty linen"?

Mennonites are involved today in a wide range of developments whose outcomes will directly affect the church tomorrow. Many of these events and trends have received nothing more than passing mention in our church papers. We could all greatly expand our understanding of each other and our church if we could read probing, balanced accounts of these Overlooked Mennonite News Stories of Today:

★ Mennonites and the Elderly: A Revolution in Attitudes and Care.

★ Mennonite World Conference: A Global Idea in Church Community Faces Funding Problems and an Uncertain Future.

★ The Collapse of Mennonite Regionalization.

★ The Proliferation of Church Agencies: For Better or For Worse?

★ Balancing Act: How to Take Strong Stands Without Alienating the Constituency (interviews with agencies such as MCC Peace Section).

★ The Role of North American Mennonites in Developing Churches Overseas (interviews with both missionaries and overseas church leaders).

★ Mennonites and Central American Revolution: A Look at Various Mennonite Groups in the Region and How They Face Situations of Revolution.

★ A Change in Church Politics: How the Power of Bishops Has Faded in Some Con-



ferences, and What Effects This Has Had on the Church.

★ Young People and Peace: Is the Tradition Being Passed On?

I do not believe that our Mennonite newspapers and magazines should become "churchified" versions of *The Washington Post* or *Newsweek*. It is only proper that the Mennonite press seek its own identity, that it use its own values when it makes judgments on what is newsworthy. I do not advocate that the Mennonite press parade its big stories under the kind of blaring headlines that segments of today's secular press tend to use.

What the Mennonite press does need is enterprising journalism — well-researched, solid stories that take readers to new depths of understanding about their church and their fellow believers in a sensitive way that combines compassion with probing forthright honesty.

The church press needs to take issues while they are still issues, seek out spokespersons for various views and then air those issues through articles that maintain objectivity. When issues are not recognized in this way,

we force minority viewpoints to be repressed, leading to eventual explosion in church splits or expression in such back-door avenues as letter-to-the-editor columns or private pamphleteering.

We must expect our church press to "tell it like it is," to be on the cutting edge of the church today, just as were many of the church's historical figures whom we now revere. The news columns in our Mennonite papers and journals must be much more than a collection of sanitized minutes from our many church agencies. Our official organs must beat with the pulse of the church.

There is so much potential here. As followers of Christ, many writers in the church today have the largely untapped ability to deal with church newsmakers and news sources in the kind of sensitive way that gets to the core of a story without either bludgeoning personalities or compromising the objectivity of the news.

The church as a whole must bear responsibility for whatever failings the Mennonite press has, for as a church community we have placed much greater emphasis on the appear-

ance of unity than we have on the process of loving give-and-take through which true unity is achieved.

One cannot say that those who hold the editors' pens have not pondered many of these questions. In many cases, they lack the time and resources required to report fully on important church developments.

"The religious press should be more aggressive in 'truth storytelling' than any other, as per the biblical model, but often is not," one editor of a major Mennonite publication acknowledged recently.

It is time for the church as a whole to realize the potential for growth that lies in probing, sensitive journalism. It is time for us as church members, together as a community, to breathe new life and candor into our church communications network. Together, we can seek the truth. With commitment to God and each other, we can speak the truth in love. □

Eugene Kraybill, Manheim, Pennsylvania, is currently a reporter for the Lancaster Intelligencer Journal.

A Japanese MCC Family

by Melanie A. Zuercher

Masaki and Shiori Yamazaki describe themselves as "normal people" and, until three years ago, few of their friends or family members would have disagreed. Masaki taught in an agricultural vocational school and Shiori kept busy raising their three lively sons.

Then, in 1981, the Yamazakis did something few Japanese do. They decided to go into voluntary service in Bangladesh, under MCC.

Neither had ever heard of Mennonites, much less MCC, until a few years previously. Shiori comes from Anglican background and Masaki's family is Buddhist.

When Masaki attended the agricultural university, however, he met Marvin Miller, a Mennonite missions worker who teaches English at the school. Masaki had taken some of his agricultural training in West Germany, where he came in contact with a voluntary service/relief organization that impressed him very much. In addition, he had long dreamed of in some way serving Asian people, other than Japanese, as a way of "improving relationships with different Asian countries in all directions." He found that Miller supported and encouraged these ideas.

The Yamazakis soon began attending Obihiro Mennonite Church, where Millers went, and learned more about "the Mennonite spirit." Eventually, they became members there. Even after they moved 45 miles away, for Masaki's job, they continued to worship at Obihiro.

In due time, the Yamazakis learned about MCC, and went to Bangladesh to observe MCC's work there. One visit, and they knew it was where they wanted to go.

"It was hard to explain to family and friends," Masaki says, and both smile. "First, Christians are a minority in Japan [about 1%]." In addition, voluntary service isn't one of the more popular options. So there are few Japanese voluntary service organizations, and even fewer Christian ones.

"We would talk about going to Bangla-

desh in terms of humanity," says Masaki. "Most Japanese could understand that—they are informed about the poverty, disease, hunger and other problems in the Third World. But, finally, our decision came from our Christianity. That was the challenge, to try to make non-Christian friends understand."

The Yamazakis spent three years in Bangladesh. Masaki trained staff to go "out in the field" and in turn facilitate agricultural development projects. For the sake of their children, they lived in Dhaka, the capital, though Masaki's projects were in Noahkhali, almost 100 miles away.

The biggest problems were language, since



MCC

they spoke neither English nor Bengali, and loneliness. They learned the languages as they went. And after a year, another Japanese family moved nearby. Most of the Japanese in Dhaka work with commercial companies and live in a more expensive part of town. These people, however, were missionaries and provided playmates for the Yamazaki boys as well as someone to talk with. "This arrangement was a blessing of God," Shiori and Masaki say.

In August of 1984, the Yamazakis returned to Japan in a roundabout fashion. Three days after their MCC term ended, they were in Strasbourg, France, to attend the Mennonite World Conference. From there they went on to North America to visit with Mennonites in Akron, Pennsylvania, Goshen, Indiana, and other communities. Their purpose was to gain a more complete perspective on Men-

nonites as an international fellowship, a concept not stressed among Japanese Mennonites.

Living in Bangladesh has taught them much, they say. Shiori says, "Before, 'relief' meant only money. Now I want to send people, to give themselves."

She adds, "In Bangladesh, people are poor but cheerful—happy. In Japan, we're rich but not so happy." Something has been lost in the midst of Japan's technological and economic advances, Masaki believes, which Bangladesh, for all its "backwardness," still retains. "People are busy, materialistic—no time for family, emotional needs." The

Yamazakis hope to be able to keep that spirit of happiness and to be able to pass it on to others in their church.

"We learned from the MCCers the Mennonite spirit which inspired us to lead a simple and patient life with firm belief in Christianity," they say. "Before working with the North American Mennonites in Bangladesh, we had a different impression of Americans. We used to hear the news of American involvement in anti-peace activities throughout the world. But now our idea has been completely changed and we're happy to learn of

Americans who try to keep and establish peace.

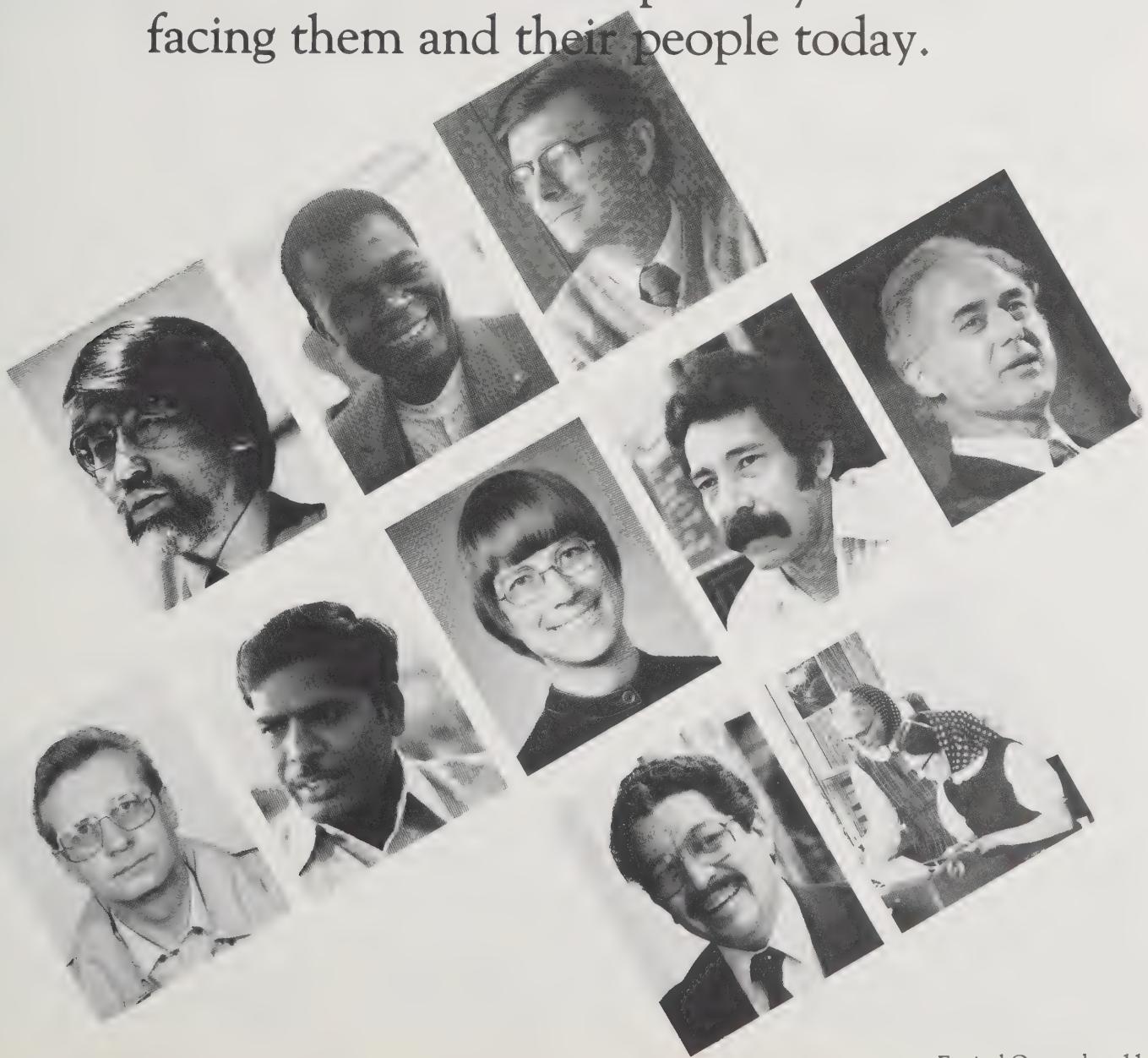
"We, being the 'Japanese MCCers,' should keep our conscience alert to establish peace in Asia," they conclude, and to share what they've learned about peace, family and a simpler lifestyle.

They hope that Masaki will be able to return to his old job in Japan, although that may not be until April, when the Japanese school year begins, if at all. But they smile as they remember the experiences at World Conference and travelling in North America. God took care of them through loneliness, tropical diseases, unpredictable Bengali drivers and culture shock, and they seem sure the care will continue. □

Melanie A. Zuercher, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is assistant editor of *Festival Quarterly*.

DILEMMAS WE FACE

Mennonite leaders from fellowships around the world reflect on two or three primary issues facing them and their people today.



DILEMMAS WE FACE



Takio Tanase



Mbonza Kikunga



Harold Jantz

How To Be Faithful Disciples? by Takio Tanase

How to be faithful disciples in the materialistic, affluent Japanese society is one of our most difficult issues.

The lure and temptation of the business world grips the hearts of Japanese Christians. Deciding where to live is one example of this. The pastors say we need to be free to go where God calls us, yet we don't see people moving to where the needs are—a particular part of town or a needy village. But if a big business asks its employees to move, they go! They're paid to go!

I use the example of a missionary who is called by God—and then goes. But the people say, missionaries and pastors are different. But I don't agree!

I do not think Japanese Christians are taking Matthew 6 faithfully enough. Matthew 5 appeals. But relying on God's keeping—we're not good at that. I'm afraid we worry too much about eating. There are some Christians, though, who understand the message.

Also, our people's concern for people outside of Japan is very negligible. We try to point out that if Japan is getting wealthy, it is because of our country's exploitation of other nations, like the Philippines.

But the pain of those other countries doesn't seem close enough to Japan. This neglect of that suffering goes hand in hand with my other concern about materialism—

and both converge in a lack of discipleship.

Takio Tanase, Obihiro, Japan, is Director of the Eastern Hokkaido Bible School and a member of the pastoral team of the Obihiro Mennonite Church.

Who Are We? by Mbonza Kikunga

I would say in effect that our church strongly desires to define itself as a Mennonite church, while at the same time, we are preoccupied with sustaining ourselves.

Defining ourselves as Mennonite. We continue to speak of Mennonites as a community of disciples and witnesses to the life, resurrection and lordship of Jesus Christ. Our church in Zaire is the work of Protestant missionaries who came from North America at the beginning of the 20th century. But it wasn't until about 50 years later — at the time when the natives became administrators of the church, in fact — that missionaries began to emphasize Mennonite distinctives. A curiosity and a desire marked our members. We wanted to know and understand the Mennonites and to discuss with them the message of Jesus which the missionaries had brought us and which we accepted. Out of this was born a great need for information and for the development of literature and contacts with the church more broadly.

Responsibility for ourselves, or self-sufficiency. The second problem is that of "coming of age." The church is mature

when it is responsible for itself and its own nurture. "Defining the church" feels like a legitimate need in our situation; it is a particular problem for a church less than 25 years old. Spiritual growth needs, moral and material problems, and the blooming of the different spiritual gifts God pours on a community preoccupy members who at the same time want to form a community with a message to spread. Thus the church confronts both its obligations to itself, and to others. Our discussions center on defining ourselves as Mennonite, scholarships for further study, offerings and tithes, budget matters, self-help projects, etc.

Mbonza Kikunga is president of the Communauté Mennonite au Zaïre (The Mennonite Community of Zaire). (Translated by Melanie Zuercher.)

Between Evangelism and Justice by Harold Jantz

One issue facing our church in the next number of years is the transition toward becoming a non-ethnic Mennonite church. We have many churches today with a large number of people from many different backgrounds. The challenge is to remain Mennonite while welcoming this diversity.

Just as important is allowing new Mennonites of non-ethnic backgrounds to assume leadership in the church. The test is whether non-ethnic Mennonites become leaders in our churches or not. Only when that happens do we indeed become non-ethnic.



FQ Kenneth Pöllman

The second issue I see is whether we can maintain our strong evangelism in balance with what we think of as our Anabaptist emphasis on peace and justice. These two things tend to be poles, and the temptation in our North American churches is to strongly push one or the other. We haven't been doing as well as we could at integrating the two.

The next few years are crucial—can there be integration between those who now strongly support evangelism and church planting with little concern for justice issues, and those who are active for peace and justice but not necessarily church growth? I think the church can integrate them, and become a powerful witness.

Harold Jantz, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, is editor of the Mennonite Brethren (MB) Herald, the official periodical of the Canadian Conference of the MB Church.

with a more pietistic or traditional cut. There were large and small congregations, single congregations and congregational groups which practiced close exchange with each other.

We experienced a "mixing" of the German population after 1945 due to the eviction of all Germans east of the Oder-Neisse Line (among them all west-Prussian Mennonites and a number of Russian Mennonites). That led to numerous new contacts and adjustments. But a new, as yet unsolved, task has come our way since the 1970s. Due to the influx of far more than 10,000 Mennonite settlers ("Umsiedler")

of upholding contact and remaining in open, understanding and loving dialogue with each other.

Added to this, the Union today needs to define its relationship to that other conference uniting most of the Mennonite congregations of southern Germany: *Verband deutscher Mennonitengemeinden* or the Association of German Mennonite Churches. For approximately three years there have been earnest talks about the possibility of our joining together in one conference. But after the typical first phase of enthusiasm we are at present in the phase of sobering-up. To change structures (and these should be no end in themselves, but should be conducive to a better Christian witness and a better deaconship type of service) which have grown over centuries and which, as a rule, prove by their very existence that they are necessary or at least "suitable to the circumstances," is difficult. It is particularly so with Mennonites whose basic democratic understanding of the church practically demands that in a change all concerned should join in—and where is that the case?

Our situation now is comparable to the present relationship between the General Conference Mennonite Church and the Mennonite Church (Old Mennonites) in North America. Since an institutional amalgamation by the direct route is not feasible we have set out on the long road of mutual work on as many levels and in as many projects as possible.

Even though this is the more ponderous road, through mutual activities we want to grow together in the hope that someday our outer unity will be inevitable. In any case, the classical differences between the two German conferences, the "liberal union" and the "pietistic association" (two clichés

**"We have set out on
the long road of
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as possible."**

of German background out of the USSR, new, fully "Russian Mennonite" congregations have emerged in some places. In other places existing congregations were enlarged and enriched, but were also led to face the various problems of mutual adaptation.

Not all "Umsiedler" of "ethno-Mennonite" background have come together in congregations; not all that have gathered in congregations want to be Mennonites; and those which have founded their own Mennonite congregations have, for the most part, not (yet) joined the existing Mennonite and Mennonite-Brethren conferences. Here we face the task

Becoming One by Peter J. Foth

The two areas which demand our greatest attention at present could be designated as "Integration" and "Our Peace Witness."

First, the Union of German Mennonite Churches has always been an amalgamation of Mennonite congregations of highly varying character. Since its founding in the year 1886 it has consisted of city congregations with a stance and devoutness which were more tuned to the world and, under certain circumstances, were liberal, and country congregations



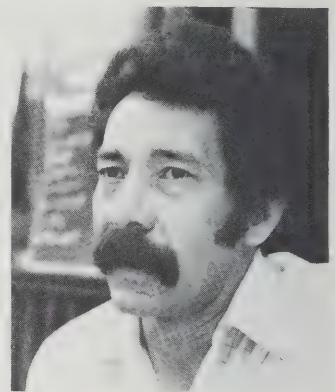
Peter Foth



M.A. Solomon



Anna Juhnke



Luis Correa

with at least a breath of truth which have characterized our differences for decades) have been altered beyond recognition through many contacts and especially through mutual problems and the challenges of the times.

But structures, even where they have no justification any more, are tenacious. And not always are the failure of attempts at unification due to the obstinacy of the parties. Sometimes the geographic distance of congregations to each other plays a large role. Where many congregations live close together, fellow workers can meet frequently and discuss projects. This is the case in the entire south German area. In northern and western Germany congregations live at much greater distances from each other. Joint meetings cost considerable time and money and therefore take place less frequently. On the other hand, such isolated congregations are usually much more open-minded to local contacts with churches of other confessions. That may lead to varying appraisals of the value of ecumenical contacts.

So we probably have a long road ahead of us, before the German Mennonite congregations will together build a conference of North and South, of resettlers and the long-established, of those living isolated from the world (wherever they still exist) and those in touch with the world.

Then about our peace witness—since 1945, but especially since the arising of the present "Peace Movement," our peace witness is a vehemently controversial topic. During the 19th and early 20th centuries, the Mennonites in Germany (and generally in Europe) gradually gave up non-resistance and a peace witness that would have been collective, non-conformist or even willingly suffering. This is due, first and

foremost, to the fact that the German (European) Mennonites did not receive full citizenship until very late in history, so they had an especially intense need for acknowledgment and identification by the state and society ("equal rights—equal duties"). Add to that a "negative selection": practically all European Mennonites who wanted to hold fast to traditional non-resistance emigrated to the USA or Canada in the course of the 19th century.

Not until 1945 was the idea of Anabaptist non-resistance "reimported" to us through relief workers (MCC, Pax-boys) and it has not come to rest since. Even today our congregations do not have a uniform stance on this point. The present young generation understands itself to a large extent and often without reflection as a "peace church" and as part of the peace movement which reaches far beyond the churches.

At the same time many of the older church members, particularly the men out of the war-age groups (born before 1930) have difficulty both in supporting and standing up to non-resistance. Nobody says with a light heart that he did wrong in spending many years of his life as a soldier, when he fought and suffered and waited in captivity. In our present political situation, at the meeting-seam of the power blocks and ideologies, the ideas that "You must show the Communists your teeth," and "We must defend our freedom" are likely supported by the personal experiences of many in our congregations, too.

But a dialogue is in process. In May, 1984, the assembly of delegates from all the churches in our Union could not agree on a text in which the peace witness was spelled out beyond a general proclamation to a direct encouragement of conscientious

objection. The text was returned to the congregations and shall be deliberated again in 1985. And, presumably, this process of discussion is more important than an all-too-quick, smooth solution. In this point, too, we are on the road, and the road will be long.

Peter J. Foth is pastor of the Hamburg Mennonite Church in the Federal Republic of Germany. He served for years as editor of Mennonitische Blatter. (Translated by Anita Lichten.)

Keeping Our Church Alive

by M. A. Solomon

One of our concerns is to take up more and more outreaches. In the last two years we were able to establish ten new fellowships, even one in a neighboring state which includes Bombay.

But our congregational life is becoming more formal. Our attendance is large, but the practical side is missing. Those who take the Scriptures seriously are small. People like to be comfortable.

Few people show real interest in keeping the church alive or in giving it their best ability. People who are not committed, but take the responsibilities and positions in the church, keep it weak.

Our Governing Council is working very hard—it is in prayer—to find the right kind of people. We have had a leadership crisis.

When most of the missionaries withdrew in the late '60s, they handed over their responsibilities to the nationals. Although



FQ Kenneth Bellman

our Governing Council was formed in 1957, running a Conference of 25,000 people is no small thing. The leaders weren't used to guiding people, tackling problems, leading toward goals. It was very difficult—and some in leadership became self-centered.

In this chaotic situation, many full-time people in ministry kept quiet. They chose to

be neutral outwardly, but they really had taken sides. Misunderstanding, ill will, and confusion developed within the congregation. The fabric of the church has been damaged.

We need your prayers in India. God is giving us many new people now to fill the gap. They need experience; they're not fully

seasoned, but we are hopeful. The president of our Conference, for example, is a gifted man of vision. He's recently been re-elected for his third term, and he is making a great sacrifice professionally to serve the church. He has turned down offers that would favor his career to stay in the church at this time.

Our youth have no general sense of

direction now. We have a youth organization but it has now ceased to function. There is so much energy, but Christian discipline is lacking, even in homes. And so the young people go to church, but there's nothing specific for them, not even counsel.

I am quite hopeful. We still have opportunities to preach the Gospel openly. Our witness is still there.

We have to stay involved in the church despite problems, because they will always be there. But there are also good people who are willing to cooperate and give themselves to ministry.

M.A. Solomon, Mahbubnagar, India, is Secretary of the Mennonite Brethren Church in India and editor of their official paper, The Mennonite Suvarthamani (Messenger of Good News). He also teaches English in a junior college.

Who Is in Charge? by Anna Juhnke

Behind the variety of issues facing us in the General Conference Mennonite Church lie questions about decision-making and authority.

In the past couple of decades there has been a great increase in organization at the district and provincial levels and also in the conference offices in Newton and Winnipeg. This raises some "territorial" questions about decision-making.

But even more important, the growth of the conferences creates tension with the individualism of the congregations, in our congregational church polity. How much should a conference try to speak to or for the congregations on biblical interpretation, leadership patterns, or social issues? Voting, with majority rule, is inadequate when people disagree on how the Bible and the Holy Spirit are leading us, regarding the ordination of women, the payment of war taxes, homosexuality, and other issues.

The General Conference Dialogue on Faith in October, 1984, allowed people of differing views to hear each other, but it will not solve the problems of decision-making and authority.

Anna Juhnke, North Newton, Kansas, USA, is president of Mennonite Central Committee U.S., an English professor at

Bethel College, and a member of the General Board of the General Conference Mennonite Church.

Bother the Bees by Luis Correa

For us, the growth of our church is an issue. Sometimes we're afraid it's not growing as much as it should. Maybe we don't evangelize as much as we should.

We do evangelism on a person-to-person basis. And maybe we have lost the witness of the Gospel. We live in a way where nothing is bothering us. We don't have persecution as we once did in the '50s or '60s. So we don't confront. We don't testify as we did. If you bother the bees they go after you. If you let them sit there, they just sit there.

But I am basically hopeful. We have four people studying now in a seminary in Bogota. Leadership training is very important. I think the church is going to grow.

Luis Correa, Bogota, Colombia, is Director of MENCOLDES (an economic development program with projects in the barrios of Bogota), a position he has held for the past seven years. Correa has also served as a pastor in Colombia.

A Renewal of Our Total Life by Myron Augsburger

At the top of the list is how to interpret our faith from the Scripture so that it is true to the Word—and yet is contextualized. Anabaptist history is a model here, to see how those believers made their faith relevant to their setting, yet to follow their pattern too rigidly is to ignore our responsibility to be faithful today.

Some want to live in the nineteenth century; others want to enter the twenty-first century by following the too-aggressive patterns around us.

The second issue I see for us—and I hardly know which of these I should have put first—is how to promote a kind of renewal within the church of worship and our total life, that leads to a spirituality of

the common life.

There are those around us who, in their pietism, are somewhat escapist from Christian responsibility. What we need is a renewal to bring us back to a discipleship of Christ that will help us cope with materialism, affluence, the class system, racism, that helps us see our privileged status next to others within our own society and the Third and Fourth Worlds.

We need to take seriously this sort of discipleship of Christ, rather than choose too private a pietism.

Myron Augsburger, Washington, D.C., USA, is pastor of the Washington Community Fellowship and moderator of the Mennonite Church.

Too Few Leaders by Raul Orsado Ortiz

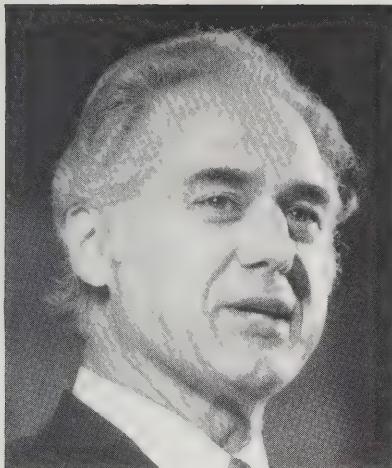
The Mennonite Church of Puerto Rico is caring for that which God has given it, but we have a profound desire to grow. There are many ministries in our care. When we evaluate the fruits of the work in Puerto Rico we realize that these could have been more abundant. There are still souls to be saved, hearts to console, spirits to be animated, vision to broaden, lives to be reconciled to each other, sick to heal, children to educate. I do not weary of seeing more and more brothers and sisters responding to the call to true discipleship, or of seeing brothers and sisters mature, not only in age, but in the knowledge of the word of God.

The church is in its "momentum" of returning to its first love and reconsidering the value and firmness of its first steps.

The peace witness was the central teaching of our preaching. As time has passed, we have failed to give major emphasis to this issue. For me personally, I was much inspired by this teaching when I first learned of it, and it gave me the security I needed.

When the missionaries departed, the national leadership was left with a full agenda. We gave priority to the practical. The theological and the acquiring of biblical knowledge at the leadership level did not receive enough time because there were few of us leaders. At the same time that we serve in the various ministries of the church we study at the Biblical Institute and

"Let us seek the one way of life where all separation and isolation is overcome, so that the tree of life with its fruits of peace and unity may be revealed to the world in this time.:"



Myron Augsburger



Raul Orsado Ortiz



Woodcrest Society of Brothers, Rifton, New York

in the universities, or we use the time for some task of the church. Instead of relying upon a missionary's skills and teachings, we must rely upon the direction of young leaders with little or no experience in this field.

Although we still have a shortage of a leadership well-formed and equipped for the formation of the ministry, we give thanks for the availability and dedication of the leaders that we have.

Our goal is a church that preaches and teaches the whole message of peace, the Shalom of Yahweh, to the whole community. Today we continue to serve, in spite of our economic and leadership limitations. At the moment we are emphasizing the life of peace, by means of lessons which we are preparing for the whole brotherhood. The movement of the Holy Spirit has also reached us, and there resides our hope.

We need to be renewed and transformed in order to grow. We have seen this in the dynamics of our worship but we must also see it equally in the acts of service. This is my testimony and our action in the Mennonite church in Puerto Rico.

The Mennonite Church has received a new style in the last eight to ten years. We have had to respond to the different emphases and theologies which surround us. Some of our leaders have better prepared themselves biblically and theologically. Some continue to do so. This action motivates us to evaluate and re-evaluate our emphasis and doctrinal teachings—not because these are out-dated, but because we must become up-to-date and be, therefore, more efficient in Christian discipleship. We continue to serve in the hope the Lord has given us. In the hope that is not limited by time or situation, but which transcends to

the same glory.

Raul Orsado Ortiz is a pastor and leader in the Iglesia Evangelica Menonita in Puerto Rico. (Translated by Carl Good.)

Unity Replaces Isolation by the Woodcrest Society of Brothers

As members of the Hutterian Bruderhof, we have experienced a call from God to give our lives for the witness of love and unity that Jesus speaks of in John 17:22-23. This has led us to a life of full community of faith, community of goods, and community of work based on Jesus.

We deplore the fragmentation of so-called Christian life today in which the secular, the religious, is departmentalized within the public and private life of the American middle-class "Christian" society.

We believe that the Spirit wants to penetrate the whole of life. God is creative and delights to penetrate into the physical. He does this in order to redeem and to transform His creation, so that it may again be ruled by His Holy Spirit.

The opening theme of the Gospel's proclamation is "repent for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." We see in this the news of a new order to which Christ calls men. He calls for a new society impregnated by His Spirit, encompassing the whole of life, private, public, political, family, and daily work. He speaks of new wineskins for the new wine. Through the apostles His word goes out: "Repent and save yourselves from this crooked generation."

We feel it very necessary in the face of this deeply divided world that people are again reminded of the radical nature of this message. In this sense we have been sending out teams of brothers and sisters to various parts of the United States, Canada, England, East and West Germany, and Czechoslovakia. They mostly support themselves through the sale of books published by our Plough Publishing House and by donations received from those they meet on their way.

The question is put to us time and again, "Does community mean isolation from the world, a running away from the problems of injustice and oppression that beset our society at large?" It is really just the opposite. It is just isolation and separation which is the root of the sin which is tearing our society to pieces. True community and uniting replaces isolation. Uniting with the source of life leads to the experience of community. Therefore community means the overcoming of isolation. Jesus says very clearly, "He who does not gather with me scatters."

There is today an active peace movement as well as a movement against social injustice. But there is no meaning in rejecting the destructive fruits of a tree if one is oneself willingly participating in those very evils which bring forth these fruits.

Let us seek the one way of life where all separation and isolation is overcome, so that the new tree of life with its fruits of peace and unity may be revealed to the world in this time.

The Hutterian Society of Brothers have three communities in North America —one in New York, another in Pennsylvania, and a third in Connecticut. □

“Serve With The Weakness You Have Received From God . . .”

To the Mennonites of the six continents on this earth: Africa, the Americas, Asia, Australia, and Europe.

You know that the earth you inhabit can be destroyed in a matter of seconds by a human hand. Engage all your energies, therefore, in prayer and in love. Let your love develop in every direction. Do not only direct your attention to your brothers and sisters in Christ both near and far, but develop fantasy and love for all the people who live in your immediate neighborhood.

Do not limit your hospitality to those who enter your house. You who live in freedom, go to those who do not live in freedom. Be their guest; they are awaiting you and will receive you gladly.

God has placed these gifts in your hands: money, time, health, and freedom. Employ these gifts with discretion and without reservation! Do not use your ineptitude, your weakness, or your limitations as an alibi for inaction; on the contrary, serve with the weakness you have received from God.

As you serve, remember: words without deeds are empty and deeds without words are blind. Missions, relief agencies, and services for peace belong together. When you serve others do not do it in a condescending manner, but in such a way that those served will experience their dignity anew and will recognize Christ in all His glory.

You should consider it entirely normal if others do not understand you, if they ridicule you because you have friends who do not have the respect of others.

If you want to serve others as even Christ served them, then share your life with them, identify with them!

Jesus Christ will grant you dignity in the same way that you grant dignity to others. May this be your greatest joy henceforth and forever more! □

A paraphrase of 1 Peter 4:7-13, written and delivered by Georgine Boiten Du Rieu, Elke Hubert, and Willi Wiedemann at the Eleventh Assembly of Mennonite World Conference, Friday, July 27, 1984. Used by permission.

My Son Beat Me to the Grave

by William Sloane Coffin, Jr.

Editor's note: William Sloane Coffin, Jr. gave this sermon at the Riverside Church in New York City ten days after Alex Coffin died in the Boston Harbor.

On an early January night, while driving in a terrible storm, my son Alexander—who to his friends was a real day-brightener, and to his family “fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky”—my 24-year-old Alexander who enjoyed beating his old man at every game and in every race, beat his father to the grave.

Among the healing flood of letters that followed his death was one carrying this wonderful quote from the end of Hemingway’s *A Farewell to Arms*: “The world breaks everyone, then some become strong at the broken places.” My own broken heart is mending. And I have learned one lesson: Love not only begets love, it transmits strength.

Because so many people cared so deeply and because obviously I’ve been able to think of little else, I want to talk of Alex’s death.

When a person dies there are many things that can be said, and there is at least one thing that should never be said. The night after Alex died I was sitting in the living room of my sister’s house outside of Boston, when the front door opened and in came a nice-looking middle-aged woman,

carrying about 18 quiches. When she saw me she shook her head, then headed for the kitchen, saying sadly over her shoulder, “I just don’t understand the will of God.” Instantly I was up and in hot pursuit, swarming all over her. “I’ll say you don’t, lady!” I said. (I knew the anger would do me good, and the instruction to her was long overdue.) I continued, “Do you think it was the will of God that Alex never fixed that lousy windshield wiper of his, that he was probably driving too fast in such a storm, that he probably had had a couple of ‘frosties’ too many? Do you think it is God’s will that there are no street lights along that stretch of road, and no guardrail separating the road and Boston Harbor?”

For some reason, nothing so infuriates me as the incapacity of seemingly intelligent people to get it through their heads that God doesn’t go around this world with his finger on triggers, his fist around knives, his hands on steering wheels. God is dead set against all unnatural deaths. And Christ spent an inordinate amount of time delivering people from paralysis, insanity, leprosy, and muteness. Which is not to say that there are no nature-caused deaths, deaths that are untimely and slow and pain-ridden. But violent deaths, such as the one Alex died—to understand those is a piece of cake. As his younger brother put it simply, standing at the head of the casket at the Boston funeral, “You blew it,

buddy. You blew it.” The one thing that should never be said when someone dies is, “It is the will of God.” Never do we know enough to say that. My own consolation lies in knowing that it was not the will of God that Alex die; that when the waves closed over the sinking car, God’s heart was the first of all our hearts to break.

I mentioned the healing flood of letters. Some of the very best, and easily the worst, came from fellow reverends, a few of whom proved they knew their Bibles better than the human condition. I know all the “right” biblical passages, including “Blessed are those who mourn,” and my faith is no house of cards; these passages are true, I know. But the point is this: While the words of the Bible are true, grief renders them unreal. The reality of grief is the absence of God—“My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” The reality of grief is the solitude of pain, the feeling that your heart’s in pieces, your mind’s a blank, that “there is no joy the world can give like that it takes away” (Lord Byron).

That’s why immediately after such a tragedy people must come to your rescue, people who only want to hold your hand, not to quote anybody or even say anything, people who simply bring food and flowers—the basics of beauty and life—people who sign letters simply, “Your broken-hearted sister.” In other





FQ Craig Heisey

words, in my intense grief I felt some of my fellow reverends—not many, and none of you, thank God—were using comforting words of Scripture for self-protection, to pretty up a situation whose bleakness they simply couldn't face. But like God herself, Scripture is not around for anyone's protection, just for everyone's unending support.

And that's what hundreds of you understood so beautifully. You gave me what God gives all of us—minimum protection, maximum support. I swear to you, I wouldn't be standing here were I not upheld.

After the death of his wife, C. S. Lewis wrote, "They say, 'the coward dies many times'; so does the beloved. Didn't the eagle find a fresh liver to tear in Prometheus every time it dined?"

When parents die, as did my mother recently, they take with them a large portion of the past. But when children die, they take away the future as well. That is what makes the valley of the shadow of death seem so incredibly dark and unending. In a prideful way it would be easier to walk the valley alone, nobly, head high, instead of—as we must—marching as the latest recruit in the world's army of the bereaved.

Still there is much by way of consolation. Because there are no rankling unanswered questions, and because Alex

and I simply adored each other, the wound for me is deep, but clean. I know how lucky I am. I also know that this day-brightener of a son wouldn't wish to be held close by grief (nor, for that matter, would any but the meanest of our beloved departed), and that, interestingly enough, when I mourn Alex least I see him best.

Another consolation, of course, will be the learning—which better be good, given the price. But it's a fact: Few of us are naturally profound; we have to be forced down. So while trite, it's true:

I walked a mile with Pleasure,
She chatted all the way;
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.
I walked a mile with Sorrow
And ne'er a word said she;
But oh, the things I learned from her
When sorrow walked with me.
—Robert Browning Hamilton

Or, in Emily Dickinson's verse,

By a departing light
We see acuter quite
Than by a wick that stays.
There's something in the flight
That clarifies the sight
And decks the rays.

And of course I know, even when pain is deep, that God is good. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Yes, but at least, "My God, my God"; and the psalm only begins that way, it doesn't end that way. As the grief that once seemed unbearable begins to turn now to bearable sorrow, the truths in the "right" biblical passages are beginning once again to take hold: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall strengthen thee"; "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning"; "Lord, by thy favor thou hast made my mountain to stand strong"; "For thou has delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling." "In this world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it."

And finally I know that when Alex beat me to the grave, the finish line was not Boston Harbor in the middle of the night. If a lamp went out, it was because, for him at least, the Dawn had come.

So I shall—so let us all—seek consolation in that love which never dies, and find peace in the dazzling grace that always is. □

William Sloane Coffin, Jr. is the pastor of the Riverside Church in New York City and the author of many books.

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*festival quarterly
photo contest*

Serve in Hope

*festival quarterly
photo contest*

Live as free people, yet without using your freedom as a pretext for evil, but live as servants of God. *I Peter 2:16*



D. Michael Hostetler
Second Choice

For the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, a



his ears are open to their prayer. *I Peter 3:12*



Robert Maust
Third Choice

festival quarterly photo contest

Finally, all of you, have unity of spirit, sympathy, love of each other, a tender heart and a humble mind.
I Peter 3:8



D. Michael Hostettler
Honorable Mention

You are my servant, I have chosen you and not cast you off; fear not, for I am with you, be not dismayed, for I am your God. *Psalms 116:9-10*



Jonathan Charles Honorable Mention

***'I Am'* — Next Year's FQ Photo Contest**

The theme for Festival Quarterly's 1985 Photo Contest is "I Am." Amateurs and professionals alike are invited to enter their work.

You may interpret "I Am" as an expression of life and identity, as a feisty argument, as a biblical echo. We hope it has both breadth and focus enough to intrigue you as you shoot and check your files.

Winners will be featured in the Fall 1985 **Festival Quarterly**.

Entries must be black and white, include the name, address, and phone number of the photographer, type of film and camera used, photo title, and a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Cash prizes will be awarded to winners.

Submissions must be made by May 1, 1985 to **Festival Quarterly Photo Contest, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534.**

And What Songs Shall We Sing?

by Carol Ann Weaver

A Parable-maker sings.

Two thousand years, one Hiroshima, one Vietnam, one Nicaragua, many Middle Easts, one Ronald Reagan, and tons of nuclear warheads later, the singers of this Parable-maker's tunes wake up confused, nearly songless. A sacred trust has been polluted by the bitter realities of acid rain; a fervent belief in love and peace has been met by the angry statistics of cancerous wars, unemployment, and decrease of aid for the unwealthy, the unwhite, the unreachers of the American dream. Even Mother Earth, like a defeated politican, waits to be voted back in, restored to a place of power where her influence can be felt by her residents.

Institutions run by old-guard structures, many of them named after this Parable-maker, insist that underneath their outer armour lie streams of living water, songs in the night for the down-trodden.

Once upon a time, when Heaven was more real than earth, these songs in the night brought a people together. God was in His Heaven and no matter what happened down there on earth, all was well. But as understandings of this sacred balance have changed to include a Hitler and the ticking of a nuclear bomb, all is NOT well, no matter "how mighty a fortress," Luther says, "is our God."

A hymn, being defined by Webster as "a song of praise to God," continues to reflect changing concepts of Life-Force, of the Heaven which is not yet earth. Yet the ideal of One Theology—One Father, One Son, One Holy Spirit—out of which many strong hymns once arose may *not* be the unifying context with which people of heart and conscience draw together today. Yet we want to sing.

Those hymns which served us well yesterday may have lost some of their grip for today. "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow" may have an ironic twist for those who are facing a grim second year of unemployment. "With healing balm my soul He fills"¹ may have shallow comfort for the African mother who watches yet her third child die before age three. "O'er all victorious" may not describe the "god" who sent napalm to entire villages in Cambodia, unless victory be in the hands



¹From the hymn "Sing Praise to God," #21 in *The Mennonite Hymnal*, Scottdale, Pa., 1969.

*Our new hymns
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It is ours to
choose which Parable
we will live out,
which songs
we will sing.*

of the oppressor. "Rise up, O men of God" is more than a metaphor; it speaks of leadership patterns which have bound the human race, often using the name of the Parable-maker.

Brave new attempts are being made by some of the new hymn-writers, as shown by the Bethlehem '83 *Assembly Songs*,² to address situations of our day and to speak of God and humanity as both female and male. Ann Weber's "God of ev'ry human country, Taste our anger! Hear our cry,"³ voices eloquently the urgent needs which cannot be denied in our diseased world. "New man, woman new, New name, nature new, Image of God moving"⁴ by Harry Loewen speaks of a changed way of seeing and naming life.

Somehow our songs and hymns need to catch up with a world which is crying out for understanding and justice, not for safe liturgy. We can no longer chant about a Peace of which we have robbed others, about Blessings we have refused to most of the world's population, about Community we refuse to afford even to our own family members, not to mention those with whom we disagree. Quotes of Parable-maker Jesus remind us that a tree is known by its fruits. And many times our fruits are our wealth, our comfort, our intellectual prowess, *not* our compassion.

We seem to have come of age in our own estimation; we feel ourselves mature enough to *theologize* about war and poverty without having to move from our armchairs of ease. Our singing and our hymns reflect our detachment from pain—no blood exacted from our veins, no arrows stabbing our hearts as a sister or brother falls. Theology pays big bucks. One can get rich off of "God" while singing "Come, we that love the Lord." By speaking and acting against the ills and pains of our day we build the only kingdom which is not of sand. Our "Lord, Lord"—saying has travelled light years ahead of our concerns, our actions, our sincerity.

The new hymns may be better sung by rock and folk singers or media persons who are not attempting to represent any transcendent "Kingdom of God," but are merely presenting the life they see. Bruce Cockburn, though a Christian humanist, would find few of his songs programmed in morning worship services in Christendom. The songs of this Canadian singer-songwriter speak vividly of conflict. His recent album, *Stealing Fire*, speaks angrily about Guatemalan refugee camps which he visited in 1983. He says of one song with somewhat violent imagery:

It's not in conflict with my Christian beliefs. The song is about how horrible it is that people are made to feel like this. Unless we address ourselves to what keeps that violence going back and forth, how are we ever going to find a solution for it?⁵

In speaking of the horrors of war our new hymns might not provide a moral tag or give solutions to the problems. Only propaganda produces ready-made answers. By showing the untenable despair of war the new hymns may compel us to seek our own creative and communal stances of hope.

A hymn of dogma cannot tie together a dis-unified people, but a whisper of hope, a wail, a song of a shared smile, or the song of agony over a death may bring us to pain and joy we may have wished to avoid.

If our new hymns bring us together they do so only because they allow us to cry together and laugh together as has the emerging, prophetic Jesse Jackson. His voice, which speaks as a hymn should sing, draws us together not out of common logic, politics, or theology, but out of a common understanding of despair and of hope which is unafraid of pain. His asking us to exercise our rights to dream reminds us of our right to sing.

And what is a song if not a dream voiced? Many reconciliations happen first at night in our dreams. These need to be sung. But a nightmare—that Catch-22 conflict which grinds our minds in circles—also needs to be sung. Healing comes only after pain is recognized.

Our new hymns may need to lose their safe four-bar phrases, pleasing poetry, and comfortable cadences if they are to speak to a world which may be only minutes away from destruction. It is ours to choose which Parable we will live out, which songs we will sing. It is our time to dream and to translate these dreams into eternally-varied forms of expression—now sounded by a rock band, now produced by computer chips, now carried by a solo flute, now uttered by a mentally-handicapped child.

If we choose the Parable of Love rather than Hate, our hymns cannot exclude those whose theology may relate to other-named deities than the god we have named. Only in our human scramble to divide and conquer do we offend the Sacred, Who is named by many names, sung about in many modes and meters, and lived out in the lives of "the least of these."

Carol Ann Weaver is a composer and teacher of music at Wilfred Laurier University in Waterloo, Ontario.

²*Assembly Songs*, Scottdale, Pa., 1983.

³From *Assembly Songs*, #148, "God of Every Human Country."

⁴From *Assembly Songs*, #151, "All New Things."

⁵From *Toronto Star*, Wed., July 25, 1984.

Elsewhere . . .

- Two different songbooks have greatly enhanced worship for two Mennonite groups a hemisphere apart.

Eleanor Peters Loewen, a General Conference missionary in Brazil, has compiled "Cantemos Louvores" ("Let Us Sing Praises"), a hymnal and chorus book. Some of the 648 songs were written by Brazilian Mennonite youth.

In Jagdeeshpur, India, a special Sunday service at the Bethel Mennonite Church recently dedicated a new Mennonite hymnal. Many of the 150 new songs included in the book were composed by Indians.

Keshav Rao, a teacher at Janzen Memorial High School, worked hard for many years collecting the songs and preparing the manuscript.

- For the last several years, Mennonite Board of Missions workers in Belgium, Robert and Sylvia Charles and Stephen and Jean Shank, have spent time remodeling and equipping part of their home at 112 rue Franklin in Brussels as a "Mennonite Centre." In March of this year, the Centre was officially dedicated.

The Centre includes an office, a "welcome center," a library and a meeting room.

According to Director Robert Charles, there are four objectives for the Brussels Mennonite Centre: to be a place for Christians of all denominations to meet; to be a place of study for Christians and non-Christians alike on "Mennonite topics" such as peace; to provide resources for Mennonite and Anabaptist studies; and to provide various activities for children and adults.

- The government of Botswana has suspended all religious broadcasting after the airing on national radio of two segments of *A Closer Look*, a 10-minute devotional written and broadcast by Mennonite missionary Henry Unrau.

A Closer Look tried to relate its biblical meditations to the realities of human experience in Botswana. In one segment, Unrau commented on the inequity of pending wage hikes for civil workers, which ignored the real need at lower income levels.

In another broadcast, he referred to preferential treatment of law-breakers — lighter sentences for influential people, heavier ones for common folk who committed the same misdemeanors.

Shortly after these two broadcasts, Unrau's superiors suspended *A Closer Look*, and soon thereafter all religious broadcasting was suspended "for purposes of a major evaluation."

Mennonite personnel have coordinated the religious programming for Radio Botswana since about 1976.

- **Quiet in the Land**, a drama about Ontario's Amish community during World War II, written by Anne Chislett, has received Canada's Governor General's award for published drama. The play will be performed during the Manitoba Theatre Centre's (Winnipeg) 1984-85 season.

- **Woody Wendling**, a member of the Souderton (Pennsylvania) Brethren in Christ (BIC) Church, has authored "The Cost of Conscience," a two-act drama about a BIC family in the 1960s. The drama was created largely by spontaneously acting out each scene, along an initial skeleton, and using a tape recorder to capture the emerging "script." "The Cost of Conscience" was first performed in July at the annual BIC General Conference.

- Quilters from the **Holly Grove Mennonite Church**, Westover, Maryland, were among the artists and craftspersons from all over the country who participated in a Folk Life Festival sponsored this summer in Washington, D.C., by the Smithsonian Institution and the National Park Service. The group of women took along a Grandmother's

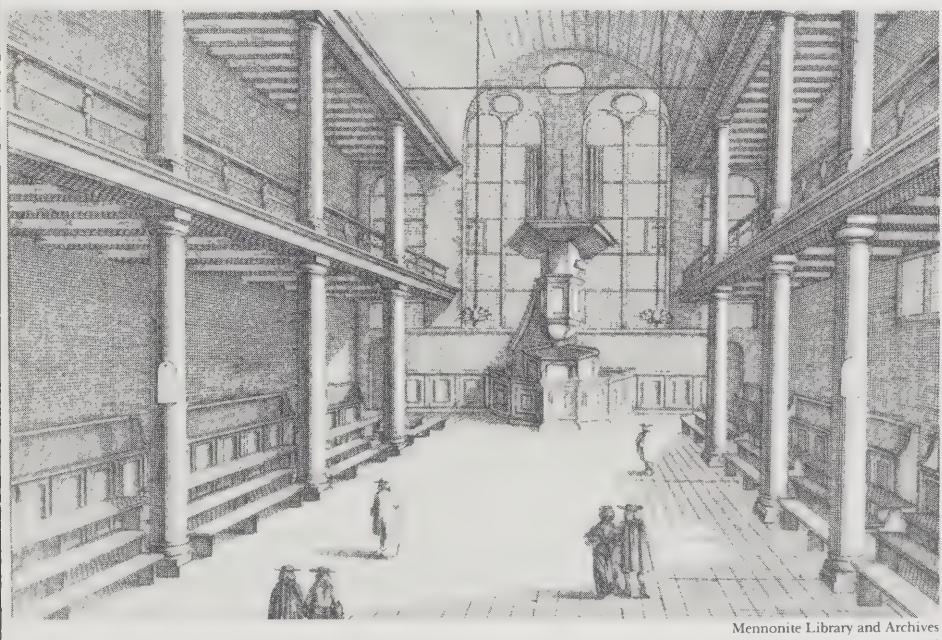
- The nearly 500 items in the art collection at **Mennonite Library and Archives**, Bethel College (N. Newton, Kansas) are featured in a newly-published illustrated guide. Most of the oil paint-

- **Carol Ann Weaver** has composed a new 15-minute musical work. Called "Afterday" in response to the ABC-TV movie *The Day After*, which prompted the composition, the piece incorporates the work of several Mennonite artists in varying art forms. Using electric piano, tape recording, a speaking voice and a singing voice, "Afterday" is performed against a backdrop of visual images created by Waterloo, Ontario, artist **Susan Shantz** and includes poetry by **Judith Miller** and **David Waltner-Toews**.

- A solo piano piece in three movements composed by **Larry Warkentin** was co-winner of the top award in the annual composition contest sponsored by the California Music Teachers Association. **Warkentin**, chairman of the music department at Fresno Pacific College, titled his work "Academic Variations."

- **Alma Barkman**, a free-lance writer from Winnipeg, recently received an Award for Excellence

ings, watercolors, etchings and prints are by Mennonite artists, dating from the 17th century to the present, with the largest portion representing Dutch artists.



Mennonite Library and Archives

Flower Garden quilt, which they used to exhibit various stages of quilt-making to the audience. The quilt is now on display in the Smithsonian.

- Restoration of the former Blumenhof village private school was completed this summer and a public dedication ceremony held at the **Mennonite Village Museum** in Steinbach, Manitoba. The one-room school with its attached teacherage is typical of those built in Mennonite villages after the immigration from Russia in the 1870s and 1880s.

from Religion in Media, based in California, for her third book, *Days Remembered* (Moody Press). She is a regular columnist for Steinbach's *The Carillon*.

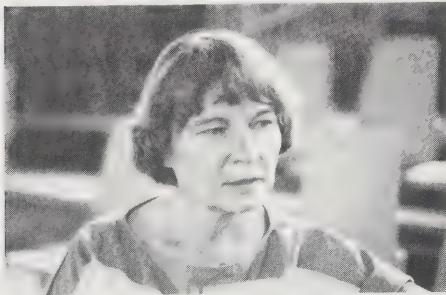
- **Hesston (Kansas) College** will celebrate its Diamond Jubilee — 75th anniversary — over Thanksgiving weekend. One highlight is a quilt festival, including a quilt auction. Original quilts will be created around four themes: peace, service, Kansas plains and traditional patterns.

DYKT...*

• **Joel Kauffmann**, writer and producer for the Harrisonburg, Virginia-based non-profit film group "Sisters and Brothers," has developed a 25-minute film designed to help children understand and appreciate people with physical or mental handicaps. *Dirk's Bicycle* is based on the story of 21-year-old Dirk Vardaman, a physically and mentally handicapped man who attends College Mennonite Church in Goshen, Indiana. It was filmed in Goshen in August, and stars Dirk as himself.

• The **Kauffman Museum** at Bethel College, N. Newton, Kansas, is the recipient of a barn built near the turn of the century near Buhler, Kansas, by Abraham Ratzlaff, pastor of the Hoffnungau Mennonite Church for many years. The barn was chosen for the museum because of its architectural style, from the same era as the pioneer home and windmill already on the museum grounds.

• Saskatchewan sculptor **Bill Epp** was commissioned earlier this year by the Polish Catholic Association of Saskatchewan to create a sculpture in commemoration of the visit of Pope John Paul II to Canada in September. Epp, a teacher at the University of Saskatchewan, cast the larger-than-life statue of the Pope in bronze, basing it on a personal audience with John Paul.



• Sarah Klassen, a junior high teacher and a member of the River East MB Church, Winnipeg, won first prize in a short story writing competition sponsored by the Manitoba chapter of the Canadian Authors Association.

• Robert Shaw, conductor of the Atlanta (Georgia) Symphony Orchestra, will be the guest conductor for the upcoming Church Music Seminar IV in early 1985, sponsored by Canadian Mennonite Bible College and the Mennonite Brethren Bible College.

*Did You Know That...



"It says here that someone in the United States has a heart attack every sixty seconds. Can you imagine that guy's medical bills?!"

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EYEFUL

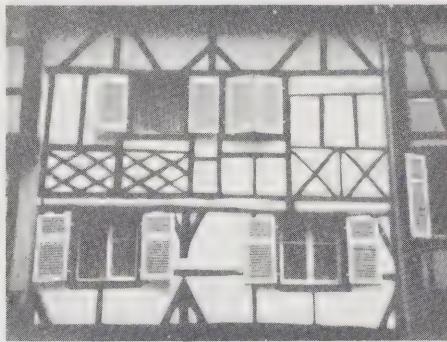
From Colmar to the Super 8

by Robert Regier



Travel overseas once again provided a needed corrective to my sense of time. In my prairie environment it's difficult to find the evidence of any western culture that exceeds the age of one hundred years. When standing on the steps of the Chartres Cathedral I'm in touch with a thousand years. The Roman Forum confronts us with two thousand years!

How does such a radical shift in time consciousness alter one's sensibilities? For me, it painfully sharpens my awareness of the seemingly insatiable appetite for the pseudo-old back home. Is this a trivial preoccupation on my part? Or is the comparison of a fourteenth century half-timber home in Col-



mar with the half-timber pattern of a new Super 8 Motel worth a moment of contemplation?

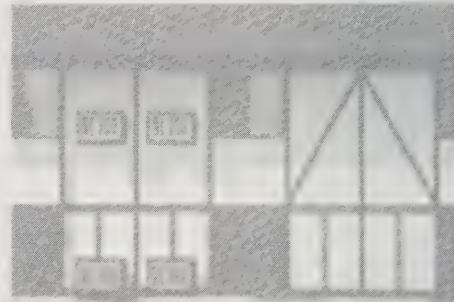
If this half-timber reference isn't vivid enough, a quick survey of the current Sears catalog would be useful. Its pages would invite us to consider the choice of an Early American television console, a gas-light-look Victorian ceiling lamp, or a chalet-style doghouse. A community survey of church and civic buildings in most towns across the American landscape would reveal that Medieval, Renaissance, and Baroque architectural styles have become the imitative patterns for many twentieth-century structures, even in recent decades.

Each time this tangent is pursued I acknowledge the possibility of being perceived as one who blatantly ignores the past and uncritically embraces the present. I hope that my understanding and appreciation of the past is growing. It's the easy mimicry of the past that is troubling: mimicry obscures the past, and even abuses it. It trivializes. It misrepresents, and therefore diverts our attempts to understand.

The variety of patterns expressed in the half-timbered facades of Colmar is a visual feast. That feast becomes further enriched by the realization that the bold linear patterns are an expression of structural evolution. They evolved out of the interaction of ma-

terial with rational and intuitive impulses. These impulses were deeply rooted in the problem-solving stages that ultimately produced a building which appropriately reflected its time and place.

The Super 8 half-timber is cosmetic. It is linked to no internal process. It expresses no necessity. It does express a bankruptcy of form, a building so hopelessly bland that a cosmetic treatment is needed to relieve the boredom. It also expresses a pseudo-past by weakly reconstructing the nostalgia of another time and place. After assessing the built landscape in America more than a decade ago, Ian Nairn, a British architect,



photos by Bob Regier

commented,

"No identity is better than a false one. The needs and qualities must be real, not artificially tickled-up. It is natural when an environment has no authentic visual identity to escape into the past. It is all very well, but only as a children's game."

Is the contrast between Colmar and Super 8 a problem of integrity? The insertion of moral overtones into the discussion probably implies guilt and provokes unneeded defensiveness. The phenomenon of the pseudo-old is so pervasive in our environment that no one can escape it. Rather than the morality of the matter, the topic deserving continuing exploration concerns the extraction of those insights from the history of visual form that seems most appropriate for creative application to our collective futures. Obviously, this is more than a visual problem. On a liberal arts campus I hear it echoed in every discipline.

I wish my memory of Colmar would have faded before I encountered the new Super 8 in Newton! □

Robert Regier is a practicing artist and professor of art at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas.

The Meat Grinder

by Peter J. Dyck



She ended her letter with a question: "What shall I do with the meat grinder?" I felt like telling her to keep it and use it, but then changed my mind. That would not be very helpful. She ought to be separated from it.

As I sat back to think of a better reply, the years evaporated like early morning fog and I could see the whole picture clearly.

The scene was an MCC refugee camp in 1947 in Gronau, Germany, run by Siegfried and Margaret Janzen from Ontario. Refugees from Russia and Prussia were being served there. Hundreds needed to be housed, given medical attention and "processed" for immigration. Thousands passed through that

The P.S. struck me as ludicrously funny and yet I couldn't laugh. She had added this afterthought: "When I took the meat grinder from the MCC kitchen it was *kaputt* (broken)."

In my reply I rejoiced with her in her commitment to Christ, her new-found peace of mind, her courage to confess and make restitution and her resolve to walk with the Lord.

As to the meat grinder, I suggested she locate a needy family and give it to them. There would be no need to explain why, just pass it on. Like the sins in her life, it would no longer be a part of her.

*The letter was written on poor-quality paper, in pencil, and I thought I detected smudges on the second page.
Was she still so poor?
Were those smudges tears
she had wiped off the page?*

camp. And all of them were fed from the central kitchen staffed entirely by refugees.

She had been one of the cooks in that kitchen. She was a very good and dependable cook. One day her turn to emigrate came. Since she could not go to Canada, she volunteered to go with a large group to Paraguay.

Packing did not take long since the refugees had so few possessions. Was that why she took the MCC meat grinder from the camp kitchen and packed it with her own meager belongings? Did she fear that in Paraguay she would be so poor for so long that she would probably not be able to afford to buy a meat grinder there? Or did she feel that life had been unreasonably cruel, taking everything from her—home, land, possessions, even her husband? What compensation was a meat grinder for all that?

As I reread her letter of confession again, I noticed that it was 30 years since she had swiped that meat grinder. I also noticed that the letter was written on poor-quality paper, in pencil, and thought I detected smudges on the second page. Was she still so poor? Were those smudges tears she had wiped off the page?

"I have made my peace with God," she wrote. "I have confessed everything to Him. I have also apologized to people and have made restitution wherever possible. My sins are forgiven and I would be completely happy, except for the meat grinder. What shall I do with the meat grinder?"

I remembered another woman who in 1973 sent a check for \$50 to MCC, explaining that in 1948 she had dental work done in Germany. In a moment of weakness she had simply told the dentist, "Send the bill to the MCC." The next day she sailed for Canada. Twenty-five years later she decided her conscience had bothered her long enough and sent that check.

Suddenly I couldn't stop the flood of memories rushing in from the past, of people who had walked about with guilty consciences for 20, 30 and more years before settling the matter. I wondered how many of us do that and why at last we make that effort to "clear the slate."

On the other hand, why not? Why should a stupid meat grinder bother anyone for half a lifetime? Perhaps it would be worth it if it were a shiny, new piece of equipment, but an old meat grinder that is *kaputt*—that's got to be the ultimate!

Peter J. Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs, and telling wise and witty stories. At home in Akron, Pennsylvania, he works in Constituency Relations for Mennonite Central Committee.

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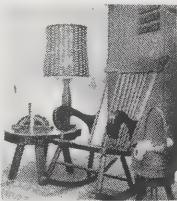
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PUBLISHING NOTES

- Herald Press recently published Volumes 13 and 14 in its Mennonite Faith Series. Missionary to Japan Marvin K. Yoder wrote **What We Believe About Children**. French Mennonite leader Pierre Widmer is the author of **Some People Are Throwing You Into Confusion**, which identifies numerous religious currents disturbing individuals and churches.
- Paul and Steven Wohlgemuth have compiled two hymnal concordances, one for the **Worship Hymnal**, available from the Center for Mennonite Brethren Studies, Tabor College, and one for the **Praise** hymnal, published by Singspiration.
- **Communication Skills and Conflict Resolution** by Barry C. Bartel (Faith and Life Press), is a series of ten sermons on interpersonal conflict resolution designed as curriculum for older MYF and college young/adult groups.
- A recent title from Agape Verlag, a German Mennonite publisher, is **Die Mennoniten in Geshichte und Gegenwart** (Mennonites in History and the Present) by D. G. Lichdi. It has been described as one of the most complete books devoted to the total story of the Mennonites in print.
- Isaac Horst, an Old Order Mennonite from Mt. Forest, Ontario, who writes, illustrates, publishes and markets his own work, had three books published in 1983 including **Wildlife Vitables**, a natural food cookbook. His seventh title, **Closeups of the Great Awakening**, deals with the Mennonite Church divisions in 1889-93 when the Old Orders came into being, and is slated for publication later this year.
- **Discovery** is a Bible survey course which, in 34 sessions (divided into four parts), gives laypersons an overview of the entire Bible. The course was written by Maynard Shelly of Faith and Life Press.
- **Hidden Riches** (Christian Light Publications, Harrisonburg, VA) by H. Romaine Stauffer tells the story of Christian Burkholder's (1746-1809) early years, beginning in south Germany when he was six and concluding when he was fourteen and living in Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania. Written for children, the book's historical content is of interest to all ages.
- **Wish and Wonder—A Manitoba Village Child** is based on Elsa Redekopp's girlhood on the Canada prairie. It is available from Reddell Publishing, Winnipeg.
- A junior high girl who loves animals and who learns about loving people, and losing them, is the heroine of **Remember the Eagle Day** (Herald Press) written by Guenn Martin.
- Ingrid Rimland, author of *The Wanderers*, has now written an autobiography. **The Furies and the Flame** follows Ingrid from the Chaco in Paraguay to Canada and centers on two decades of her struggle to raise her first son, severely brain-damaged shortly after birth.
- Elda Bachman of Newton, Kansas, is the author of **Twenty Years Too Soon**, a biography of her father, Ernest Bachman. The book is illustrated with numerous photographs.
- J. Ward Shank, editor of *The Sword and Trumpet*, and Sanford Shetler, editor of *Guidelines for Today*, have co-authored **Symbols of Divine Order in the Church**. The book deals with the I Corinthians 2-16 passage on the prayer veiling for women, length of hair for men and women, and headship order of male and female.
- Mennonite Renewal Services, Elkhart, IN, has begun publishing a quarterly renewal magazine called **Empowered**.
- Daniel L. Haarer has written **The Church's Attitude Toward Alcohol**, a new study guide on alcohol use and alcoholism. The guide is composed of six chapters, expandable to twelve sessions and is available from Mennonite Publishing House.
- Richard Kyle's first book, **The Mind of John Knox**, was recently published by Coronado Press, Lawrence, Kansas. The author is professor of history and religious studies at Tabor College, Hillsboro.
- **Beacon Dictionary of Theology**, published by Beacon Hill Press, includes four articles by Martin H. Schrag and three by Luke Keefer, Jr. Both are professors at Messiah College.
- MB Biblical Seminary (Fresno, California) professor emeritus, D. Edmond Hiebert, recently had his 14th book, **First Peter: An Expositional Commentary**, published by Moody Press.
- Jess Kauffman, one of Mennonite camping's best-known pioneers, has written **A Vision and a Legacy** (Faith and Life Press), which traces the Mennonite camping movement from its genesis in 1920 until the present day.
- A new book from The Brethren Press is **Computer Ethics—A Guide for the New Age** by Douglas W. Johnson. The book takes a look at a number of ethical questions facing the thoughtful computer user.
- The Canadian Mennonite Radio and Television Council (MRTC), Winnipeg, has written a booklet, entitled **Talking Back**, which urges listeners and viewers to take more control over what they see and hear. MRTC also has several other booklets and pamphlets available.
- East Union Mennonite Church, Kalona, Iowa, celebrated its centennial this August. In conjunction with the celebration L. Glen Guengerich wrote and edited **Our Goodly Heritage**, available from Dale Logan, Rt. 1, Kalona.
- **Art of the Pennsylvania Germans**, a publication of the Pennsylvania German Society, is the end result of a massive project which explored and synthesized the excellent collection of Pennsylvania German artifacts in the Winterthur Museum.
- **Kisare, A Mennonite of Kisumu** is the story of Tanzanian Mennonite bishop Zedekia Kisare, as told to (and translated by) Joseph C. Shenk.
- **Time Will Tell**, a recent Faith and Life Press publication, is a musical drama based on Acts, written by James Juhnke and J. Harold Moyer.

Anabaptist Portraits, John Allen Moore. Herald Press, 1984. 259 pages. \$9.95.

Reviewed by Sam Steiner

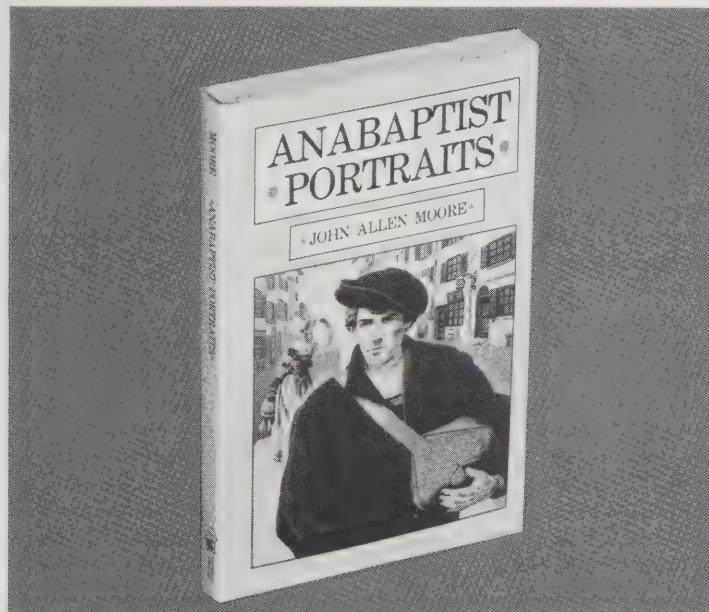
When the proofsheets of **Anabaptist Portraits** arrived, the first question to occur was potential overlap in content and audience with *Profiles of Radical Reformers*, Hans-Jürgen Goertz, ed. (Herald Press, 1982). Surely **FQ** readers' book budgets strain enough without encountering redundant publications. Closer analysis of both volumes revealed significant differences; whether these are significant enough likely depends on the thickness of your wallet.

John Allen Moore, a retired Baptist seminary professor, provides six biographical narratives on leaders in the Swiss-South German Anabaptist circle. The long chapters (up to 80

these major Anabaptist figures for the lay scholar.

English-language biographical treatments of Blaurock and Mantz have not really existed heretofore, and those on Denck are quite old and unavailable. This alone may make **Anabaptist Portraits** an attractive purchase even for readers who own the standard full-length biographies on Grebel, Sattler and Hubmaier to which these essays will add little.

Although sympathetic, Moore does not ignore the less attractive personality traits found in these leaders or the clashes and disagreements between them. It is well to recall that the best Anabaptist theologian



pages) on Hans Denck and Balthasar Hubmaier incorporate interpretive summaries of the major writings of the two men. The other subjects, Conrad Grebel, Felix Mantz, George Blaurock and Michael Sattler, had considerably shorter theological *vita*e resulting in correspondingly shorter essays here.

In contrast, *Profiles* provides smaller portraits (16 pages maximum) of twenty-one 16th century radicals, excluding only Mantz and Blaurock from the **Anabaptist Portraits** collection, but supplies much wider geographic and theological coverage. For some readers these will be important factors in deciding between the two titles.

Moore's six essays, which stand independently of each other, do not break fresh scholarly ground and are not intended to do so. Rather he brings together the current scholarship on each leader and sketches a chronological narrative summary around the theological development represented in writings or disputations. This technique works reasonably well in providing an overview of

(Hubmaier) had less tolerance for suffering than some of his peers. Or that George Blaurock's "putsch" in the Zollikon church failed because his overly-aggressive manner alienated the audience.

Without question the biographical approach to history engages the occasional reader more than lengthy overview, and Moore eschews any chapter that would serve as a backdrop to his portraits. This is unfortunate. Even a short introductory or concluding chapter sketching the broader context would assist the uninitiated. We are left with a less informative collage.

Finally, isn't it time for *Anabaptist Women: A Story of God's Faithfulness?* Four wives are mentioned in this volume. Three died as martyrs with their husbands. All apparently had very interesting personalities.

Sam Steiner is librarian and archivist at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.

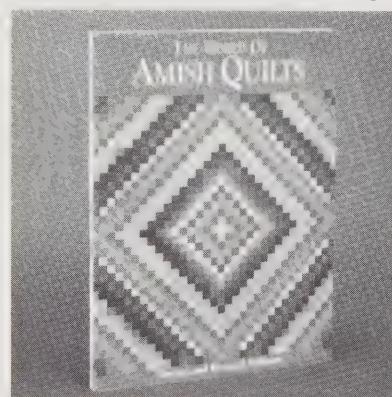
FQ price — \$7.96
(Regular price — \$9.95)

The World of Amish Quilts, Rachel and Kenneth Pellman. Good Books, 1984. 128 pages. \$15.95.

Reviewed by Stanley A. Kaufman

If it does nothing else, this book serves a valuable purpose by enlarging the number of Amish quilts in print. None of the quilts pictured have been published before. As antique Amish quilts disappear into private collections, and with the only major public collection in New York, books are the main way people — including those of Amish ancestry — can acquaint themselves with this incredible artistic heritage.

The organization of the book around individual patterns gathers quilts from various states, allowing for interesting comparisons of regional differences in patterns. Beautiful photos of fields and countryside show possi-



ble design sources, but the authors recognize that determining the origin of a given pattern is "mere speculation."

I wondered why the duplication of several illustrations, especially in the case of the frontispiece, which reappears, full-page, later. Why not include additional quilts instead?

The picture of Amish culture included is, while general, excellent and sympathetic. Kenneth Pellman's photos have exceptional aesthetic quality, and show his respect for the religious scruples Amish adults hold against being photographed.

Apparent inconsistencies in the culture are shown to be the result of necessarily arbitrary lines drawn to preserve separateness from the encroaching world of modern technology. I left feeling it can be reasonable for the Amish to live as they do, even in the 20th century.

Stanley A. Kaufman is professor of art at Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia, and is curator of the German Culture Museum, Walnut Creek, Ohio.

FQ price — \$12.76
(Regular price — \$15.95)

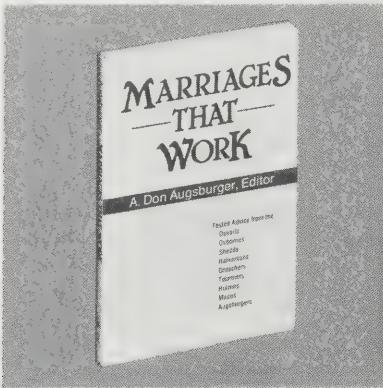
MENNONITE BOOKS

Marriages That Work, A. Don Augsburger, ed. Herald Press, 1984. 108 pages. \$6.95.

Reviewed by Gerald Kaufman

This brief collection of articles is an interesting attempt to present preventive information about healthy marriage from the real life marriages of the experts. Although Augsburger says the book is also partly based on the insights shared by 38 couples who responded to his questionnaire, their "presence" in the book is not obvious.

Instead, we are given a brief glimpse of the experts' (some of them big names in the field) own marriages. These authors were convinced to do what professionals are taught never to do—that is, to talk about themselves in an effort to share their insights into the secrets of marital longevity.



The results are, I believe, varied. All of the authors presented some useful, if already commonly known, ideas. Some were rather dull and platitudinous. However, several were refreshingly open and candid and gave me pause to rethink my own marriage. That is, I believe, what Augsburger had in mind.

Paul Tournier's article was especially moving. My eyes moistened as he retold of his moment of truth when he finally discovered what his wife was saying to him. This is the stuff of good prevention—the kind that all marriages, young and old, need to hear and feel deeply.

The book should be given by pastors to all newlyweds and would be a useful tool for weekend marriage retreats or for certain Sunday school classes.

Gerald Kaufman is a clinical social worker in private practice in Akron, Pa.

FQ price — \$5.56
(Regular price: \$6.95)

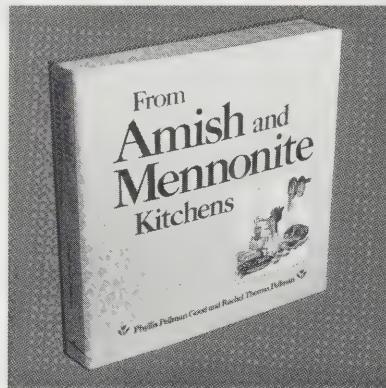
From Amish and Mennonite Kitchens, Phyllis Pellman Good and Rachel Thomas Pellman. Good Books, 1984. 413 pages. \$11.95.

Reviewed by Gloria L. Lehman

This large, softbound cookbook is a compilation of formerly published separate booklets. Its mellow coloring and simple format invite readers to look closely at its contents.

The most distinguishing characteristic of the book is the beautiful calligraphy by Gayle Sollenberger Smoker, which is surprisingly easy to read.

Each category of recipes is introduced by a short description of the importance of that food to Amish and Mennonite cooks and their families. From the Meats section: "Once again their diet reflects these people's values. The meat dishes are basic... nothing is wasted."



Recipes for Chicken Pot Pie, Pig Stomach, Stewed Crackers, Cold Bread Soup were a walk back in time for me. But I found some surprises—Peanut Butter Pie, Seven Layer Salad, Cauliflower Supreme. Mennonite cooks are diverse and adopt middle-America types of cooking.

The recipes reflect Lancaster County—not Virginia, the Midwest, or Canada. Wisely, no recipes call for a can of soup—all sauces are made from "scratch." Cooks cautious about fat content or calories will need to adapt ingredients for their use.

This cookbook is a good introduction to Amish and Mennonite cooking for those who are fascinated by this culinary art. But even those of us who have been "Mennonite cooking" for years can benefit from it. "Mother Pellman's Chocolate Cake" received raves at our three-year-old's birthday party.

I am glad to add **From Amish and Mennonite Kitchens** to my personal cookbook collection—to keep the past and present together, for the future.

Gloria L. Lehman teaches home economics at Eastern Mennonite High School, Harrisonburg, Virginia, and shares family life with her husband and son.

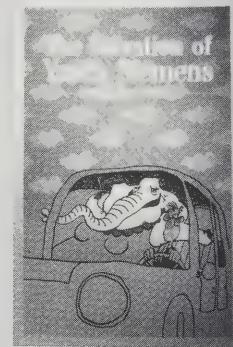
FQ price — \$9.56
(Regular price — \$11.95)

The Salvation of Yasch Siemens, Armin Wiebe. Turnstone Press, 1984. 176 pages. \$7.95.

Reviewed by Ervin Beck

Yasch Siemens, who comes of age in this comic novel, learns to settle for less. At almost sixteen, heista kopp in love with Shaftich Shreeda's daughter Fleeda, he practices his first kiss on Shtramel Stoez's daughter Shups instead. Later, although he really loves Ha Ha Nickel's daughter Sadie, he actually marries fat Oata Needarp — partly because he feels sorry for her, partly because his Muttachi wants him to, but mainly because Oata owns land that will give him status and security in his Russian Mennonite community south of Winnipeg.

His "salvation" occurs most marvelously during a transcendent moment one Christmas-



time when his mumming troupe interrupts an evening church service. But his true salvation occurs when, after deciding to marry Oata, he gives his bizarre testimony in church and settles down to raise a family in blissful conformity to community ways.

Mercifully, Yasch undergoes no anguishing identity crisis about being Mennonite; nor does the author ever find it necessary to explain Mennonite life. In fact, the word "Mennonite" is never used in the novel, which celebrates Mennonite folk culture in a hilarious, yet moving way.

Much of the humor springs from Wiebe's use of words, names, nicknames and syntax influenced by "Flat German" (e.g., "I look the rows down. Ha Ha Nickel is sitting Pug Peters and Sadie besides"). Such diction is never merely cute; it always supports tone and content. Speakers of Low German will probably find it even more appealing than I did.

The novel falters only in the final chapter, where political satire replaces the earlier personal concerns of the book. Otherwise, it is sheer delight.

Ervin Beck is Professor of English at Goshen (IN) College.

FQ price — \$7.15
(Regular price — \$7.95)

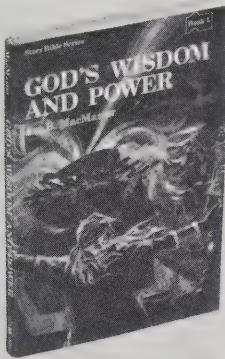
MENNONITE BOOKS

God's Wisdom and Power, Eve B. MacMaster. Herald Press, 1984. 168 pages. \$5.95.

Reviewed by Jillian Hershberger Shapiro

God's Wisdom and Power is the fifth book in Eve B. MacMaster's Story Bible Series. Derived from I and II Kings and II Chronicles, this volume covers the reign of Solomon, the division of the Kingdom, and the era of the prophets Elijah and Elisha. Appended are two short chapters on Proverbs and the Song of Songs.

This retelling of the rise and fall of the kings of Israel and Judah, their complex machinations and political alliances as they trusted the Lord or turned to Baal, unfolds in a narrative which is remarkable for its clarity and cohesion. MacMaster wends her way through the maze of Kings and Chronicles by



keeping the concept of God as the source of power and wisdom as a touchstone for thematic unity.

MacMaster's explicit intent is to retell the Bible with neither additions of morals and denominational interpretation, nor subtraction of passages which are inconvenient or uncomfortable to explain.

Fortunately, this adherence to scripture does not preclude occasional explanatory notes which enhance the reader's understanding of the cultural context of the story. One example is MacMaster's description of the fierce golden cherubim guarding the Ark of the Covenant: "They resembled wild animals that guarded the throne of earthly kings" (p. 30).

I recommend this volume gladly and wholeheartedly. This series will be an invaluable contribution to the files of children's literature.

Jillian Hershberger Shapiro, from Takoma Park, Maryland, is a children's librarian and mother of three.

FQ price — \$4.76
(Regular price: \$5.95)

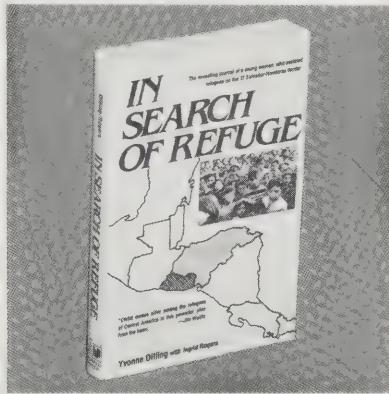
In Search of Refuge, Yvonne Dilling with Ingrid Rogers. Herald Press, 1984. 294 pages. \$9.95.

Reviewed by Phil Baker-Shenk

In Search of Refuge is one of those rare books that brings out the compelling human face of oppression's victims. It makes you cry.

Dilling tells stories about the 18 months she spent as a church worker serving Salvadoran refugees along the Honduras/El Salvador border. She was shot at. Threatened. Vilified. A number of her Honduran and Salvadoran co-workers and friends were brutally killed right before her eyes.

Dilling survived largely because she was a citizen of the very country (U.S.) whose government sponsored the shootings, threats, and vilifications. Although she helped with refugee children's schooling, her most im-



portant contribution probably was her visible presence with the poor, which time and again appeared to stave off their certain death or torture by the U.S.-backed militaries.

The book is in journal form with lengthy entries filled with enriching and colorful detail, sometimes almost too much so for an impatient reader. Its stories reveal how the refugee community staggers from crisis to crisis. One moment it is a food shortage. Next, a materials shortage. Repeatedly it is a confrontation with marauding soldiers. Often it is mourning. Day in, day out, there is always emotion-wracking travail.

The enormity of the tragedy and the accounts of how constant are the refugees in their worship of God make this book's plea from the heart an especially endearing one.

Phil Baker-Shenk is a Mennonite lawyer and occasional writer who worships with Sojourners Fellowship in Washington, D.C.

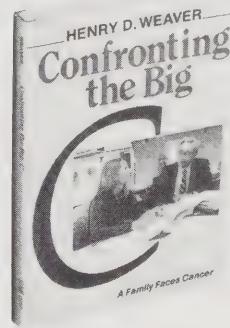
FQ price — \$7.96
(Regular price — \$9.95)

Confronting the Big C: A Family Faces Cancer, Henry D. Weaver. Herald Press, 1984. 80 pages. \$5.95.

Reviewed by Alice W. Lapp

Henry D. Weaver, scientist and educator, always thought serious illness happened to someone else. Then he began experiencing a strange physical weakness and numbness in his limbs. Even some of the best medical examinations came up with an erroneous diagnosis. Eventually the evidence pointed to the dreaded cancer.

How Henry dealt with his ailment and how each family member reacted are all chronicled here. His three daughters and his son were thousands of miles away and thus not as aware of the terrible verdict when it first came. But each child and Henry's wife Mary tell their own reaction to cancer in the family.



Henry took a strong-minded approach to his disease and his doctor cooperated and explained all the symptoms and the treatments. Henry also kept his sense of humor and, like Norman Cousins, read amusing and laughter-provoking literature as well as insisting on a joke a day from his therapists.

He had a renewed confidence in God's care and the assurance of his many friends' concern as well. Never did he view himself as a statistic but as an individual case. After all, the first diagnosis was one in 100 of his having cancer and he was that one percent.

Therefore, he paid no attention to life expectancy estimates but thought in long-range, optimistic terms. Because of this approach, Henry is a survivor.

Alice W. Lapp, Goshen, Indiana, is an English teacher and active as a church and community volunteer.

FQ price — \$4.76
(Regular price — \$5.95)

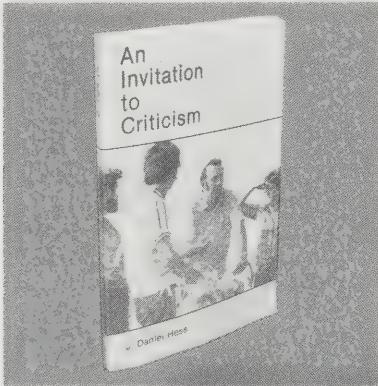
An Invitation to Criticism, J. Daniel Hess. Pinchpenny Press, 1984. 111 pages. \$4.95.

Reviewed by Levi Miller

As an introduction to a critical attitude in general, with some focus on journalism, film, and communication, this book succeeds quite brilliantly. I have additional questions about it as a guide to criticism of literature.

First, the success. Hess suggests criticism which is compassionate, careful and creative. In addition, he provides several excellent chapters of introduction to critical writing.

I suppose the greatest achievement of this book is to update what we hope general education studies should do. Traditionally, we have looked to our liberal arts colleges to prepare people who have a critical capacity: to distinguish false from true, temporal from



enduring, humane from devious, fluff from substantive. It is a worthwhile goal.

Now to the questions. Has Professor Hess, in his commitment to "moral criticism"—a position with which I would identify—given sufficient voice to the other side? One need not agree with contemporary approaches to criticism which are amoral, atheistic, and ahistorical to appreciate that they were inspired by an impulse to preserve the integrity of literature itself.

Finally, Hess is a Mennonite and we'll not hold that against him. But should he not suggest to his students in his bibliography John Ruth's brief but powerful *Mennonite Identity and Literary Art*?

Hess' book deserves wide reading and I hope it might even elicit more writing in the field—from Hess himself and from others.

Levi Miller is program director at Laurelville Mennonite Church Center, Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania.

FQ price — \$3.96
(Regular price — \$4.95)

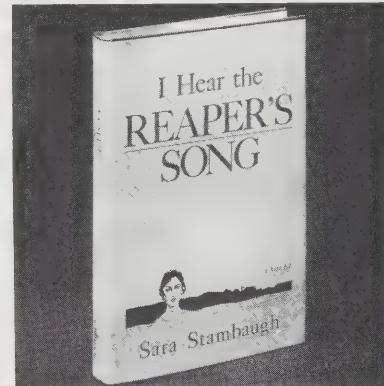
I Hear the Reaper's Song, Sara Stambaugh. Good Books, 1984. 232 pages. \$12.95.

Reviewed by Omar Eby

"The way she was carrying on, I didn't know what to do but let her. Being Biney, she made a good job of it . . . At first she just bawled and then started hiccuping out how awful it had been . . ."

Now don't that just sound like Huck Finn! Well, awe-shucks, it ain't, cause I'm Sike Hershey, in my eighties, jawing about that train accident that killed my sister when I was fifteen. Now my granddaughter got this bee in her bonnet that how them Western preachers in a 1896 revival ruckus said her great aunt wasn't saved because she wasn't baptized would make a right nice novel.

But it ain't a novel, and it ain't a history,



though she did time in six libraries. It'd make a clean little short story, full of that stuff writers call pathos. But it got bloated and bolixed up with fifty characters and a melodramatic rendering of Barbie's death and funeral.

So I'm right perplexed, cause I thought them college-trained Mennonites were finished with sentimental Rosannas of the Amish. Yet, if Wiebe says I talk "lyric"-like and Ruth says it's "important," I don't know if one oughta believe that reviewer who didn't much care for my blatherings. Wonder if way back he's not just one of them stubborn Paradise Ebys? Makes me about as cheerful as a hog at butchering time.

Omar Eby is an English professor at Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia, and a novelist.

FQ price — \$10.35
(Regular price — \$12.95)

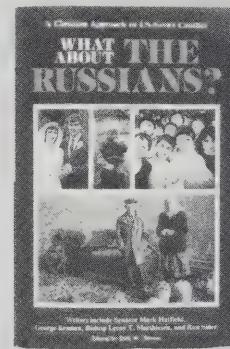
What About the Russians?, Dale W. Brown, ed. Brethren Press, 1984. 160 pages. \$6.95.

Reviewed by David B. Dueck

From the striking and colorful cover with its red lettering (naturally!) to its end notes, **What About the Russians?** is a very commendable project. As the introduction warns, some parts of this anthology may be too "hawkish" and others too "dovish," but both sides are well represented.

We sense in the introduction to each of the three parts of the book the urgency and the depth of commitment that editor Dale Brown and, I suspect, the publisher, have toward the material in this presentation.

Part One seeks to answer the question "Who are the Russians?". My own brief encounter with "the Russians" confirms they



"are but people — diverse, traditional but people oppressed by stale atheism." The book points out that there are 50 million professing Christians as compared to 16 million Communist party members in the Soviet Union. When you think of Russia, think about your brothers and sisters!

The second main question, "Why do we fear the Russians?", is probably answered by the first article in the section, "Are they out to bury us?"

"Can Christians trust the Russians?" is probably not the best heading for the last section. It is a plea for us to understand, respond to, and love the Russians. The use of personal examples by the writers makes this an easy book to read — one that is a must for all Russian lovers. The authors' prayer is that we all become "lovers."

David B. Dueck, Winnipeg, Manitoba, is a film producer who spent three weeks filming in the Soviet Union in connection with the film And When They Shall Ask.

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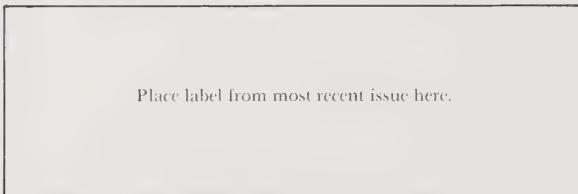
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The Coon and I

by Sanford Eash



The large garage and shop building over on the farm was made to hold "everything"—that is, if everything is in its place. Often it isn't. Boxes of parts, nuts and bolts don't always get put away in the hurry of crop work. Recently I found myself trying to restore order. I found boxes of parts with mice nests in them, and used bolts with grease and soil on them. It was a messy job. I worked at it only a half-day at a time.

I came home one evening dirty, exhausted and in low spirits. I told Orpha, "That's a thankless job, and next year I can do it all over again."

"Well, quit it," she said. "Stay home. Get

The coon droppings filled a five gallon bucket. I was mad at the coon and angry at myself. What was I, a retired farmer, trying to do? I should be home, writing.

your writing done." I dropped in an easy chair. "I don't feel like writing." But on the inside I knew I was getting something accomplished. After the clean-up is finished, the shop will be a better and handier place. But now I was tired.

That evening I got a call from a well-known church leader. He complimented us on a certain article we had written. The next evening another man called and said about the same thing. By then I was on Cloud Nine. My feet had trouble reaching the floor. Orpha and I discussed it a bit and we were both deeply moved.

The next morning I woke early and immediately thought of the last few days. I thought, "Maybe I had better spend all my time writing and forget about the stuff on the farm. But then," I went on reasoning, "those messy jobs are good therapy. Most of the time I like to go over and work for a few hours."

Still on Cloud Nine I went back that afternoon and started on one section of the big overhead shelf. Nobody had touched it for years. We just threw stuff up there that wasn't used but was too good for junk. I found a real gem underneath some paper. It was a scales that weighed up to fifty pounds in $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce graduations. It was worth money.

A few years ago the grandchildren had seen a coon up on that shelf. They said he had a mischievous silly grin. There was a canvas windbreaker that fit a tractor now long gone.

I pulled on that canvas but there was stuff on top of it. It was too heavy for me to move. Son Loren came to help. I crawled up there and he pulled from the ladder. "Hey!" I shouted. "This was a winter home for a coon, maybe a whole family." That canvas came down in a cloud of "coon dust."

In the back corner was a big pile of coon manure. Loren gave me a push broom and a scraper. I had to sit on that shelf to work. It was filthy dusty. The coon droppings filled a five gallon bucket. I was mad at the coon and angry at myself. What was I, a retired farmer, trying to do? I should be home, writing.

Then I got off that shelf. My lungs were

full of coon dust. I had it in my hair. I was sweaty and exhausted. I was no longer on Cloud Nine! My feet were firmly back on the ground and I had to laugh at myself. Maybe I needed that messy job and my earlier evening phone calls, together, to keep me in balance.

Sanford Eash is a retired farmer from Goshen, Indiana. Sanford, with the help of his wife, Orpha, is writing regularly. Together they also do a lot of traveling.



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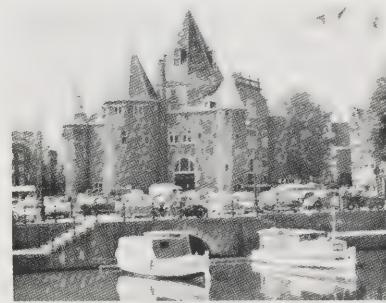
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Elections Reflections . . . From the Jungle

by James and Jeanette Krabill

Here we go again. The Elections of '84—another chance to pick the World's Number One Superman for the next four years. The elections will not—despite good intentions—be entirely democratic, for millions of people around the globe, though greatly affected by their outcome, will have neither voice nor choice in the decision-making process. Voters this November will be composed of the world's elite, otherwise known as "United States citizens," living at home and abroad. Greetings from two fellow members of the earth's upper crust!

Current American foreign policy, according to one observer, divided Africa into four principal regions: (1) Egypt—crucial to on-

refusing to pay fair prices for African-grown produce while charging outrageously for products "Made in America."

As we prepare for November we wonder what effect, if any, our choice will have on those we've come here to serve. One candidate, speaking recently to high schoolers in Alabama, squeezed the verb "care" into a short discourse 15 times with such great one-liners as, "We ought to be caring about all the people in this society and we ought to be caring about all the people in the world!" We thought that was cute but somewhere down the line we'd appreciate more details.

A second candidate, meanwhile, was sumptuously attending a \$5,000-a-ticket glitz blitz

Jungle Dwellers, however, expect considerably more from a country which spends so much time debating the ins and outs of school prayer.

going Middle East negotiations; (2) Libya—considered the forefront of Soviet expansionism in the area; (3) South Africa—rich in exploitable mineral resources; and (4) the rest of the continent—an unknown, untamed and largely insignificant entity simply referred to as "The Jungle." Greetings from two of the earth's upper crusters—living in "The Jungle."

Naturally Jungle Dwellers—especially those of us potentially capable in November of improving the lot of fellow non-voting Jungle Dwellers—want to know the policy of America's next president concerning our corner of the world. Africa today is in relatively bad shape, for a grand variety of complex reasons.

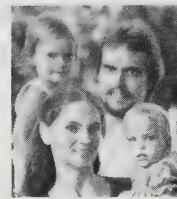
First there is rampant corruption and gross mismanagement of funds and resources—but one can't really expect an American chief executive to clean up these local disorders. Then come the curses of drought and starvation. African nations seriously affected by food shortages increased in 1983 to 26—over half the continent's states—and the number could reach 35 this year, depending on climatic conditions. Here one would expect the president of the world's upper crusties to at least exhibit a smidgen of compassion if not begin doing downright creative thinking on how best to help alleviate these causes of suffering. And then there are the all-too-numerous instances where the American government, in order to pump up the dollar on the world market, has deliberately and devastatingly deflated "The Jungle's" economy by

in a Washington hotel featuring, among other attractions, toilet bowls filled with chopped carnations. "When the toilets were used," reported one journiast, "maids sprinkled fresh flowers in them." Sounds rather like a royal flush from our part of the world! But then true repentance and conversion should never be excluded as possibilities and could even get the Jungle Vote if performed before November.

A third candidate raised our hopes by publishing a "Foreign Policy Statement" in a leading British magazine. Our hopes were short-lived. He devoted seven healthy paragraphs to the Soviet threat, two to "the mess in Central America," one to Middle East oil, and one sentence each to Europe, Japan and Northern Ireland. As for "The Jungle"? Absolutely zilch!

Candidates will win voters' hearts by talking first and foremost about . . . America, and about all they'll do to make her safer, mightier and upper-crustier than ever. Jungle Dwellers, however, expect considerably more from a country which spends so much time debating the ins and outs of school prayer. They expect justice, the confession and correction of past exploitative policies and the humble recognition that she is not the undisputed center of God's universe. It would be right nice this November not to let "The Jungle" down. □

Jim and Jeannette Krabill live inland in Yocoboué, Ivory Coast, where they are available to independent African churches.



Taste Test Tactics

by Glenda Knepp

Upon our first introduction to Georgia peach cake, this taste-testing family was pleasantly surprised with the fruit-sweetened layer cake, frosted with peach slices and swirls of whipped cream. And I thought, "Aha, replacing sugary, high-calorie confections with fruit-sweetened desserts will not be a problem."

But . . . not quite. One evening Georgia peach cake again graced our table. That day Son One, on a school outing, had walked several times through the golden arches. With sweetly sticky memories of sundaes and milk shakes, he commented, "You know, this doesn't taste very good after what I've eaten today."

I pondered his perception. Our food tastes mirror what we know and love—true. But this is also truth: with a bit of thoughtfulness and a pinch of planning, we can sample new flavors and appreciate ingenious culinary combinations.

This quarter I have a recipe for you to examine, think on, and rate according to your nutritional standards. The name describes it:

Peanut Butter Oatmeal Bars

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup brown sugar
- ½ cup honey
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup peanut butter
- 1 cup whole wheat flour
- 1 cup white flour
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- ½ cup wheat germ
- 1 cup rolled oats
- 1 cup chocolate chips
- ½ cup chopped nuts

In large mixing bowl beat butter, brown sugar, honey, eggs, and peanut butter.

In another bowl stir together flour, salt and baking soda.

Add dry ingredients to mixture in larger bowl. Add bran, oats, chocolate chips, and nuts. Stir well after each addition.

Spread batter in greased 9" x 12" pan. Bake at 325° for 30 to 35 minutes.

Makes approximately 4 dozen bars.

Remembering the butterscotch fingers I made so often in 4-H Club, with two cups of sugar and a stick of butter stirred into two cups of white flour, I know these bars are a definite nutritional improvement. But as I continue to eye the ingredients for these chewies, I have several options for you to consider:

1. Eliminate the salt.
2. Substitute carob chips or raisins for the chocolate chips.
3. Substitute ½ cup oil for the 1 cup butter.



4. Eliminate brown sugar and increase honey to 1½ cup.
5. Use all whole wheat flour.
6. All of the above.

I'd like to lay before you another interesting recipe. It's adapted down to about one third cup of honey, and, who knows, maybe we can eliminate that. But these fruity little cakes, moist and marvelously chewy, are almost guaranteed to rate high on your food tester scale.

Mini Muffin Cakes

Combine in bowl:

1½ cups whole wheat flour
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. allspice
½ tsp. cinnamon

Into ¼ cup measure, pour:

1 tsp. molasses

Finish filling the ¼ cup measure with honey.

Add to dry ingredients:

1 egg
½ cup milk
½ cup oil
honey-molasses mixture

Stir just until mixed.

Fold in:

2 cups chopped walnuts
1 cup chopped dates
1 cup chopped prunes
1 cup chopped dried apricots
1 cup raisins

Fill 18 greased muffin cups with the batter. Bake at 375° for 20 minutes. Remove from pans.

Glaze the tops with 2 T. warmed honey, or ½ cup carob chips, melted with 1 tsp. oil.

You know, part of the joy of making both fine music and good food comes from variations: variation on a melodic line, variation of a recipe, a menu. And I find my twinges of housewifely boredom eased as I venture on this culinary path of healthful variations. Thanks for walking with me! □

Glenda Knepp from Turner, Michigan is the mother of two sons. She has "great fun running" as a means of following "the way of disciplined grace."

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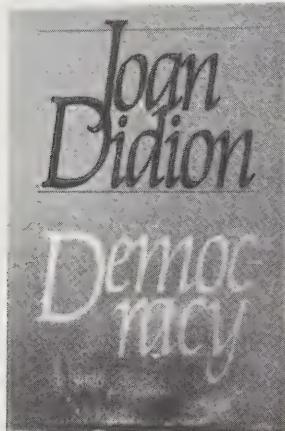
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(Offer expires December 31, 1984)

Democracy, Joan Didion. Simon and Schuster, 1984. 155 pages.

There is a particular sadness about this book that is held at bay by Joan Didion's off-hand, reporter-like style. Her telling is factual, not cushioned by reflective moments or pages of savory description. Didion herself calls it "this novel of fitful glimpses." But



that method underlines effectively a story of fragmented lives and lost pasts.

Inez Victor's husband Harry means to become a Congressman. Inez, the daughter of parents who were more intent on making a splash than making a difference, suffers personal uncertainty before ever marrying Harry. And so, two lives, unsteady from the beginning, fall further into wastefulness! Their twin daughter and son seem destined to

the same sort of shortened possibilities.

Had it not been for Harry's zest for public life, this extended family would have been unglamorous casualties. But by Didion's pushing them into public view, their emptiness—and its causes—can be highlighted. Asked by a reporter what her greatest loss was as the wife of a public official, Inez answered, "Memory, yes. Is what I would call the major cost. Definitely." And later she confessed to "losing track, as if you'd had shock treatment."

But then, even those more hidden characters seem orphaned from their pasts. This is a book about lost lives, explored with a minimum of emotion, exposed with crisp, cutting dialogue, that leaves a reader caught between helplessness and anger.

hostages.

While writing the book must have been therapeutic for Mrs. Carter, she steers clear of venom and bitterness in it. And, although she is angry at points and believes Jimmy was often misunderstood, her story is remarkably free of defensiveness.

There is a compelling honesty in **First Lady From Plains** that saves it from gossip-



First Lady From Plains, Rosalynn Carter. Houghton Mifflin Co., 1984. 357 pages. \$17.95.

Rosalynn Carter has plenty of starch and gumption. And she lets it show in this unlaundered account of how she experienced the Carter presidency and the years preceding and following it.

She is a strategist and a fierce fighter, who, without belying either her genteelness or femininity, campaigned to exhaustion, sweated through the Camp David attempt at Middle East peace, and suffered with the roller-coaster diplomacy when Iran held American

mill fluff. In fact, because of her deep interest in the country's events while her husband was President, Carter's book is an unusual national history with a more feminine and personalized cast than newspaper and textbooks dare to give.

Her voice, plus the drama of recent history, make this autobiography stimulating fun, no matter the reader's political preferences.

quilt knows about me. It took 25 years to make," murmurs one sister.

The richness of this collection of stories and songs is in its truthfulness about life, and yet its lack of anger and bitterness. Because these women are more intent upon going on, rather than fixing blame, their lives and their work—symbolized by the quilts they produce—are memorable. That spirit is what fuels this show. "You're just given so many pieces to work with in your life, but the way you put them together is your business," says one of the sisters.

The music, instead of slowing the action of the play, energizes it. In fact, the on-stage instrumentalists add to the "reunion" feel of the drama.

"*Quilters*" is an intergenerational piece that may show mothers, daughters, and granddaughters that they have more common ground than they thought! Nor should men miss the play. It is an open and vulnerable expose of how it is to be a woman, worked with great sensitivity and tenderness.

—PPG



Martha Swope

these quilts are hopes and pain and imagination, grounded by the truth of patches made from Pa's old pants, yet made beautiful by the knowledge that human beings can outlast hurt and trouble. "I tremble sometimes when I think about how much that

"Quilters": A Review

"*Quilters*" is a new musical by Molly Newman and Barbara Damashek, which first opened at the Denver Center Theatre Company. Following that it played in cities around the United States, most recently in Washington, D.C. In late September, it opened on Broadway in New York City.

Because of its subject matter and mode, it may be of particular interest to **Festival Quarterly** readers. For that reason we print this review by the editor.

"*Quilters*" is a magical musical. Its patchwork approach works as well as the quilts it celebrates.

But it is not a drama about museum pieces. Instead it stomps and throbs with the lives of women who've borne children and buried them; who've found refuge from storms and from no money by nurturing ties between their sisters and their mothers; who've endured the turmoil of adolescence, the worry of

All of Me — Steve Martin and Lily Tomlin finally find a vehicle that fits their gifts. Wealthy, dying, eccentric woman contrives toward immortality by having her spirit "transferred" to the body of a young beautiful woman. But things go quite otherwise. Uneven but very funny. (8)

The Bostonians — Henry James' novel comes to the screen in elegant, colorful richness. Uncannily timely, this story of a wealthy feminist soon after the Civil War, her domination of her young follower Verena, and the young Southern lawyer who courts Verena unfolds with delicious poignancy. Vanessa Redgrave and Christopher Reeve star. (8)

Cal — One of the best pictures of the year. A vivid portrayal of a youth caught in the brutal terror of living in Northern Ireland. The murmur of the film broods over the landscape in unforgettable futility. Gentle but unnerving. (9)

First Name: Carmen — Another offbeat, outrageous essay by French filmmaker Jean-Luc Godard. This time he actually appears in the film himself, interacting with fuzzy characters, trapped between their bodies and their actions. Ineffective. (4)

Flashpoint — Border patrolmen, a fortune in the desert, and a coverup in Washington. All stewed together in a less than credible mush. Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams. (2)

The Fourth Man — Bizarre Dutch film about a dangerous woman and her lover who's obsessed with her other lover. (3)

The Gods Must Be Crazy — A splendidly refreshing film set in Africa, exploring what it means to be civilized. Slapstick at times, but charming and hilarious throughout. Mennonites with overseas experience will love it. (8)

Grandview, U.S.A. — Sure, all the ingredients are dished up for the formula teenage picture — wrecked cars, small town, teenage crush. And sure it fails. (2)

Irreconcilable Differences — A nine-year-old suing her Hollywood parents for divorce serves as the framework for a comedy of sorts about the price of success and greed. Sometimes remarkably strong, more often not. (4)

The Jigsaw Man — As an espionage thriller about double agents, this ranks a stripe above the average. But haven't we seen this all before? Russians, the British Secret Service, and secrets. (3)

The Karate Kid — Old-fashioned tale of a skinny kid who uses his mind (and his body, thanks to a Japanese fairy godfather who teaches him karate) to outwit the mean he-mans of his new neighborhood. Sorta sentimental, but fun nonetheless. (7)

The Philadelphia Experiment — If you like time warps, maybe; if you don't, save your coin. Dreary yarn about 1943 sailors who end up in 1984. (3)

Places in the Heart — Reviewed below. (8)

Purple Rain — An innovative, smoldering rock film, in which the music is more dramatic than the story. A tormented musician tries to find himself. (4)

Red Dawn — Blatantly manipulative, this fantasy about a Soviet-led invasion of Colorado falls flat. Redblooded American fascism. (2)

Revenge of the Nerds — If you like Lampoonish comedy, this may be your cup of tea. The nerds, so put upon as they arrive at college, plan their outrageous revenge. Nerdish. (3)

Teachers — Oh, so teachy. Arthur Hiller tries to teach us what's wrong with public education in this spunky muckraking tale of life at John F. Kennedy High School. He succeeds in a heavy-handed sort of fashion. (6)

Tightrope — No, this is not the usual Clint Eastwood flick. It's a rather raw bleak study of a detective pursuing the killer of prostitutes, all the while struggling with his own dark turmoil. (6)

Under the Volcano — Serious and seriously flawed. Ambitious film about an upper class alcoholic whose life has collapsed and whose wife and friend can't save him. Unbelievable ending. (3)

The Woman in Red — An ad executive in mid-life crisis falls for a model in a red dress. Puppy dog cute. Frivolous with occasional flashes of brilliance. (4)

Hope and Forgiveness in *Places in the Heart*

Places in the Heart etches images one will remember. Set in the Great Depression in Texas, the restrained acting, the turgid cinematography, and the extraordinary characters whom others think ordinary have created an important little film.

The religious themes abound. Hope and forgiveness can barely hide their visages. And the unexpected ending, abrupt and full of fantasy, underscores the themes — too obvious and heavy-handed for some, just delightfully unorthodox for others.

A sheriff, shortly after offering thanks for his meal and his life, is called away to calm down a young black man who is so drunk he is dangerous. He shoots his gun into the air, turning to show the sheriff how harmless he is, only to accidentally squeeze the trigger.

The sheriff's widow is shocked. The community grieves. And the black youth is lynched and hung without a trial.

Sally Field portrays Edna Spalding, the widow, in a masterful performance. Edna hasn't the slightest idea how to make a go of their 40-acre farm. This film, written and directed by Robert Benton (*Kramer vs. Kramer*), tells the story of her fight to save her farm and to keep her children together.

The triumph of the characterizations arises

out of Benton's ability to flesh out the several main characters by showing us their various sides. Edna herself blossoms and grows before our very eyes. She is defiant, she is forgiving. She struggles to whip her son, an assignment always taken care of in earlier days by her husband. She refuses charity from her family. She determines to save the farm when the local banker urges her to sell it and place her two children with relatives.

A black itinerant worker, Moze, wants



work. She turns him down but gives him food. When the sheriff shows up with Moze and the silver he stole from Edna's kitchen, she gambles to forgive Moze and hopes he will help her save the farm.

The banker, as "charitable" a deacon as you'll find, very "thoughtfully" unloads his blind brother-in-law on Edna as a boarder. Mr. Will at first covets only privacy.

But as the story unfolds, Edna, her two children, Moze, and Mr. Will all become intertwined. On paper, the plot sounds goody-goody and unexciting. But on the screen, Benton has painted a literary film, full of pathos, despair, and hope.

The restraint not only saves the film: it gives it integrity. The subplot of Edna's sister Margaret, her husband Wayne, and his affair with Margaret's best friend forms a helpful counterpoint to Edna's tale. But even that passion is heightened by restraint.

Benton has presented us with a memorable film, a story carved out of pain and injustice. This very worthwhile film probes the Christian and universal themes of betrayal, survival, hope and, in a dozen ways, forgiveness.

Regrettably, Benton indulges himself in a religious parable as an epilogue to the story. To this reviewer, the ending was overkill. Why destroy a strong story with a hazy parable?

Nevertheless, *Places in the Heart* is a film no thoughtful filmgoer should miss.

—MG

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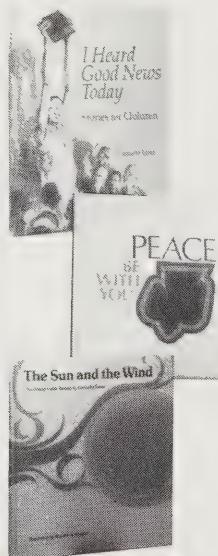
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Ever Resourceful

by Katie Funk Wiebe

The settlers in the two mother colonies in Southern Russia, Molotschna and Chortitz, visited with one another whenever possible, sharing one another's hospitality. Chortitz was known for its excellent buns, so before visitors from Molotschna returned home, they stuffed their pockets with them. The Chortitzer soon caught on and learned to bake their buns so large they wouldn't fit into pockets, starting the tradition of the grote Tweback, or big buns. —*The Harder Heritage*

These two colonies spoke variations of the same Low German dialect, the Chortitzer using more inflectional endings than the Molotschnaer. Tradition has it that when God was giving instructions to the people of the earth at the time of creation, the Old Colonists crowded close to him to get precise instructions about their future. Those who carelessly stood far away did not hear the word-endings and so have never spoken as pure a language.

At a Mennonite Church Assembly in Ontario, a visitor to the sessions greeted guest speaker Ruth Brunk Stoltzfus in the women's restroom with the words, "It's rather rare to find the speaker in the women's restroom."

Helen Good Brenneman of the Greencroft Nursing Center in Goshen, IN, relates that one of the attendants said, "Oh, shoot!" "You can't say that," replied Helen, "You're a pacifist. I say, 'Oh, baloney!'" Another aide said, "I can't say that—I'm a vegetarian." Someone else suggested saying, "Oh, fudge." But Helen replied she couldn't say that, being on a low-calorie diet. So they decided to obey the biblical injunction and let their yeas be yeas and their nays be nays.

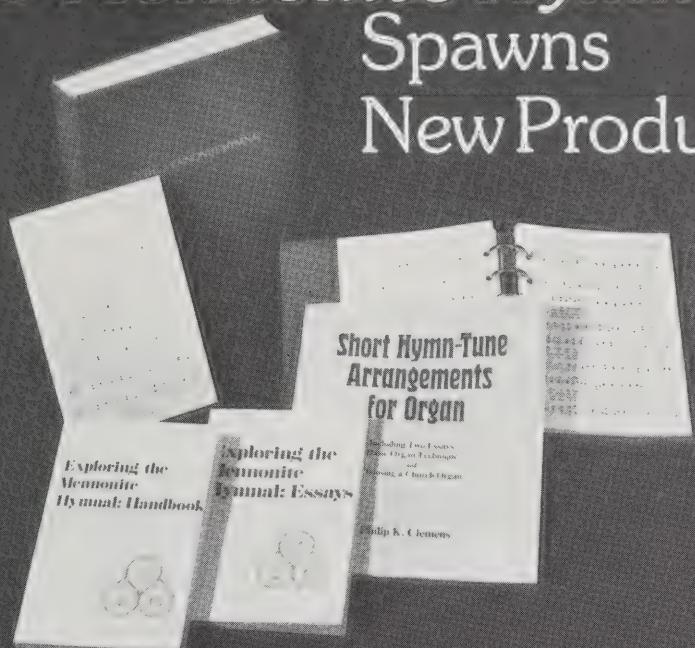
One of the most popular stories that keeps cropping up in various versions is the following: During the French revolution a guillotine was used to execute religious criminals. The first prisoner, a Baptist, was asked whether he wanted to be executed face up or face down. He chose face down. At the signal from the chief executioner the blade crashed down, but halted a few inches from the man's neck. So he was released. The second prisoner, a Catholic, was confronted with the same question: "Face up or face down?" He also requested not to watch the blade. Once again the blade came crashing down, only to stop a few inches from his neck, so he too was released. The third prisoner, a Mennonite, requested to be executed face up. Once again the blade nearly did its job but stalled a short distance from the man's neck. He turned to his executioners to say, "I think I see your problem."

The wife of one of the church members came into the shop to ask her husband for shopping money. He playfully ignored her and went about his work. After several more requests, she pulled his wallet from his pocket. He grabbed for the wallet and a friendly scuffle ensued. She said, "You claim to be a nonresistant Christian." His smiling reply as he gave her the money: "But sometimes I am also a conscientious objector!" — David Alderfer, Scottdale, PA □

Katie Funk Wiebe is a writer of many books and articles, and an English professor at Tabor College in Hillsboro, Kansas.

The editors invite you to submit humorous stories and anecdotes that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes — we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submissions to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, Tabor College, Hillsboro, KS 67063. She will give credit to anecdotes she selects.

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1980

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1983

(1983) combine to provide background commentary and information about the text and tune of each hymn. This enriches *The Mennonite Hymnal* substantially. In 1983

1983

Short Hymn-Tune Arrangements for the Organ added another dimension. Three settings of nine familiar tunes provide effective organ music for church services. Two essays—"Basic Organ Techniques" and "Choosing a Church Organ"—highlight areas for congregational consideration. In 1982, "Praise God from Whom" (606)

1982

was also made available in sheet music.

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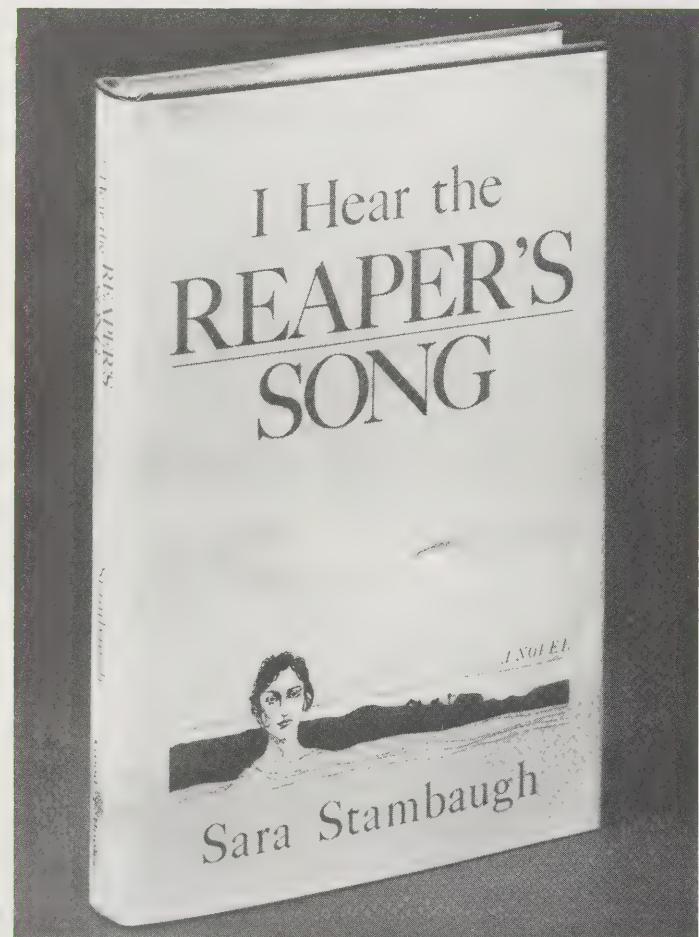
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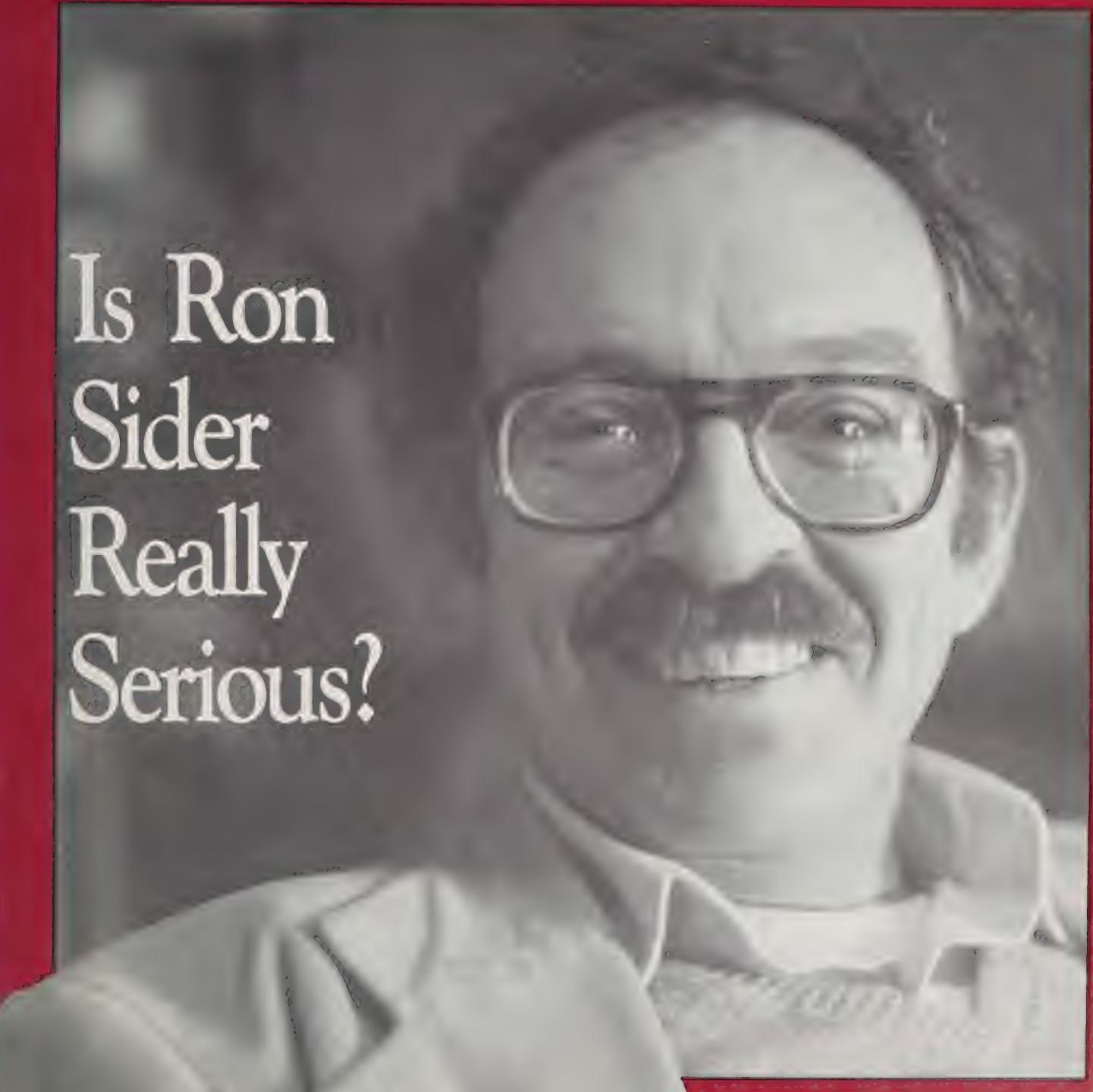


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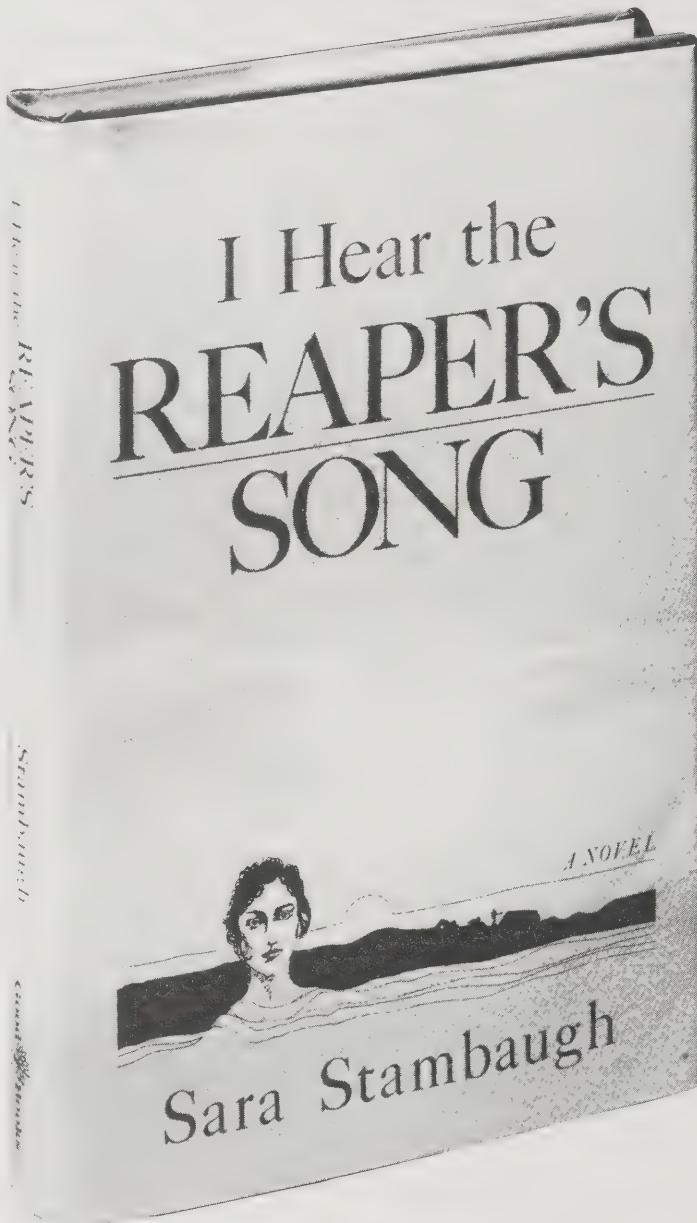
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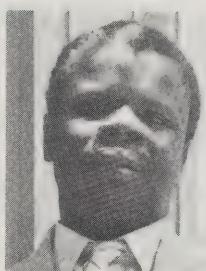
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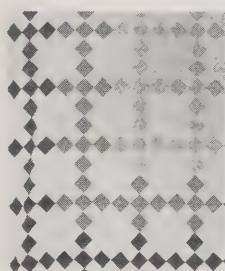


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FQ interviews Ron Sider about his call for Christian non-violent peace-keeping forces, Witness for Peace, and more.



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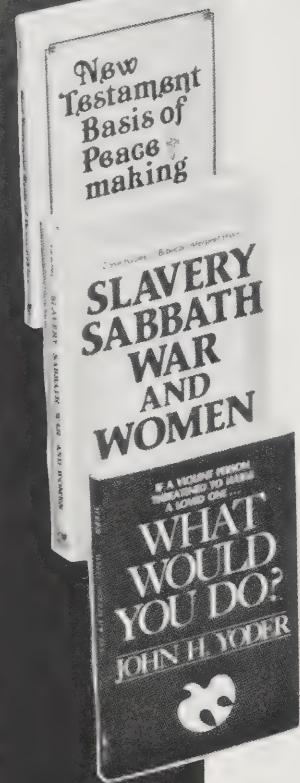
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Editor — Phyllis Pellman Good
Publisher — Merle Good

Design Director — Craig Heisey
Assistant Editor — Melanie Zuercher
Circulation Manager — E. Dean Mast

Contributing Editors — David W. Augsburger, Hubert L. Brown, Kenton K. Brubaker, Peter J. Dyck, Sanford Eash, Jan Gleysteen, Keith Helmuth, Glenda Knapp, James R. Krabill, Jeanette E. Krabill, Paul N. Kraybill, David Kroeker, Alice W. Lapp, John A. Lapp, Wilfred Martens, Mary K. Oyer, Robert Regier, Jewel Showalter, Carol Ann Weaver, Katie Funk Wiebe.

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good.

Thoughts on Choosing a Mennonite Leader

For the last year the Personnel Committee of the Mennonite Church General Board, of which I'm a member, has been working through procedures for filling the position of Executive Secretary of the Mennonite Church. To get to the heart of things, we've been struggling with two main questions: what, exactly, is this person to do, and, is there anyone anywhere who could (and would) do it?

This search is not unlike the selection of the head of a country. There are a multitude of interest groups and lobbies; many of us seem to know more about who we were than who we want to be; as a people we would be glad for more answers but not necessarily more responsibility or accountability. (It is, after all, an age of experts!)

Since, within the church, modesty and thriftiness prohibit possible candidates from running — let alone “emerging” — the job of discerning the need and the person, and recruiting that individual, falls into the hands of this committee. (It has been organizationally established that this is proper procedure!)

It is, however, just us and our best instincts, our connections throughout the church, and God and His wisdom, who will sort out this biggie.

So far we've accumulated a sizable list of questions.

What kind of a leader does this body of believers, a mini-version of the world's multi-make-up, need?

Furthermore, within a church that has traditionally minimized overhead and structure, do we really want our inspirational leading to come from a Central Office, rather than our own congregations and conferences?

Is the task of this Executive Secretary (a humble enough title) therefore, to quietly go about denominational housekeeping or to present, in unforgettable ways, what we, as a part of God's people, ought to be?

Should we search until we've found someone who can do both? On the one hand,

oversee our biennial Assemblies, stay in touch with all the conferences, keep denominational finances tidy, sort out turf questions between program boards, and so on. And, on the other hand, help us witness more effectively, improve our own spiritual wellness, give more sacrificially, increase both our unity and our various identities, and so on. It is, you see, a prophet-priest-king with financial acumen, managerial skills, and public relations savvy that we have in mind. (But whose personal style, you understand, is not off-putting!)

How, now, do we look for candidates without being disappointed?

Furthermore, how do we call someone without intimidating him (the church isn't ready for her's in this spot, we've been advised)? What support could we assure a cautiously interested candidate?

It would be, if we weren't nearly out of time, an apt occasion to counsel with every member of the church on two matters: what would each like from this post (and person), and what kind of support would each be willing to give in turn?

We are praying. We have conferred with conference leaders, and program boards and their staffs. We have sampled wisdom across the peoplehood. And the answers are less clear than the questions. As of this writing, the particular shepherd (sorry, I couldn't find a modern term) for this spot in the church has yet to be chosen.

But when we do receive a yes to God's and So what do I wish? That we could assure this brave soul that we're all willing to hear the bad news about church finances or doctrinal disagreements or whatever, as well as the good news; and that we could promise him maximum support, in spite of his minimum protection on this job. That wouldn't exactly make this a savory position, but it might take it out of the “martyr” category and place it firmly in the service department.

—PPG

What film did J. Daniel Hess see??

In his review of *And When They Shall Ask* in the Summer 1984 **FQ** he complains that the film does not really show the Mennonites' flaws. He says that it does not tell us the meaning of the Russian Mennonites' suffering, it does not show us that "the paradise along the Dneper was an exclusive country club."

I am amazed that he did not see this in the film. Almost every scene carried exactly that message, sometimes in a very heavy-handed manner. Everyone I've talked to who has seen the film recognized its message as being, "The Russian Mennonites brought their suffering on themselves, and be careful because it could happen again."

This message is exactly what was wrong with the film. It is too simplistic. The Russian Revolution means more than just Mennonite suffering. It had causes and consequences beyond the Mennonite community. Obviously, the Mennonites had flaws. Many were wealthy and benefited from the injustices of broader Russian society at the time, but not all Mennonites were wealthy and isolated from their Russian neighbors. No matter what the ivory tower aesthetic requirements for tragedy are, the historical facts show that the Mennonite suffered mostly as a result of external causes.

—John D. Thiesen
Newton, Kansas

I teach at a junior college and often use articles from **Festival Quarterly** in the classroom. This magazine is interesting and contains high level articles. I always appreciate your sending the magazine and look forward to the next issue. I want to read more articles by younger generations and more poems by Mennonite poets.

—Toshiko Aratani
Sapporo, Japan

Having in the past admired articles by Bruce Yoder, I was surprised to find myself troubled by his **FQ** offering on abortion and disarmament [Summer 1984]. His fondness for the notion of ambiguity and the way he employs it seem to me to be dangerous and

quite capable of distorting our thinking on these and other issues.

Just as costly grace and cheap grace can be usefully distinguished, so too might we distinguish between costly and cheap ambiguity. Costly ambiguity is the residue of uncertainty left after intense, thorough analysis of complex issues; cheap ambiguity encounters complexity and calls it ambiguity. Costly ambiguity is the end result of a long process; cheap ambiguity assumes ambiguity as a starting point. Costly ambiguity acknowledges the limits of human reason; cheap ambiguity excuses us from fully exercising our reason. Costly ambiguity is restless, dissatisfied, and likely to find the source of ambiguity in the distortions and limitations of human vision; cheap ambiguity affirms our vision and assures us that all the ambiguity is out there in issues and events. Costly ambiguity is an uncomfortable, disquieting sensation; cheap ambiguity is a soothing but numbing anesthetic. Costly ambiguity desires and struggles for clarity, but honestly acknowledges when clarity cannot be found; cheap ambiguity is self-satisfied and fears clarity. Put most severely, costly ambiguity yearns for truth, but cheap ambiguity doesn't want to know.

I don't think Bruce Yoder subscribes to cheap ambiguity any more than he does to cheap grace. But even though some of his statements could be read as warnings against cheap ambiguity, his own reflections contain an unhealthy dose of it.

Abortion and disarmament, fully examined, will doubtless leave us with fundamental ambiguities. But Yoder hasn't done anything like that. He has merely brought us to the point of encountering initial complexity and then, chanting "on the one hand, on the other" as if it were some Ambiguists' mantra, thrown up his hands and called it ambiguity. He seems content to raise a few questions, put two sides of a case, and leave it at that. But this tells us no more than that abortion and disarmament are genuinely issues, which isn't telling us a lot more than nothing. And certainly the work he has shown us here hasn't earned him the right to be our guide into the ambiguities of abortion and disarmament. Let's see him grapple with

one or both of these issues at length and in detail. Then at the end of that process we will likely have some substantial and costly ambiguity left to contend with.

—Joseph Liechty
Dublin, Ireland

As a childbearer (of four), I feel compelled to answer Carol Ann Weaver's challenge in your Fall issue, that "a statement on abortion belongs to the childbearer."

It seems to me that statements on abortion are valid coming from every member of society, be they men, women, pastors, teachers, mothers, fathers. It is society's issue: the issue of LIFE, in comparison to which the "mental/physical well-being" of women pales.

Fifteen million children have been destroyed in the USA since 1973, in aid of women's "mental and physical well-being." That's an issue every bit as BIG as nuclear holocaust. It is already happening. It is happening every day. It is condoned by a confused society. It is mass murder forced on innocent and helpless victims by a selfish and stronger power.

It is time we childbearers viewed our capacity to bear children as a God-given privilege rather than as a liability.

Teaching, travel, occasional writing, some church administration have not given me the same satisfaction as my relationship with my children. So often those things that have cost us something in terms of time, energy, money, commitment and shelved dreams are the things which bring us the greatest satisfaction later on.

I've always wondered why adoption is rarely put forth as an option. Biologically we are childbearers. God has made it so. But if, by our or someone else's error, a child is conceived at a time when we cannot cope with parenthood, we can lovingly place a full-term baby into the hands of longing adoptive parents.

We pass on life to our children at the moment of conception.

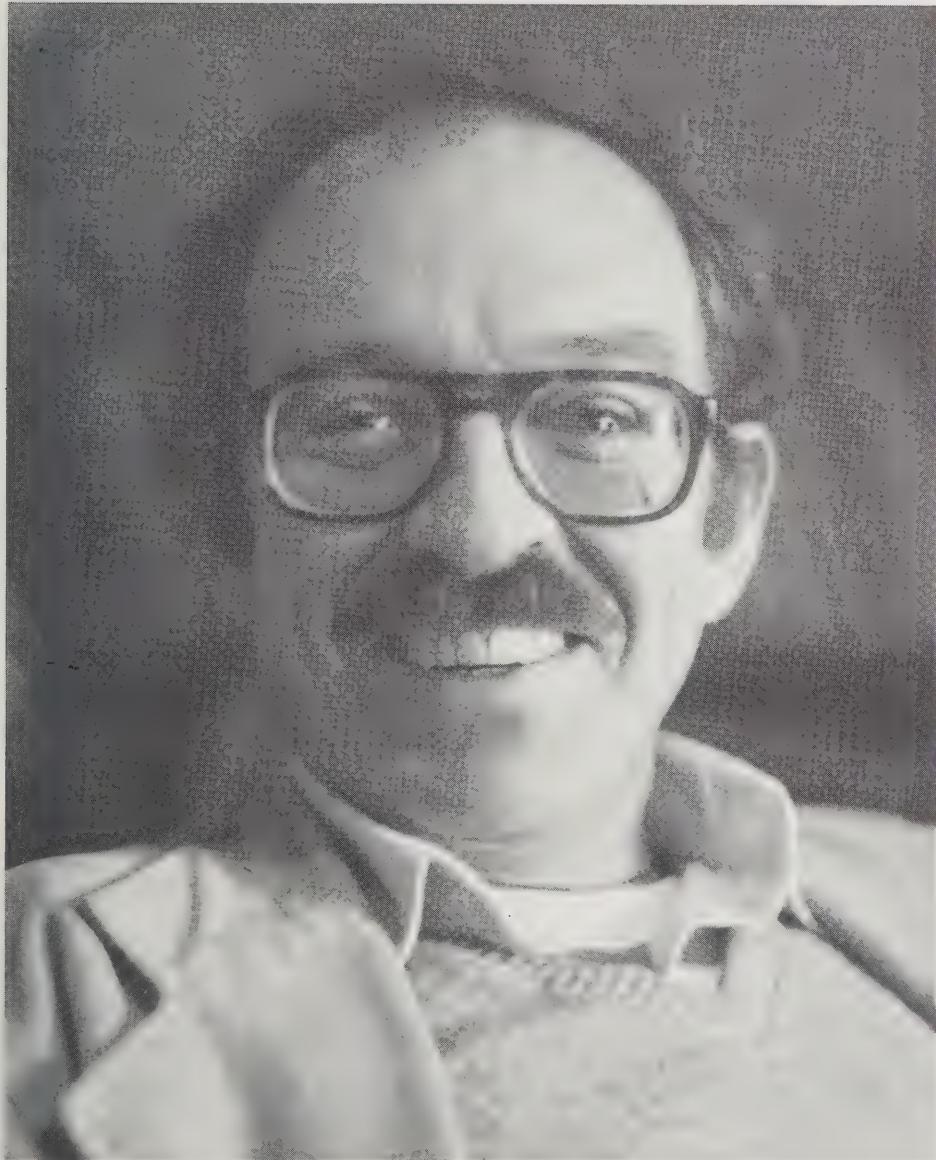
Children are forever.

—Helen Rose Pauls
Langley, British Columbia



Drawing by M. Crawford; © 1984, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

Is Ron Sider Really Serious?



Ronald J. Sider is an author, professor, and leader among evangelicals concerned with social action. He addressed the Eleventh Assembly of Mennonite World Conference in Strasbourg, France on the need for a Christian peacekeeping force who would go, in large numbers, to trouble spots in the world as a witness and physical deterrent to violence.

Festival Quarterly's publisher, Merle Good, interviewed Sider at his home in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania about his idea.

FQ: Are you really serious about this proposal about the peacekeeping force?

Sider: Yes.

FQ: How serious?

Sider: Well, I'm very serious about the suggestion that we have tended to be too quietist, and that we have not been ready to take serious risks for the sake of an activist kind of peacemaking.

Whether or not the specific proposal is the right way to go is one that I think needs a lot of discernment and testing and discussion, and probably a lot of testing in practice. I'm not meaning to say that exactly the way I spelled it out is how it's supposed to go. That needs the wisdom of lots and lots of people. But I'm sure that we need in a new vigorous way to get involved in direct action.

I'm more and more sure, the more I think about it, that the way of the cross is in fact the only alternative to ultimate self-destruction in terms of human violence. I'm also more and more sure in my gut why we don't take it — in our marriages, in our congregations, and in our life in society.

To really take the way of the cross, to really

accept the genuine pain, hurt, and violence of the other person, and to accept that into oneself, not because it doesn't matter, but because it matters awfully —that's the only way for healing and reconciliation. It is an awfully tough, tough, costly way to go.

Arbutus and I have had a wonderful marriage, but we've had enough conflict to discover that when there is real pain, it's hard to take the way of the cross. And that's true in the church, and that's true in the larger society.

FQ: How did you feel about the response to your address at Mennonite World Conference?

Sider: Overall, I felt good about the response. And the response since has been really much more than I expected. I think that the overall response at Strasbourg was very positive.

That's not to say nobody had questions. But the suggestion that perhaps I have a martyr complex is a very long way from the truth. I'd very much like to die in my bed at 85, after having lived a very happy, peaceful life! I like a margin of security. I don't like to take risks, really.

I was simply trying to be honest with the fact that if we really get into this kind of thing, people will get hurt, and we need to think about that carefully ahead of time. But it's not that I'd like people to die, and certainly not that I'd personally like to have the dramatic death of a martyr.

What I'm scared of is that we're so comfortable and so affluent and so tied in emotionally, economically, and culturally with the status quo that we no longer have enough sense of following a different drummer to be able to do it.

FQ: What type of reaction were you getting from church leaders?

Sider: The most recent indication is the statement by the Council of Mennonite Moderators and Secretaries. I must say I was extremely delighted. I'm delighted with their going that far. To say that they endorsed the idea and principle, and want it to be vigorously explored within the proper structure of the Mennonite group, is extremely exciting. I'm delighted.

FQ: Are you involved with the Witness for Peace idea?

Sider: Yes, I'm on the advisory board.

FQ: Has this idea of people going out and

living on the borders of hostile countries been tried for a good many years?

Sider: Oh, no, this is the first time that it's been done in any kind of major way, and even here it is not major. It's only maybe ten to twenty permanent persons. It's exceedingly modest. There are also teams of about two dozen persons who go down to Nicaragua every two weeks. I'm going to be doing that myself. Just for a two-week period.

FQ: What do you see as some positive aspects in Witness for Peace?

Sider: Well, it goes beyond mere words and involves putting one's body on the line. I think that that communicates a seriousness.

FQ: To whom?

Sider: To everybody involved. In this particular situation in Nicaragua, it means that since President Reagan can't really live with the political consequences of killing significant numbers of Americans, regardless of what he might be willing to do otherwise, the political consequences are simply not acceptable. So, therefore, he really dare not kill very many Witness for Peace people.

FQ: Is it true that there tends to be less shooting in the areas where they are?

Sider: Yes. But that doesn't do much to the whole war. But what it does do is attract attention. There has been very good media coverage.

FQ: Has anyone ever been hurt or injured?

Sider: No, I don't think so.

FQ: If there were a thousand, would it stop the war?

Sider: I don't know if a thousand would, but I think several thousand would. Five thousand would probably go a long way toward closing the border.

I would suspect that before that happened, the administration would test our seriousness by allowing a few people to get killed. I am pretty sure that would happen. At some basic level, it is probably the case that five thousand people in that kind of peacekeeping force, putting themselves between the Nicaraguan people and the American-funded guerrillas, with "relatively small number of deaths," would end the fighting.

I think the same thing is true in South Africa. I was told by a prominent white South

The suggestion that perhaps I have a martyr complex is a very long way from the truth. I'd very much like to die in my bed at 85, after having lived a very happy, peaceful life!

African church leader that if a few thousand white South African Christians who were evangelical would get seriously involved in non-violent direct action, and would be willing to go to jail, and be tortured, and in some cases get killed, that they would probably fundamentally change the political



FQ/Merle Good

situation, and lead to a transformation that would share power, economic and political power. In effect, a few handfuls of people, or a relatively small number of persons, ready to take the way of the cross and to go all the way in risking and sacrificing themselves, can probably prevent conflict that would otherwise

kill hundreds, maybe tens of thousands.

One ends up being ready to give one's life for the sake of many others so that many lives would be spared.

FQ: Would this have worked in Vietnam? Can it work only in small border conflicts?

Would it really work in larger conflicts? What about Afghanistan?

Sider: I certainly wouldn't start in Afghanistan. But I think that it ought to be tested in all kinds of places. I don't claim that this is the one solution for all international conflict.

I certainly think that we should continue vigorously with all kinds of non-violent peaceful ways of resolving conflict. Mediation services ought to be expanded. We ought to have far more people trained as experts in international law. Things like the International Court of Justice should have many Anabaptists involved in it. We ought to have people with more sophisticated understanding of diplomacy.

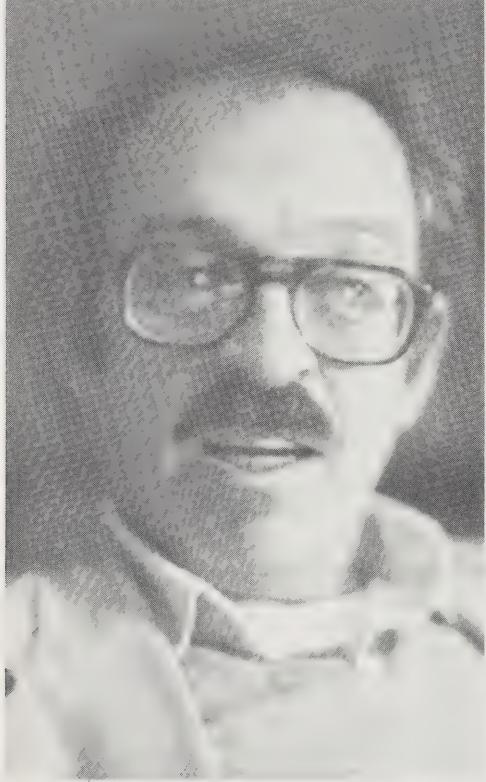
I think that one way that would sometimes be effective would be an international non-violent peacekeeping force. I think that we need to try it, to test it. I'd like to see it tested in places like Northern Ireland and South Africa. And then I think we ought to try it in Afghanistan.

FQ: You talked about \$25 million being set aside for the next three years. Let's say that one could find 2,000 persons who are willing. How does this thing not get out of hand? What are the logistics of it?

Sider: What do you mean by not getting out of hand?

FQ: Well, how would you make sure the people have enough political understanding, and are wise enough, and that they don't all become a bunch of martyrs or whatever, that you don't have a Jonestown situation where people get totally out of hand? How would you train them?

Sider: Well, for starters it seems to me that it's absolutely crucial that it be something that is endorsed and controlled by the very heart of the Mennonite and Brethren in Christ churches. That is why it's extremely exciting that the Council of Moderators and Secretaries has taken that step. I want the heart of the leadership to support it and to be responsible for it. So, if that happens then there is no danger of some crazy fringe group. This will not work if it's seen as a fringe group. It will not work, I think, if it's seen as the kind of left-wing peace activist segment of the Mennonite church and those people are not crazy fringe folk. They are not the Jonestown people in any sense at all. It must be broader than even kind of the activist peace section of the church. In terms of training, it's crucial that we have a, I'm never sure what word to use, "force" and "corps" all sound



FQ: Merle Good

Dependence on the Holy Spirit is absolutely crucial. I don't see why God wouldn't want to bless such a group with signs and wonders.

too militaristic—I'd much rather find some word that communicates peace and at the same time communicates an activist kind of willingness to move between warring parties—so the right word is not there yet—anyway, the group, the body, the force needs to be trained in the most sophisticated way.

I think that we need to be as tough as the Marines in terms of physical training. We need to have major intensive training in the techniques of non-violent resistance. We need to have a number of people who have sophisticated understanding of the diplomacy, history, economics, and sociology of any area into which we are moving. We need people who have the kind of training who can consult with the top people around the world in those areas. So, we're acting upon the most sophisticated knowledge available of what the situation is and what it's going to be like if we move in.

I think that the training also needs to include, more than any training that we've ever done in the church, extensive training in the inward journey. I would hope that every person who is a part of such a group has truly grown deeply in a life of prayer.

Dependence on the Holy Spirit is absolutely crucial. I don't see why God wouldn't want to bless such a group with signs and wonders. It seems to me that it would be enormously important, and would make sense theologically, if such a costly action would from time to time, in God's sovereign wisdom, be authenticated and blessed with the truly miraculous in God's presence.

I would hope that every person who would move into action would have at least one prayer chain from a congregation back home that was regularly praying for that person. At the points when they would first move into a dangerous situation, there would be prayer chains praying all night.

So the mixture of that kind of radical dependence on God and the most sophisticated political and diplomatic knowledge that we are capable of is what we need to put together.

FQ: Is this something that families can do? Or is it for single adults?

Sider: I don't think I know the answer to that question. It is just one of the many questions that we would have to discover in the process of developing it and doing it.

My hunch is that the center of the body needs to probably be younger, single folk, and older folk whose families have been raised, who can give themselves for two years so that they have the time for extensive training. At the same time I rather suspect that it would be

possible for families with children to be a part of actions at times, and that that would be very important. Any particular action would need to be thought out with the most extreme care and sophistication and prayer.

FQ: Do you really believe that violence will be done away with in the way that slavery has been basically done away with?

Sider: No, I don't think that if God gives us another 5,000 years on this lovely planet before Christ returns, or if it's only 50, that lethal violence will disappear, not for a minute. I think that we will have wars and rumors of wars, as the scriptures say. I think that social groups and nations will continue to be nasty and selfish, sometimes vicious. I think that sinful humanity does absolutely incredible things in human history and that God, in His sovereignty, allows humans freedom to do those sorts of things.

On the other hand, I don't think that all of that means that we can't make progress toward less viciousness and violence in human society. We did get rid of slavery and there have been times in Western history when there has been less killing internally and internationally than at other times. It seems to me that it is genuinely possible to get rid of nuclear weapons in the next couple decades.

I think that it would even be possible for some societies to decide that they would do all their internal police work without lethal violence. I think that it would be possible for those same societies to decide that they will choose to live without nuclear weapons, and also without conventional weapons.

I have no doubt that if some societies did go the non-violent route, they would suffer significant consequences from the selfishness of other nations.

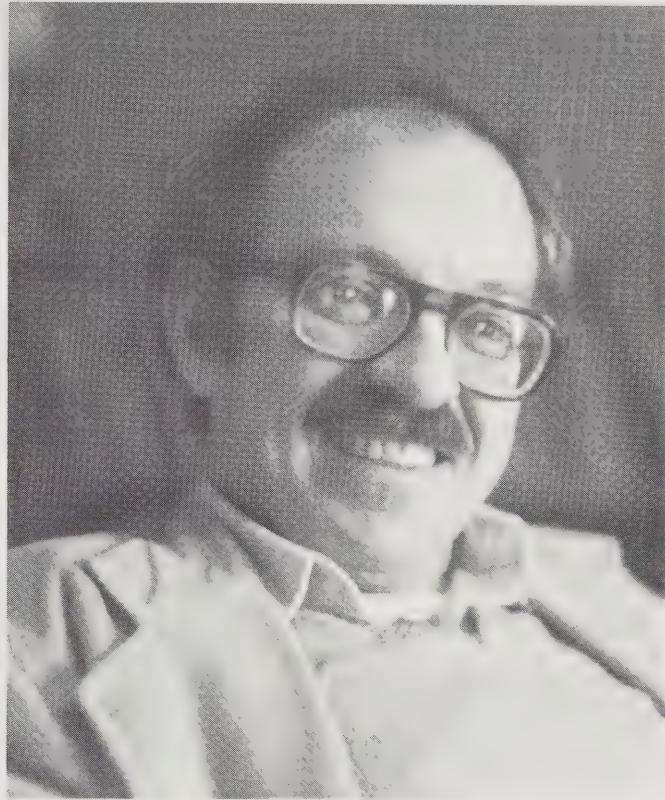
But it seems to me that Christians at least have to follow Jesus, no matter what other people do. Christians need to say, "Here's the way we're going to go, no matter what other people in the world or even in our own society do."

I think that we're at a fundamental impasse in history, and that unless we turn back in some basic way from the path that's led to an ever upward cycle of violence, we'll probably simply self-destruct.

FQ: Are you patriotic?

Sider: Yes, I'm patriotic. I, of course, grew up in Canada. The first way I'm patriotic is by being committed to Jesus' coming kingdom above everything else. That's my ultimate loyalty. I don't think that means that

I also think that it's absolutely crucial that we not claim that this nation has any greater favor in God's sight than any other nation. That kind of patriotism is biblical heresy.



one has no sense of patriotism at the level of a particular country in which one grew up or where one currently lives. I think there's always good in a particular society. The place where one experiences the gorgeous beauty of nature and the joy of family develops rightly a certain emotional attachment, and I think that's all fine.

The fundamental test of patriotism is whether or not one is rigorously applying biblical values to an analysis and critique of that society.

I appreciate a number of good things that we have. I mean, we are a significantly free society. Our democratic process is a beautiful thing. I think that's very important and worth struggling to defend. I think we have significant political liberty, certainly religious liberty.

But I think that our democracy is fundamentally threatened by the concentration of economic power in the hands of relatively small numbers of persons. I think also that it's absolutely crucial that we not claim that this nation has any greater favor in God's sight than any other nation. That kind of patriotism is biblical heresy. It's crucial that we have an equal concern for the people of all

nations. We should use the resources that history and geography have given us in this nation for the sake of justice everywhere.

FQ: Some people say it seems sometimes as though some persons who are strong on peace issues in the church are constantly beating up on the policies of the American government, and saying very little about Cuba or Afghanistan or wherever. I don't sense that in what you're saying. Does violence in Afghanistan bother you less because it isn't your tax dollars involved?

Sider: I'm opposed to violence everywhere. I'm also vigorously opposed to the kind of political totalitarianism that we have in the Soviet Union, in Eastern Europe by their imposition, in China, and certainly in other countries as well. I think that that's wrong and that the biblical view of the dignity of persons leads one to say no to that kind of oppression and totalitarianism.

I would very much like to see my kids grow up in a free society, where they can have political and religious freedom and make their own choices about all kinds of things.

I think that a peacekeeping force of the sort

I'm talking about ought to be ready at a certain point to challenge the Soviet oppression. But there's a sense in which I am first of all responsible for what my own nation does. And so if my own nation is involved in oppressing people in Nicaragua or Central America, I'm first of all responsible for that. But I think it's dishonest and very silly strategically to only condemn what the United States is doing and to not condemn what the Soviet Union is doing.

FQ: Do you have a sense of being prepared to be a leader in crises, or do you think you'll basically be a teacher ten or twenty years from now?

Sider: I have had a strong sense the last couple of years that I may become deeply involved in this kind of peacemaking action. I don't know exactly what that will mean. I think I'm ready to go that way, with a lot of prayer and a lot of fear and trembling. I'd certainly be ready to be very actively involved if the Mennonite and Brethren in Christ churches were to decide, as a body, that this was the way they wanted to go, in a major way. □

John Ruth's

Sign Language

by J. Daniel Hess

[Editor's Note: John L. Ruth, a Mennonite filmmaker from Vernfield, Pennsylvania, has written, directed, and/or produced the following seven films. In his in-depth survey of Ruth's work, J. Daniel Hess refers to the films by the abbreviations in parentheses behind each title: *The Quiet in the Land* (*Quiet*); *The Amish: A People of Preservation* (*Amish*); *606, A Community* (*Virginia*); *The Mennonites of Ontario* (*Ontario*); *Give Me Your Hand* (*MCC*); *The Hutterites* (*Hutterites*); *Strasbourg: City of Hope* (*Strasbourg*).]

When John Ruth, a well-educated, articulate, energetic professor and preacher, continued to wear the plain coat, long after the brethren of his conference dressed like everybody else, he seemed in some ways out ahead, and, in other ways, behind. He went to Harvard and he taught in Europe, he wrote books and plays, yet he wore—and still wears—that plain coat.

Why? John Ruth knows a vivid sign when he sees one. He wears it as a sign, of both his identity and his faith.

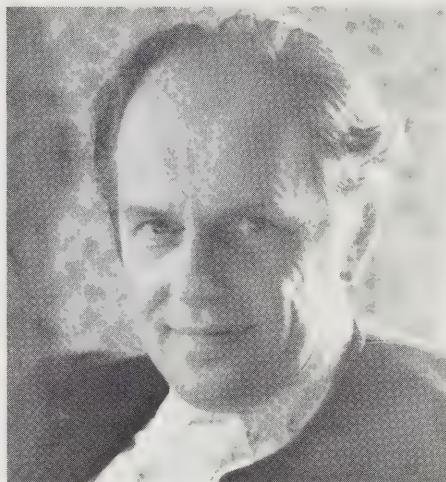
Who one is and where one comes from are important to Ruth. "To get your bearings," he says in *Quiet*, "you have to go back to where you came from." To go back, he follows—and even wears—signs.

When John Ruth began to make films, signs pervaded his films, building a perspective through which the plain people—most of them now wearing "worldly attire"—could get their bearings. In this review of his films, I shall suggest that the signs are vividly impressive but not dynamically provocative. They show and tell, but they don't act.

Raw Materials

John Ruth goes home for his materials, to the old home place. The stone house, red bank barn, horses and cows, John Deere tractor, windmills silhouetted against a setting sun, pies on the table by the window, oil lanterns, a photograph, and an old rocker.

The camera stops, zooms in: the plain coat, covering strings, a Bible, a fraktur, a map,



pottery, a table with a burn scar, a tombstone, a school bell, the *Harmonia Sacra*. He finds some of these at an old home place, others at museums.

People too are in John Ruth's films. Although they may be shown in close-up, they are not studied as individuals, but as signs. The camera shows them from the outside: children in the playground, girls cleaning ducks, boys in a buggy, men buying horses, a family saying a prayer, a congregation singing.

The film does not use the raw materials of psychology. We see farmers planting, but we don't see farmers thinking. We see history, but don't see a person's memories. We are told of a people's purpose, but the camera doesn't show us their dreams. A former Amish youth could, in an interview, tell of the excitement when young Amish boys enter church. That excitement isn't shown. A death in *Virginia*, told as a story of communal support, is presented as an emotionless event.

Nor does Ruth deal with philosophy, specifically the nature of good and evil. And curiously, the films do not work with the dynamics of communication. Seldom do his people talk with each other.

Rather Ruth chooses the raw material of cultural identity. Where people come from, what they believe, how children learn, what work's to be done and who does it, how

people dress, how they worship, how they grow old—these are Ruth's raw materials.

There are, however, some important cultural items Ruth avoids. His people are not sexual. Nor is there much evidence of misunderstandings, tensions and conflicts within families and communities and churches.

In summary, Ruth focuses on natural, physical and human objects, shown externally, and used as signs.

Methods and Techniques

The seven films do not betray Hollywood ambitions. You find no elaborate sets, few props, fewer gimmicks, few of the special effects directors seem to need to attract audiences to the theatre.

And in film history's dialectic between expressionism and realism, Ruth would clearly side with the latter. He seems removed from the magic of montage, in which the placing of one image next to another instigates an aesthetic dynamic that produces a third vision. The screens, the fog, fades, double exposures, convoluted angles—techniques whereby the expressionist shapes reality—are not a part of Ruth's tool kit.

By Hollywood standards, these films aren't expensive enough to belong even to the "low-budget" category.

Several modest elements make up the films: shots of scenery and objects (including people in action), staged re-enactments with players in costume, filmed interviews (with the interrogator off camera) and narration.

Structurally, the films follow an expository mode. The *Amish* and *Hutterite* films, after the introductions, begin with children and end with seniors, although topics break into that chronology somewhat erratically. In *Virginia*, three kinds of Mennonites are introduced followed by the "story" of a death, in the middle of which two golfers miss their putts. *Ontario* moves in a meandering course from old to new. In *MCC*, the development is geographical, from North America to Bolivia.

Much could be said about Ruth's signing. In *Virginia*, Ruth stands beside a cannon, hitting its steel wheel. "The Shenandoah Valley has symbols through which they teach



Buller Films, Inc.

their children. Mennonites have their symbols too." His cinema methodology is based upon a presentation of three kinds of signs —icons, indexes, and symbols.

As the narrator lectures on, the screen presents a scrapbook of icons (signs whose form approaches in likeness the things they represent): a fraktur of a family tree, a stained glass window commemorating Mennonite martyrdom, a cross in a professor's office.

Icons are mixed with indexes (signs that indicate the measure of their objects). Ruth gives a myriad of indexes to Mennonite workmanship: repaired shoes, canned beans, filled grain elevators, well-built carriages, solid houses.

Then there are symbols (signs that are made by convention to stand for their objects). He finds old symbols in museums, new symbols in a Toronto church. The symbols bespeak simplicity, separation, devotion, a faithfulness and peace.

There is eloquence in the signs, something *National Geographic* about them. I want to say, "Yes, that's the way it is." With less competent camera work, the films would be ordinary.

Although these signs are presented with picture postcard perfection, Ruth does not move the signs beyond direct denotation. Signs are simple. They simply are. Ruth does

not exploit cinema's greater power to encode signs into connotation.

The films, for example, do not have enigmatic codes — visual prods that, in making us ask questions, rivet us to a TV program because we need an answer, we want to find out what will happen. If there are enigmas in Ruth's films, the narrator answers before our questions are formulated.

Action codes are circumscribed. Seldom is action permitted its own authentic development. Dramatic episodes become structured skits. Worship episodes are fixed by ritual. Work episodes are fixed by habit.

Character codes seldom emerge. Personalities do not develop; they are merely interviewed. When a conservative questions a jogger in *Virginia*, we get the feeling the jogger was put up to it, just to get a picture to go with a recorded comment about joggers.

An alert viewer can find an occasional social code. When the Amish boys walk down the road, they maneuver to find their respective spaces of power. But when a congregation sings 606, the action, while impressive, is fixed and formal, allowing no social dynamic. The camera does not intercept social spontaneity.

Among other codes — psycho-social, and cultural — only the latter seems to be used to any degree.

Finally, the methodology in John Ruth's filmmaking is dependent upon message. He's got a lot of words he wants to say. He is the Sir Kenneth Clark of the *Civilisation* series, the Carl Sagan of *Cosmos*, excepting that his own person is not frequently photographed.

Here is a sample:

[The Amish] are a people, who, for their respect for the law of God, cherish the earth and keep it. They will not sacrifice community for convenience. They have not been caught up in progress, who believe that order brings unity and contentment. The people who have not yet been able to accept the first stage in the industrial revolution, though they live in its latter phase. The people who don't discard the past, who fear pride and who don't argue with nature, who know how to accept limits, who live what they believe, people who are in the world but not of it, people of preservation, a people of God.

One may argue that the films' two dominant elements — the visual signs and the spoken message — are of two separate kinds. Ruth would seem to imply that signs themselves are not enough. They must be announced, explained, and interpreted. They must be put into a historical context. And

occasionally, Ruth talks as though they must be defended.

Shape and Form

The films readily fit into the documentary rather than the feature genre. But what kind of documentary? If you turn off the sound, the films approach a poetry of pictures. With the sound, the films shift to instruction and explanation. When the camera is allowed to browse, uninterrupted, the movies are anthropological. When shots are made to be displayed, one gets the sense of being in a museum.

The word docu-drama doesn't work well either. When the camera, even in *Quiet*, fixes upon a staged historical event, the movies are wooden and didactic. The skits don't give us sweaty hands. Let Amish men load a hay-wagon, and there is a measure of drama; make a Mennonite explain herself, and the spontaneity is gone.

The mode of the films is not narrative, although Ruth, both in historical writings and in his films, seems to want to invent a new kind of time-story. Rather, the mode is a combination of the descriptive, the expository, and the argumentative. The pictures describe, the narrator explains, and the effect is an argument in defense of the cultural integrity of a people.

What kind of documentary? A vividly illustrated lecture.

In authorism, a critical perspective in film study made famous in this country by Andrew Sarris, the person of the director is analyzed to explain the shape of the director's films. While I am not inclined to dissect John Ruth, I would suggest that the person and the films function not as exploiter, but as explainer; not as voyeur, but as visitor; not as poet, but as preacher; not as anthropologist, but as apologist.

Uses and Purposes

As economic commodity, the films do not make a capitalistic bonanza. There aren't enough paying Mennonites to bring a profit to Ruth's films (or Kauffmann's films or Dueck's films). The tourist audience — the mildly and temporarily curious — may stop to see a film, but they won't pay big money to see a documentary. Some folks in Harrisonburg might drive across town to see a Shenandoah Valley picture, but they wouldn't buy a seat to see a film about Strasbourg, France. And even if *Encyclopaedia Britannica* would distribute the film — as is the case with *Amish* — the financial return is discouraging. As one filmmaker told me recently, "There's no money in Mennonite filmmaking." But fortunately Ruth doesn't make



films for money.

As artistic product, the films may be short-lived. *Virginia*, made in 1981, is so dated, that knowledgeable viewers become distracted by three-year-old antiquities: the widower is remarried, the new college president is no longer new, a central building has burned, a family is scattered.

As historical specimen, there is a mixed verdict. On the one hand, films do not carry historical detail well. In *Strasbourg*, I was too absorbed by icons — a church tower, for example — to register who was arguing against whom in the town council. Yet historians would say that there weren't enough facts: even a careful viewer of *Strasbourg* wouldn't do too well on an objective test about Anabaptists.

In another way, however, the films are valuable historically, in that they show how a filmmaker, in the 1980s, perceived and conceived things Mennonite. These films, in and of themselves, will endure, just as Christopher Dock's treatise on school discipline has endured. Archivists will judge the films, not by what they aren't, but by what they are — John Ruth's cinematic essays on Mennonites.

Each film is a document, made with care, borne of a conviction about how life ought to be lived, shaped to emphasize values and the

positive results of traditional standards, even when those norms seem odd and quaint and restrictive.

Each film is made memorable by its signs, largely visual but sometimes aural, thrown upon the screens of our already overtaxed consciousnesses. Those pictures will retain their force long after other images fade from our memories.

There is something cantankerous in these films. In some pious kind of way, they thumb their nose at the world, and present a courageous antithesis to the modern thesis.

Ruth tells about Mennonites in Franconia and Ontario and Virginia and Strasbourg. They are pretty much all the same film, all made sturdily but of one pattern. They all handle Mennonites as precious museum pieces, and precious they may be. But Mennonites should not be protected from the cinematic approaches that reach deep into psychological, social and even philosophical chambers for pictures Mennonites don't usually look at.

John Ruth should move in some of those directions. I think his cinematographer, Burton Buller, will go with him. □

J. Daniel Hess, who teaches communication and English at Goshen (IN) College, is the author of *An Invitation to Criticism*.

Fifty Years— the View from Shirati

by Josiah M. Muganda

This summer, representatives of the entire Tanganyika Mennonite Church (TMC) gathered at Shirati, Tanzania, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Mennonites in our country. It was 1934 when missionaries from the Lancaster Mennonite Conference in Pennsylvania came out here, searching for a mission site. At first they did not know exactly where to go, so they visited several places and countries, seeking advice also from other mission boards. Finally they came to Shirati in Tanzania and, within a few years, they had built six mission stations in today's Mara Region.

At the anniversary celebration were 50-year-old men and women who were babies or toddlers when the mission came. I was one of them! (Don Jacobs, who was just a boy, also, when the mission began, came along with other North Americans to address our gathering.) Among the other participants were the first believers who were the first to be baptized and the first to take holy communion. And in the audience were the first wedded as Christian couples. These eyewitnesses were a cloud of witnesses around the Jubilee. Some of them depicted the arrivals of the first missionaries and the problems they encountered in securing a site to start the work. They sang the first song they were taught: "Come to Jesus... just now."

We fellowshiped. We praised the Lord. We heard choirs composed mostly of youths of primary school age. Their songs were biblical, evangelical; they were historical, theological and prophetic. We wondered where these young people find time to read the Bible and compose songs from it without any pastor or deacon to teach or lead them. They have never attended Bible school. They are not trained as musicians. By

Western standards, they are unlearned. But the messages of their songs penetrate down to the bottom of Christian hearts, evidence that the Holy Spirit is at work in their minds and hearts and lives.

We also remembered when the missionaries first came into our area with incentives. We took in their message. We accepted their leadership almost unquestioningly. We Afri-

of people were employed than ever before. Besides that, the missionaries introduced reading, writing and arithmetic. Swahili, which is our national language and which is spoken by about 55 million people in Africa, spread much faster, partly because of the missionaries' work.

And, they taught the love of God and brotherhood of man. Our believers were

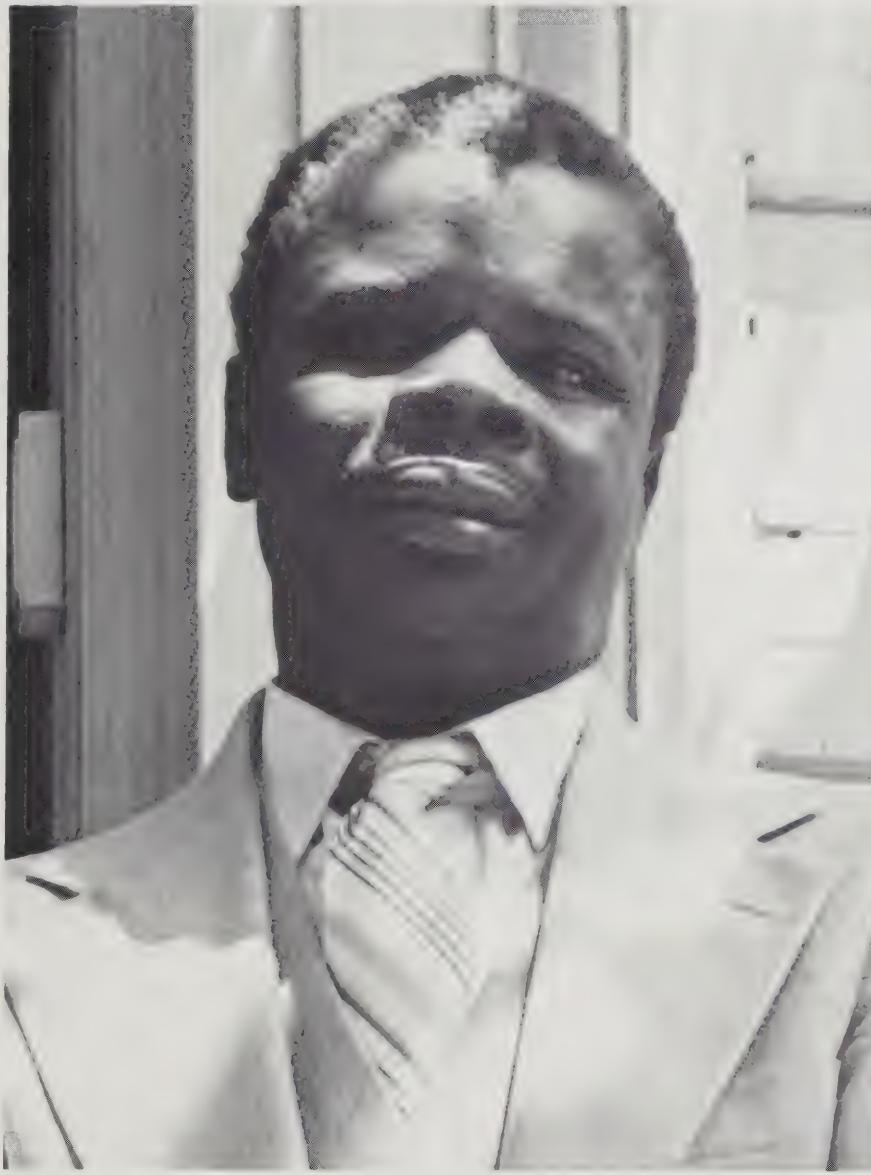
encouraged to get medical treatments at the mission stations rather than go to the *juju*. Our women were taught how to sew children's clothes and housecrafts, and about family cleanliness and cookery. They were also trained in childcare, health and sanitation. Such teachings reduced our mortality rate. Barren women were treated by missionary doctors and soon after they bore children. Our Christian folks had big families of healthy children. Most of them grew up to maturity and became brilliant students. Husbands were taught to love their wives and be devoted to their families.

From the very beginning, all the leadership was provided by missionaries. If Africans were used in decision-making, they were used as a means to an end. Missionaries were policy-makers, decision-makers and paternalistic.

The Africans were, at the same time, studying to know the strangers among them and the strategies they used to run things. They wanted to study the attitudes and behaviors of the white

folks. In fact, the Africans, after some time with the strangers, nicknamed them according to their behaviors, attitudes and morphology or body structures. Thus, after a few years there arose conflicts of interests between the two groups.

Whatever the incentives used by the missionaries — economic activities, rudimentary medical treatments, three Rs education — all



FQ Beth Oberholzer

cans viewed the mission as our source for social change and modernization. For the mission came with new economic activities. Buildings were put up, bushes were cleared and some trees felled. Then new plants, new trees and beautiful flowers were planted. Roads were made from one building to another. New ideas and technical skills were introduced into our societies. Bigger numbers

were used as a means to an end: to bring the Africans to Christ. They expected to produce plain Christians, nonconformed to the societies around them. Missionaries regarded African cultures, tribal customs and norms as pagan and heathen. They sought to establish a church set apart from the world.

Then came a moment when missionaries prepared an agenda to put to an end these African customs: circumcision of both males and females, ear-ectomy, sharpening of upper teeth, taking out of six lower teeth, bridal price, and wailing for the dead. In addition to custom, African songs and music, some sports, dances and any kind of alcohol, were all banned. To the missionaries, African cultures were incompatible with the Christian faith. These, they thought, were pertinent issues to be discussed.

However, to the Africans, the pertinent issues were their welfare and well-being. They wanted to know what their future would be in the church. They had come of age. They tended to be argumentative, if not rebellious. They refused to talk of anything until they knew what their futures would be. They wanted to know how much wages they would get. They wanted to have more education, if not for them, at least for their children.

The African churchmen were surprised to see the missionaries' cooks paid much higher salaries than those who worked for the church. Since the gospel message was "central" in the missionary activities, the Africans did not understand why a carpenter, a driver, and even a laborer received much more money than a church elder, a bush school teacher or an evangelist. "Behold we left all to follow thee, what then shall we get?" the Africans reasoned. They had been called out of their birthplaces for the sake of the gospel. They expected abundant blessings and riches like Abraham.

Some left the church for good, while many who stayed did not live up to the standard required. "Since our expectations were not met or realized, we will be nominal Christians," they thought.

However, there came a spiritual revival. The people fasted. They prayed. They searched their souls and hearts and God heard them. If the Africans had led hypocritical lives, hiding physical sins, missionaries had harbored sins of attitudes, "the holier-than-thou" type. Both groups confessed their sins and attitudes respectively. They walked in the light. They had fellowship together.

This was the beginning of new life, vigor and spiritual vitality. Both groups started seeing new visions and expanded horizons for evangelization. Revival made missionaries

more understanding and reasonable. They softened their knots of rigidity and were now willing to listen to genuine demands of the African churchmen. The Africans who had vowed to talk of nothing until they knew of their future, were now willing to propagate the gospel with little pay or no pay at all.

The years between 1945 and 1960 saw enormous changes, not only for the country, but also for missions, including the Mennonite missions. Unions blossomed in the Lake Zone. Missionaries in the area tried to discourage their followers not to join such worldly economic institutions.

After World War II, the colonial government planned to expand African education and asked the Christian mission to follow suit by operating schools which were registered by the government, with trained and certified



teachers. But that was hard for the Mennonite missionaries who saw registering the schools as conformity to this world. Nor did they want to allow their teachers to be paid by the government, for that meant that their teachers would directly be under government regulations. Missionaries, fearing they would lose control, became restless and hesitant.

Our fathers had insisted earlier on having African education expanded and on having trained and certified teachers who were paid by the government. That would be their taxation money coming back to them, they had reasoned. Then in 1954 a strong political party was launched to demand independence from the British. It appealed to the masses to join hands. Many Christians were tempted, but the missions tried to caution their followers not to become part of worldly and

non-Christian things, for that was conforming to this world. But many Christians, including Mennonite ones, either quietly or openly joined TANU.

These historical forces, together with spiritual awakening and some advice from Mission Board personnel, obligated the Mennonite mission to enter the fields of education and medicine with new force and initiative. Middle schools were built, along with an Alliance Secondary School. Even these were not enough for all our people, so some went to other missions' middle and government secondary schools, and others were sent to teacher training colleges belonging to the government or to other Christian missions.

These educational and medical facilities enabled the mission to reach out to many people through Bible class teachings, both in government and the mission schools. Students at all levels were encouraged to come to church on Sundays. And some parents came to church because their children happened to attend our schools. Evangelism was carried out to a great extent. These social services enabled the church to increase in leaps and bounds.

Furthermore, between 1950 and 1960 was a decade to ordain African pastors. These pastors started new parishes away from the mission stations. They worked hard to spread the gospel and to strengthen Christians. Sometimes God uses historical happenings to teach the church, to disperse and strengthen it.

In 1961, two African pastors visited the Mennonite churches in the United States and Canada to see and learn the work of the church there. In the same year, two TMC students went to Eastern Mennonite College to study. From that time on, every year several students went to Mennonite colleges — EMC, Goshen, Hesston and Bluffton. We who chanced to go to the United States found the Mennonite colleges with open doors to receive us, the Mennonite homes to receive and entertain us generously, and the Mennonite congregations quite willing to donate money for our scholarships. The colleges, the churches and homes were partners in our development. Ten years later, TMC had a reservoir of well-educated people from Mennonite colleges and from the University of Dar Es Salaam and other institutions of higher learning in our country.

These fellow Christians are now all over our country, working in almost every Ministry. Some are holding very senior positions in the State House, in the Prime Minister's Office, in Foreign Affairs, in the Ministry of Health, the Ministry of Home



EMBMC Mahon Hess

Affairs, the Ministry of Agriculture, and in the Ministry of Labour and Manpower Development. We have had an Ambassador to China; we have a Private Secretary to the President. We have a Chief of Protocol in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

High official ranks, big positions and posts, to us, are not conformity to this world. These brothers can enable the church to have access to the government in case of problems. For instance, during the Jubilee, the Regional Medical officer, a graduate of EMC, and Dar Es Salaam University Medical School, used a government Land Rover to take people to the Jubilee and back. A District Executive Director, who is a graduate of Hesston College, used his office Land Rover to take people to the Jubilee. And a principal of the Home Economics Institution in Musoma, a graduate of EMC, used her office bus for the same

reason. It pays for parents to have educated children. It pays for a church to have high-ranking officials as members of the church.

Nationally, we have a great need for institutions to participate in the development of our country. Recently the government has called on churches and other voluntary organizations to start projects that would enhance the country's development — economic projects that would increase the prosperity of the people, technical and professional schools that would give skills to youths to make them self-reliant. The government now is encouraging churches to start teacher-training colleges. Most of them have taken heed and have responded favorably. Until now TMC is silent and standing still like water in a bottle. To enter the stream and flow into the national development is not only to develop our own members, but also to develop the nation.

Donald R. Jacobs, the last TMC missionary bishop, gave the key address at our Jubilee. He emphasized some crucial points, including Christian education, strong Christian homes, the nurturing and training of Christian leadership. Indeed these are important for church growth. TMC needs more vision, foresightedness, planning for economic projects, statistical data collections and Christian leadership training. Unless the situation is arrested soon, our youths and their choirs might decrease in number. TMC might be like parents who have children, but because of biological reasons, they never grow to maturity, but die at the infant stage of their development. □

Josiah M. Muganda is a retired Principal Education Officer who works currently for a Local Government Service Commission. He is an Elder in the Dar Es Salaam Mennonite Church.

A Pilgrimage:

Deciding to Go

In February, while on a sabbatical year in England, I noticed a brief announcement in the *Guardian* about a 500-mile pilgrimage walk from St-Jean Pied-de-Port at the French-Spanish border to Santiago in northwestern Spain. My interests in the medieval musical and architectural heritage of pilgrimages prompted me to write for additional information to the leaders of the group, Kosti and Carroll Simons in Barcelona, Spain.

The stated aims of Pilgrims International, a non-profit, non-sectarian organization, is "to encourage pilgrimage as an act of Christian worship, to encourage spiritual unity amongst Christians, and to recreate the fellowship of the medieval pilgrim's road among people of all nations." That was consistent with my own interests, so on July 15 I found myself at the foot of the Pyrenees mountains in southern France with 12 other pilgrims from six countries, ready to begin a new venture.

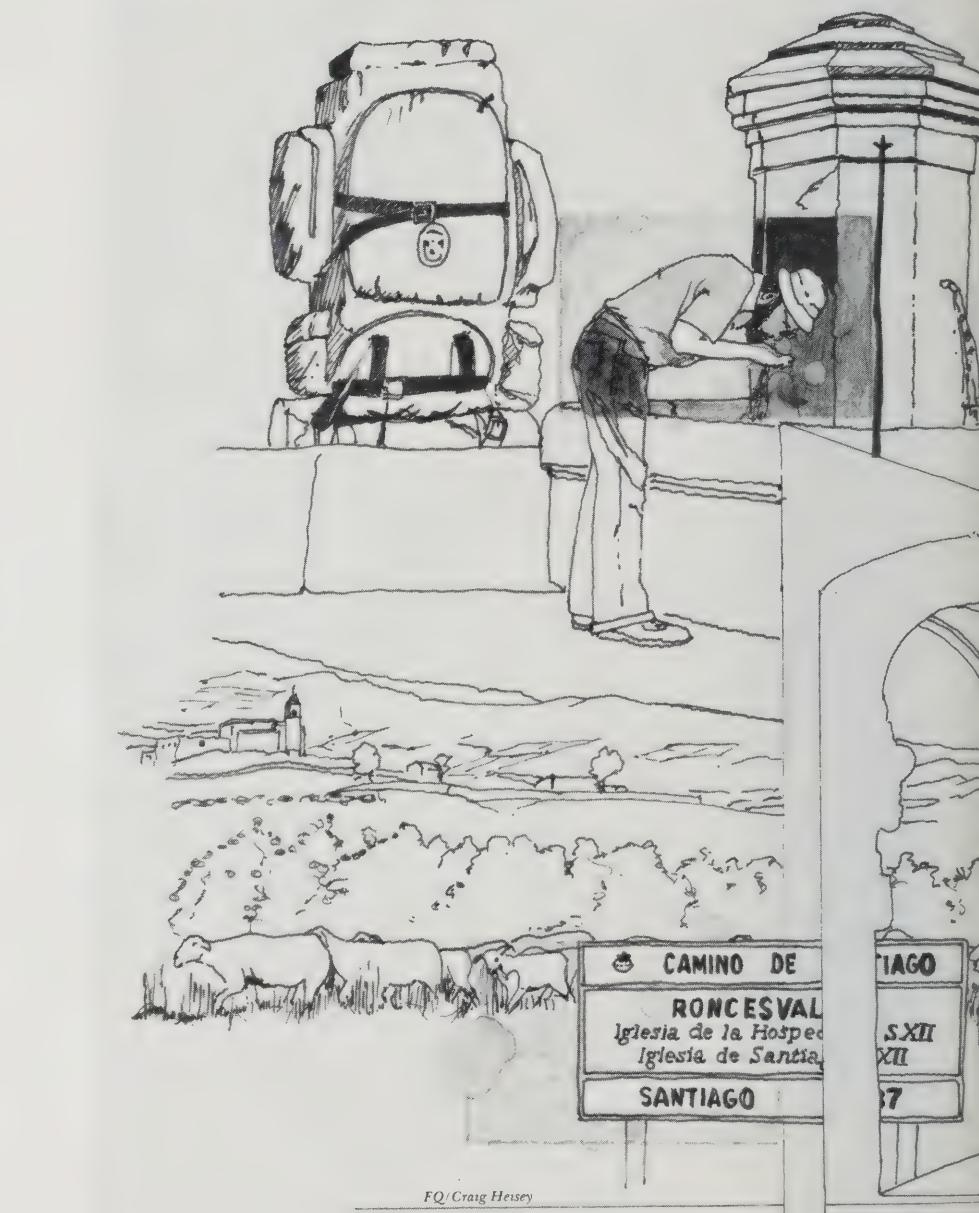
My backpack contained a sleeping bag and floormat, camping stove, food, some extra clothing, and as requested, "plasters for blisters, and something for constipation and diarrhea." The anticipation of walking 15 miles a day, sometimes over rugged terrain, and the advice concerning the last stated items turned the tide of interest for my wife, Miriam, and 13-year old daughter, Janice, who decided that a literary pilgrimage in Ireland accomplished through a farmhouse bed-and-breakfast plan would be more to their liking.

Why This One?

Why a pilgrimage and why Santiago? In the Middle Ages, Santiago was the third most important pilgrimage in Europe (Jerusalem ranked first and Rome second).

A pilgrimage is a journey to a holy place where in some particular way the presence of a supernatural power is demonstrated. Pilgrimages existed since prehistoric times and early Christians were particularly devoted to holy places associated with Christ, saints, and apostles — especially those near Christ himself. Hence Jerusalem, Rome, and Santiago associated with Christ, Peter and James were the three most important goals of pilgrimage in the Middle Ages.

Christ's apostle, St. James — the greater, that is — was killed by the sword, according to St. Luke. As legend has it, his remains were carried to Spain where they were kept hidden by the Christians during continuous wars and invasions by the barbarians. In the ninth century, after some miraculous signs, the tomb was rediscovered. The word spread to



FQ/Craig Heisey

all parts of Europe, pilgrimages began, and much of Spanish history was conditioned by this event. The Cathedral in Santiago was built in memory of the apostle. Many of the artistic, cultural and economic developments in Spain were a result of the thousands of pilgrims who yearly made Santiago the goal of their pilgrimage.

So in recreating this particular pilgrimage we were keeping company with pilgrims such as El Cid, Francis of Assisi, Pope John XXIII, King Louis VII of France, and millions of ordinary people who found pilgrimage a way of strengthening their faith.

Sheep, Cowbells, Getting Lost

At 8:30, after our breakfast and a visit to the market in St-Jean, we met on the bridge to begin our walk. We were fortunate to have an overcast day which kept temperatures tolerable. The first ten miles to the top of the mountain were more exhausting than I had anticipated. But the green grass-covered fields with flocks of sheep and continually new panoramic views provided an idyllic setting and inspiration to continue on. The silence of the path was broken only by our voices and by distant cowbells.

A Diary

by Wilbur Maust



We had lunch on the top of the mountain just after we crossed a cattle guard — our informal, grass-carpeted entry into Spain. Just below the highest peaks we were sheltered from the wind and we had a startling look at the valley and the Pyrenees eagles as they soared below us. Several hours later as we were descending we had an impressive view of the monastery at Roncesvalles where we were to spend the first night. But as we descended the hills through the dense forest, we lost the yellow signs which marked the path and became hopelessly lost. Thus, our day was extended by several hours. On arrival

we found the welcome sight of thick pads on the dormitory floor where we were to spend the night. We unburdened our backpacks and took an hour's rest to restore our most battered limbs and feet.

When we were joined by the group who had taken two days to arrive, the village priest officiated at a medieval ceremony in which he successively blessed us, our backpacks and our walking sticks.

Re-discovering *Pilgrim's Progress*

After a second night, interrupted only by snores and a short Spanish song from Pedro,

one of two Spanish students with the group, we again started on our way at 6:30. About seventy-five percent of the time, our path followed the borders and hedges of fields, through vineyards, sometimes directly through wheatfields, ready for harvest at the beginning of the walk, and in or past harvest several weeks later. At times the path was gravelled, at others the original stones of earlier centuries remained. The old stone bridges — strong enough for walkers and sheep but not substantial enough for modern tractors or other vehicles — were a beautiful sight. In cities and at other points along the way the path merged with modern highways and we had to share the route with traffic.

By 11:00 a.m. on this second day of walking, the clear skies produced a very hot sun. Two hours later and hotter still, we found it necessary to take more than one five-minute break per hour of walking. We stopped for a short lunch and continued on, following closely our one inch per mile map. By 2:30 Alex, Pedro and I were quite exhausted from the continuous climb, the heat and the lack of a place to refill our water containers. In fact, since we had not seen the yellow markers for an hour, we knew we were lost and the only path was the logging trail we were on that continued endlessly up the mountain.

Eventually we found a small village with a large well and watering trough. It was good not only for a refreshing drink but for a cooling shampoo and wash for me, and a bath for Pedro, who plunged into the stone trough.

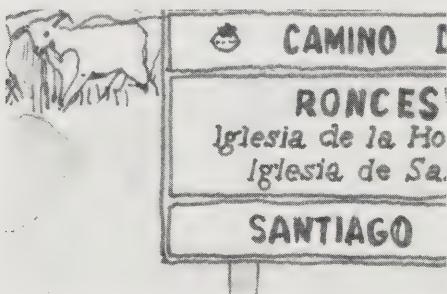
After a rest in the old school in Zibiri where we were staying for the night we had a swim in the river where we washed our clothing, and then shopped for our daily food supply. This evening, as was the daily custom we met for a period of singing, prayer, reading and discussion of another portion of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and received instructions for the following day's walk.

Singing is the Best Pain Killer

Having learned about Spain's mid-day heat we began to routinely rise at 5:30 in the morning to begin walking before daybreak. The sight of the sun rising over the hills took on a special meaning as we stopped for breakfast soon after. Although we were primarily heading west, we did look to the rising sun and sometimes we sang, "Let us break bread together on our knees . . . with my face to the rising sun." There was a beautiful simplicity about the bread and coffee breakfasts at daybreak. In an era of plenty we sometimes forget the dependence on bread that many people have. Here in Spain the plentiful wheatfields, vineyards, and flocks of

sheep form the central triad of life's needs.

Sore muscles and blistered toes began to tell me that something was happening to me physically. Simon, an experienced walker at twenty, had sound advice: "Keep walking." He advised us to keep toenails trimmed to avoid sores when walking descending slopes,



told us never to remove shoes until we had completed our walk in order to avoid swelling. But for blisters and sore muscles: "Keep walking." His advice seemed to work, although I found singing to be the best pain killer. I again discovered the joys of singing in the outdoors — mostly to myself when walking alone but also with others who were eager to learn folk songs, spirituals and hymns. I had no idea what a store of memorized songs I could recall. But as singing through the wheatfields, on the ridges, in the valleys began to take more of our time, it helped to draw us together as a group.

Walking also allowed us time to get to know the other pilgrims. We walked sometimes as a complete group but often were spaced out into groups of two or three or six. I was surprised at how much we began to learn about each other through these conversations along the path. Consequently, we began to care more for each other and the points of irritation that arose in the first day began to fade. The feeling that "I'm entitled to the apple I carried for 10 miles," for example, began to diminish as we picked up the generous cues, particularly from the Spanish members of the group, who didn't mind asking for something, but were even quicker to offer a litre of milk that they carried along not only for themselves but for everyone. The Spanish people were generous in other ways: Ask them, "Where is . . ." and they would walk with you even though it might take an extra five or ten minutes of their time. They wouldn't think of taking out a snack on the train, for example, without offering those around them a portion as well.

We arrived in Viana on July 24, the day before the Feast of St. James (Santiago). Since we had facilities to cook, Marie Cruz prepared a paella meal for us and we enjoyed our first feast, in keeping with the high spirits of the

villagers, and in preparation for the afternoon, evening and all-night festivities. In late afternoon after a parade, they gathered for the local bullfight (money to be used by the church for charity). I personally preferred to avoid such violence but could hear the "oles" from my room in a nearby street. Following the fight the villagers gathered for a dance in the square. They danced not only in front of the band but young and old, children with grandparents and every possible combination danced through streets, alleyways and arcades, with a spirit I have never witnessed before. At 6:00 the next morning party-goers and lovers were still seen on the streets, under arcades and in doorways — the leftover vestiges of the party.

"Hymn of St. James" and "Kum-ba-yah"

We saw them as the priest opened the church for us so we could sing the morning vigils that we had prepared. Before I left Cambridge, I had transcribed the "Hymn of St. James," which is to be sung at Vigils early in the morning on July 25th for the Feast of St. James. Since the group was eager to learn this Latin Gregorian unison hymn taken from the *Codex Calixtinus*, an 11th-century manuscript kept at Santiago, I taught it to them. The hymn tells of St. James who, according to legend, performed thousands of miracles in Galicia. It tells of the great cathedral built in his honor, and of the many peoples and tongues who came praising the Lord to Santiago on pilgrimage.

In addition to the "Hymn to St. James" we sang "Kum-ba-yah," and from the far side of the nave I sang, "Be still my soul, the Lord is on thy side." This little ceremony of song early in the morning on the Feast of St. James is one of those unforgettable experiences that brought us close together and one that many of us recalled later. The village priest then walked with us, showing us the way out of the village and onto our path. During our walk that day we stopped in several churches along the road and were granted permission to sing our hymn after their services were over.

Although I had planned to stay with the group only a week, I decided to change my plans and continued on for a second week. Since I was thoroughly "broken in" physically and past the blister stage it seemed a good idea. Earlier it had not seemed important that I get to Santiago. Besides, I had to return to Canada to teach before the group would arrive at their destination. But after two weeks of walking I decided I wanted to see Santiago.

Getting There

I arrived there by train early in the morning, walking immediately with my backpack and walking staff to the old square where the cathedral was located. I'm personally a bit skeptical about the experiences many claim to have upon viewing this edifice for the first time. I was not moved by it, but after some minutes entered its west portal. There I was immediately struck by the "Gate of Glory," the original Romanesque facade with its triple arches covered with a sermon in stone. The architecture and sculpture (with over 200 statues) merge wonderfully in a symphony of expressive movement. The figure of St. James is seen on the central column and it is he who presides as the 24 old men of the Apocalypse — each holding a medieval musical instrument — prepare for the divine, eternal concert about to begin.

I paused for a short prayer of thanks before the central pillar. Then, I placed my hand on the marble column and let my fingers slip into the depressions made by millions of Christians who had arrived at the end of their pilgrimage centuries earlier.

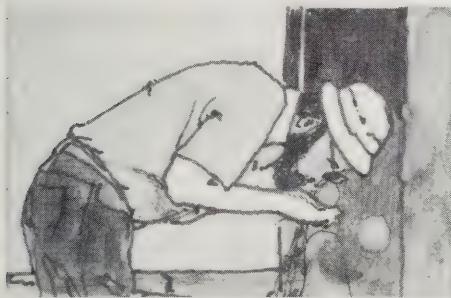
I decided to save a more thorough exploration of the cathedral for a later time and went immediately to the official who could grant me the document which would authenticate my pilgrim status. Although I already had eleven stamps, usually secured from a church official in villages and cities enroute from Roncesvalles to Burgos, the portion of my document from Burgos to Santiago was empty. Apprehensively I waited for about 15 minutes in the cloisters, fearing that I would not be able to get my document,



but was finally ushered into the spacious office. With the aid of some French and Italian (he knew no English and I knew no Spanish) I managed to explain that I was obliged to return to Canada and was thus not able to walk the complete path to Santiago. I also showed him my transcription of the "Hymn of St. James" from the *Codex Calixtinus* which was housed in the archives of the Cathedral. I was more than pleased to be issued the official document and to make arrangements to see the original *Codex* the following morning.

Official Pilgrim Status

Having produced my document, the official phoned the Hostal de los Reyes Católicos, the 16th-century hotel of the Catholic Kings — a five-star hotel and considered one of the best in Europe — and arranged for me to take my meals there free. This rather extraordinary side benefit of official pilgrim status is granted to approximately 10 pilgrims per day in the spirit of the medieval pilgrims who were granted hospitality of food and lodging during and at the end of their journey. I was not given a table in the grand dining room, but with other pilgrims I made my way to the kitchen, picked up my wooden tray and had it decked with whatever



was offered to working staff at that particular meal. I then went to the modest dining room and ate with the staff as well.

Handling the Original Codex

I found a room for the night with a window which opened to the double spires of the cathedral. The following morning I was at the door of the archives at 9:00, trusting that my plan to see the *Codex* would become reality. After some preliminary questions I showed the archivist my transcription and was ushered in to sit at an old oak table. Momentarily, the 11th-century *Codex* was placed before me. I quickly looked at several of the illuminations, especially the one with Pope Calixto with quill in hand writing the *Codex*. Then I found "Folio 101 verso" which contained the "Hymn" that I had transcribed from a photographic facsimile of

the original. The manuscript is an extraordinarily beautiful and carefully prepared one. To my copy I added a pitch which had not been visible in the facsimile and as I closed the *Codex* I felt a warm wave of satisfaction that my pilgrimage, in a musical sense in particular, had been fulfilled.

In a Santiago shop I found a calabatha, or gourd, like those used by medieval pilgrims on their walking staves. I cut off the top, cleaned out the seeds, found a cork for the top and fastened it to my own pilgrim's staff that I carried throughout my pilgrimage. The comfort of the staff mentioned in Psalm 23 took on new meaning for me. It was useful for support, particularly for steep and rugged areas for both ascending and descending. But with the added gourd for carrying liquids it attracted too much attention in cities and I had to remove it again.

But the walking stick with its small cross on the top served to identify me as a pilgrim at the station in Santiago as I was leaving for Burgos to rejoin the group for two days. Another pilgrim, Frances, introduced herself and told me she was returning to her home in Brittany in France. She had walked for two and one half months the 1000 miles to Santiago alone. Kosti, our leader, had also walked barefoot the 1000-mile journey from Paris the previous year. Both found that walking alone was a unique and worthwhile experience. But both preferred to walk with a group on a second pilgrimage.

The pilgrimage route in Spain is well-known and many who live on the route are most hospitable in extending their greetings and best wishes to pilgrims. Often they provided refreshments for us as well — especially the greatest of all gifts for a pilgrim walking in the hot sun — a cup of cold water. Others requested that we offer a prayer for them when we arrived in Santiago.

As I rode the bus home I reflected on the many values this pilgrimage walk had for me. I now had experienced firsthand the path on which many Christians had journeyed. I had seen the Romanesque churches and cathedrals where they sang. I had seen the castles and hostels where noblemen and laymen were entertained by the troubadours and trouveres and the cantigas of Alfonso the Wise. I had seen in sculpture the rich variety of medieval instruments that Spain, through the influence of the Moors, passed along to the rest of Europe and I had seen and heard modern reproductions of these used in a performance of many songs of pilgrimage. I had experienced the sheer joys of walking through wheatfields, vineyards, forests, and through the medieval squares of villages and cities.

Although I had anticipated that spending so many hours walking might just be a bit boring or a waste of time, I found the experience quite the contrary. My mind was constantly engaged. In fact, I was surprised at the richness of thought in each day's walk. After our siestas in early afternoons we did have some time for seeing the local sights, for shopping and for keeping our journals up-to-date. But while I had anticipated a lot of time on my hands I found little extra time to



spare. Although we didn't feel rushed, we also found spare time nonexistent.

The values of friendship also stand out as invaluable. When I met the group in St-Jean I wondered what such a diverse group of English and Spanish students, bankers, lawyers, school teachers, a woman who had just lost her husband, an Irish woman and her husband (a retired English colonel), and a free-lance writer who lived on the yacht he built with his wife Carroll (they were leaders of the group; she is a professor of American and English literature in Barcelona) could have in common. But each brought a unique personality to the group. These friends I'm certain I'll meet again in England or in Spain. Letters, photos and cards telling me about the splendid cathedral at Leon and their arrival in Santiago are symbols of this friendship. They wrote that they carried the red handkerchief I had given to Pedro into Santiago and into the Cathedral where they sang the "Hymn to Saint James" before a packed house.

This pilgrimage also provided a renewed spiritual sense in me. My reflections on the Psalms (especially the imagery of Psalm 23) and songs, our visits to prayer hours and masses along the way, our own singing, prayers and discussions were all inspirational. My sabbatical in England to research "Musical Compositions Composed in Response to War in the Twentieth Century" was something of a pilgrimage in itself, but I found the weeks of walking in Spain a fitting climax to the year. □

Wilbur Maust is professor of music at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.

Some people want to open their own business, or move from principal to superintendent. Some would like to raise a family, build a house, take an MCC assignment, learn English, learn Spanish, learn computer, or get a graduate degree.

Sherrie Strange wants to be a star.

She is female, black, single and lives in New York City. She teaches sixth grade at P.S. 133 and studies music theory, sight-reading and ear training at Juilliard. She is a member of the chorus (she still hopes for a role in the cast) of the Metropolitan Opera's first-ever production of Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, which opened February 6. She aspires to "a classical career," a life in opera. Sherrie Strange is also a Mennonite.

Stardom is not your typical Mennonite aspiration. But maybe "typical Mennonite" is merely a matter of definition. Sherrie Strange would probably say there is no such thing.

Sherrie Denice Strange was born March 17, 1953, in Cleveland, Ohio. When she was in third grade, her family moved to Lee Heights, a suburb of Cleveland. Sherrie and her brother David began attending Lee Heights Community Church, the local Mennonite church, because they liked the Sunday school. Sherrie was baptized and joined the church at 17.

She has also been a musician most of her life. Ask what her musical involvement was during her school years, and she answers, "Everything." She sang in church choirs and school choirs and went to (often won) musical competitions. As a senior in high school, she sang on the Gene Carroll Variety Show on local TV station WEFW, Channel 5.

She says she must have gotten her musical talent from her father, Harold, who studied music in high school and plays several instruments. But her whole family enjoyed music and always had it at home via records and radio.

She attended Baldwin Wallace College in Berea, Ohio ("I looked at Spelman, in Atlanta, too, but my mother didn't want me to go so far from home. And I didn't, either."), majoring in elementary education with a minor in voice. Then she came home to Cleveland and began to teach.

A turning point came in 1979. In July of that year, her mother, Marie, died. Sherrie was still living at home, teaching sixth grade at Mayfair Elementary in East Cleveland and attending the Cleveland Institute of Music part-time.

One day she said to her mother, "I really want to sing. That's what I want to do." Her mother, from her sickbed, said, "Then go do it."

In 1981, after living at home all her life,



FQ Kenneth Pollman

Singing the Songs of Z

by Melanie A. Zuercher

Sherrie "cut the cord and went straight to New York. I wanted Broadway," she says, "so I got secretarial work and went to audition after audition."

But everywhere she went, she heard the same thing. "Your voice is too 'legit,'" they told her — too classical, too trained.

After six discouraging months, she took a job substitute teaching. A full-time teacher at the school left, and Sherrie was offered the position. "I decided then," she says, "that I would sing and teach, and when I got to the place where singing could pay the bills, I'd

quit teaching."

She continued to look toward Broadway. But then some friends told her about Henry Street, a settlement house school that offered an opera workshop where young artists who needed experience could audition and perform.

"My first part was as the First Spirit in *The Magic Flute*," she recalls. "It was good, but it didn't seem like enough. I kept praying — 'Lord, what do you want me to do?' I got another part, as Ann Page in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. I had a four-page aria!

Stardom is not your typical Mennonite aspiration.



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And I felt at home on that stage — I felt good. 'Lord, are you speaking to me?'

In 1981, Sherrie met Pat Sage, a voice coach at the Met. She studied with Pat for a year, "learning to breathe from my diaphragm and abdomen. And I kept inching along — a couple of concerts, and other performances here and there. My mind is saying, 'Classical career,' and the Lord seems to be opening doors."

She certainly doesn't look like the stereotypical opera diva. Five-foot-seven and slim, she says, "It would help if I had more *up*

here," and gestures expressively. Nevertheless, when she opens her mouth to sing, build becomes almost meaningless.

She lends new definition to the expression "heart-stopping" on the high notes of *The Lord's Prayer* by Malotte, or the spiritual *When I Come to Die* which electrified the Mennonite assembly in France last July. Of course the heart stops — it is listening, too.

And then you breathe and go on, with the softer tones of "Come Unto Me," the aria from Handel's *Messiah*, or a gospel song set to "Londonderry Aire" falling on your ears like the pearls against Sherrie's dark dress.

The Mennonite world, literally, met and affirmed Sherrie Strange this past summer at the 11th Mennonite World Conference gathering in Strasbourg, France, where she performed with the Diamond Street Mennonite Church choir from Philadelphia.

Diamond Street and its stunning soloist were an unqualified success in Strasbourg. Because they all sang so well together, many people assumed Sherrie was a member of the choir. In fact, she had only sung with them a couple of times before World Conference.

"Paul Kraybill [executive secretary of MWC] heard me sing in Wichita [site of the 1978 World Conference] with the Lee Heights choir," Sherrie's eyes glow, remembering. "We sang *Going Up Yonder* and the Spirit was there. The Spirit anointed us and we brought down the house!"

Kraybill heard Diamond Street at Bethlehem '83, the joint Mennonite Church-General Conference assembly in August of 1983. "He wanted me, and them, to come to Strasbourg," Sherrie says. "I guess he thought I needed a choir to back me up — anyway, he put us on the program together."

She was uneasy about that at first. "Diamond Street was already 'a group' — they had their own sound, their own soloists. And I was in New York — we couldn't just get together for rehearsals."

"But," she says, shining, "in France, our spirits were in communion. We prayed together every time before we sang. And the sound was there" — as the listeners in Strasbourg know.

"That's what happens when the Lord takes over," Sherrie says. "He works it out for his own good."

She is a woman with, as she puts it clearly, "my feet firm in the church. I'm a Christian and I'm a Mennonite. People say, 'You're a *what?*'" she laughs. "I usually hand them one of J. C. Wenger's booklets on *What Is a Mennonite?*"

To her, being Mennonite means having a tradition of conservative, conscientious lifestyle. It means reaching out, especially to the

community in which the church finds itself — sharing the Good News, drawing people in, and serving neighbors. Being Mennonite is not ethnic, nor is it religious. It's part of who Sherrie Strange is — Christian, daughter and sister, singer and soloist, sixth grade teacher, "crazy Sherrie," Mennonite, female, black. The "Christian" comes first; the rest has no order of importance.

Living in Manhattan, she divides her time between the Seventh Avenue Mennonite Church and the Southern Baptist Church on 108th Street. She admits she finds more of her needs met at the latter.

"Once when I was home [in Cleveland], I asked Pastor Miller about it," she remarks. "He said, 'Do they both serve God? Then it's not a matter of choice.'"

She draws no distinction, either, between being black and being Mennonite. "People are people — anyone can praise the Lord! What's important is to have Christ as the center."

"We're always looking for perfect," she continues. "Perfect boyfriend or girlfriend, perfect family, perfect church. Jesus is the only thing that's perfect, and everyone's looking for everything but him!"

One thing Sherrie will keep looking for, meanwhile, is that starring role. But she's clear about who gets the credit. "If I make it to stardom, it's because the Lord keeps opening doors," she insists. "When I first came to New York, I was going to do it on my own. I wanted Broadway — but Broadway didn't want me. Now I know it wasn't what the Lord wanted for me then."

"Before I'm anything else, I'm a Christian," she states. "I love Puccini, but I'd never give up singing spirituals to sing Puccini. I'm never going to stop singing the songs of Zion."

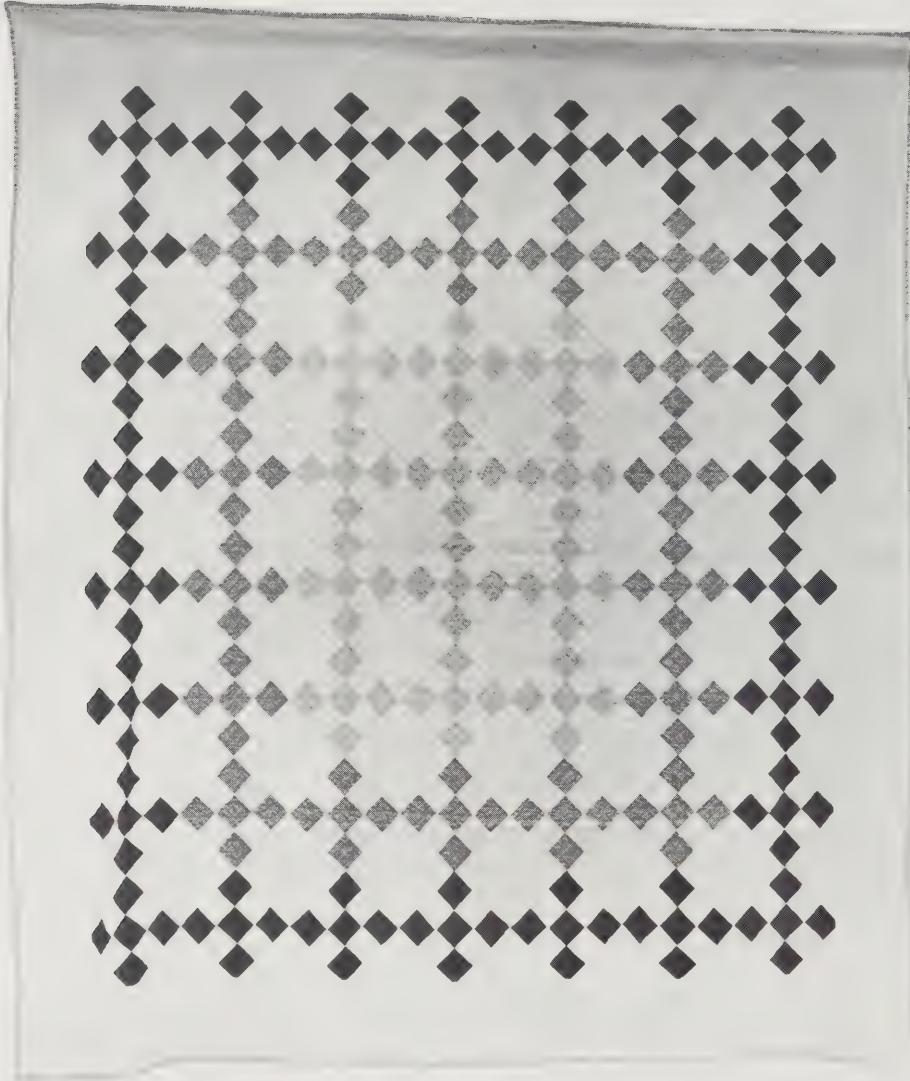
She dreams of returning to Europe — France, in particular — to live and study. She'd like to be married, too, and have "about four kids, some of them adopted," but her teaching career has taught her that children need their parents at home. She wants to be a star like Leontyne Price, one of her idols. And she doesn't know how all these things will fit together, or if they will.

She has her plans and her problems, her fears and frustrations, but mostly her faith. Maybe she will become a star in the world's eyes. She'll always be a star in God's kingdom. "You can take all this world, but give me Jesus," she sings. And she means it. □

Melanie A. Zuercher, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is assistant editor of *Festival Quarterly*.

Elizabeth Miller's Feed Bag Quilt

by David Luthy



Elizabeth Miller was born August 15, 1940, the fourth child in an Amish family in Holmes County, Ohio. Her parents, Noah and Fanny Miller, lived on a farm one mile west of the small town of Winesburg. Here Elizabeth grew up, and when she entered her teenage years, her mother began to make quilts for her.

Like any Amish girl, Elizabeth was excited that at age fifteen she was to receive a quilt which she would put away until she had a home of her own. Mrs. Miller allowed Elizabeth to choose the pattern and colors for the quilt. It was Flower Garden that she chose, to be made in pink, yellow, green, and a host of

other colors. Many years later, in her forties, Elizabeth viewed her gaudy quilt and commented, "I don't like all those colors now, but they are the colors I liked at fifteen."

Besides receiving the colorful pieced quilt for the guest room in her future married home, Elizabeth also got an inexpensive everyday quilt which she would use as a daily cover for her bed, once she married. While Mrs. Miller had especially purchased yard goods for the Flower Garden quilt, she did not buy any for the everyday quilt. She was a practical Amish farm wife and so made the quilt from the bits and pieces of material she had on hand.

But it takes more than leftover pieces to make a quilt. The back of a pieced quilt is

usually made from large pieces of fabric of one color or pattern and requires several yards of material. Mrs. Miller looked through her meager supply of yard goods and decided what she would use.

For many years the Millers had raised broiling chickens and had gotten feed in white cotton bags bearing the Gold Star emblem from the Gold Star Mill of Wooster in neighboring Wayne County. Taking an armful of the bags, Mrs. Miller bleached them, washed them, and sewed them together.

It did not bother her that the bags' degrees of whiteness varied so that it was clear they were not from identical material. They matched well enough and were, after all, for the reverse side of an everyday quilt. She fastened the bags to the quilting frame and laid it in a thinly worn blanket for the batting.

Selecting bits of dark green, blue-green, and pink material for the quilt's topside, she created the Nine Patch design on a white background which also was from bleached feed bags. Then she sat down with needle in hand and stitched the quilt as carefully as if it had been an expensive one — eight stitches to the inch and each line of stitching an inch apart. When the stitching was finished, she removed the quilt from the frame and bound the edges with a half-inch, light-green border. The everyday quilt was finished and had cost only time and thread.

The feed bag quilt was made in 1959 when Elizabeth Miller was nineteen. She folded it and placed it in her marriage hope chest beside her Flower Garden quilt. She did not marry until June 12, 1984 — twenty-five years later. All that time her Nine Patch quilt lay in waiting.

Then one day she got the quilt out to wash it before using it in her new home. The next day I saw it, admired it, and was told its humble origin. Elizabeth, now Mrs. Harvey Wengerd, agreed that it was too unique to merely be used to cover her daily bed. It is now preserved in the Amish Historical Library in Aylmer, Ontario.

The Gold Star Mill of Wooster, Ohio was purchased by another company in the early 1960s, shortly after the quilt was made. While the mill no longer exists, its feed bags live on in this handsome, practical, everyday quilt created by a thrifty Amish farm wife. □

David Luthy, a member of the Old Order Amish church, is the director of the Amish Historical Library, which is part of Pathway Publishers, Aylmer, Ontario.

Taking Professional Risks

by Peter J. Dyck

I had never thought of myself as a professional photographer. I simply took pictures and had not been without a movie camera since my first Kodak in 1941. When the war ended in 1945 and our work shifted from relief to refugees in 1946, I graduated to my first 16mm, magazine-loading movie camera.

Actually, that was a bit of a sad day for Elfrieda. We were in Basel, Switzerland, for an MCC conference when we decided to make a little shopping trip downtown. From our \$10 monthly allowance, we had saved up enough to buy some much-needed clothing for Elfrieda. Three years in war-torn England and a year in plundered Holland had left her with a very scant wardrobe. Switzerland, which had been spared the ravages of war, looked like a fairyland of plenty to us. And that's when I spotted the 16mm movie camera.

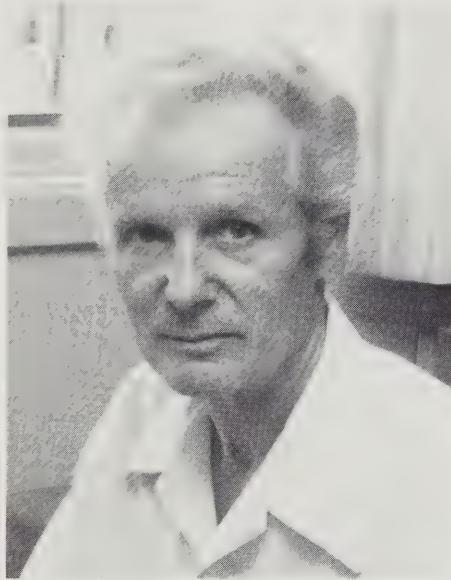
Now, 37 years and more than a dozen movies later, I still regret that we could not do both—get Elfrieda some clothing and also buy the camera. However, today even more than in 1946, we both feel that we made the right decision in going for the camera. The first major documentary movie produced with it was "Berlin Exodus," which was shown to officials at the United Nations and the U.S. State Department to win their support for the refugee movement to South America. It has been shown hundreds of times in churches and schools, and it inspired Barbara Smucker to write *Henry's Red Sea*, now in its ninth printing.

Showing this film in our churches in the '40s was not without complications and sometimes humor. There was the church, for example, that definitely wanted to see it, but could not because movies were not allowed in church. Some churches solved that problem by going into the church basement, a place slightly less holy than the "sanctuary," but in this particular church that was also taboo. Finally, the good people decided to show it outside, with the white wall of the church serving as a screen and the people viewing it from the lawn.

And then there was the minister who paced the floor of his living room asking over and over again whether the pictures moved. Slides would be permitted in his church, he explained, but not moving pictures. I told him, regretfully, that our pictures moved. Always glad to explain the "magic" of a movie camera to anyone interested, I proceeded to explain that movies actually were based on an optical illusion. The technique was to have each little "frame" or slide stop perfectly still

for 1/16th of a second as its image was projected onto the screen. The rapid succession of these "stills" or slides made it appear as if the objects moved.

Suddenly he stopped in front of me and announced: "We're going to show the film. Let's set up the projector." I hesitated, and assured him we could have a good evening without the films, with Elfrieda and me simply telling the refugee story. However, with a twinkle in the eye, he repeated: "We're going to see the pictures," and then added



MCC Steve Goosen

with a broad smile, "I happen to be the bishop here."

That evening Elfrieda and I both spoke and then we turned on the film. When the lights came back on an hour later, the bishop stood before his congregation wiping his eyes. He said that they had thought they understood the plight of the refugees when Peter and Elfrieda had spoken, but it hadn't really become clear until they had seen the slides. "Slides," I whispered to Elfrieda, and she whispered back, "Of course, slides, sixteen slides per second."

Some years later I stood with camera in hand on the west side of the Jordan River. To get the shots I needed, I had to cross to the other side. The police with me said that would not be possible. Why not, I asked, since the Jordan was so narrow one could easily throw a stone across? But of course I knew the answer.

The next day I flew from Tel Aviv to Nicosia, Cyprus, from there to Beirut, Lebanon, and then to Amman, Jordan. From Amman, I was taken by car to the Jordan River where at last I stood opposite the spot

where I had been three days before. That's when I decided on the title of the film, "Wide Is The River." I could fly across the Atlantic Ocean in eight hours, but it had taken me three days to cross the Jordan River.

At Amman, the gentleman from the Ministry of Social Affairs was very helpful, but concluded his briefing by saying that it would not be possible for me to go down to the Jordan that afternoon. Why not, I asked as I had asked the police on the other side. "Because it's not safe today," he explained. There had been some "activity" during the afternoon. I was to come back next morning.

Early the following morning I was back in his office. He introduced me to a military officer and a driver who were to go with me in a government car and said everything was cleared. I could leave any time. "Today it's safe," I asked, "there's no activity?" "Not yet," he replied curtly.

It took me a little while to process that response and formulate the next question, but I had to ask it. Finally I said, "There's no 'activity' because nobody has gone down to the Jordan yet. I am the first person to go down today. After I've been there you'll know whether it's safe or not. Is that it?"

He smiled and said that was right, then added, "Mr. Dyck, that's your professional risk, isn't it?"

Long after "Wide Is The River" was completed and I was back into other MCC projects, that expression, "That's your professional risk," lingered in my mind. The gentleman in Amman had regarded me as a professional photographer, like those covering war and other dangerous assignments. But while that didn't fit my assignment description, in another sense it described it perfectly.

Photography was not my profession, but following Jesus Christ was. I professed to be His disciple. As a Christian and a peacemaker, a part of my God-given assignment was to be an agent of reconciliation. What risks was I taking in being a peacemaker? MCC had not sent me to Laos to run its bulldozer over fields to clear them of shrapnel and unexploded devices. But where was the evidence that as one who professed to follow Christ, I actually took professional risks—risks peculiar to my profession as a Christian? □

Peter J. Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs, and telling wise and witty stories. He and his wife Elfrieda are at home in Akron, Pennsylvania. Peter's column Borders appears regularly in FQ.

Community at the Heart of Mennonite Centre

At little more than a year old, a new Mennonite Centre in Toronto, Ontario, has already carried out some exciting programs in the arts.

The St. Clair O'Connor (SCOC) Mennonite Centre's first major event was a Russian Mennonite Festival in early May, 1984. One highlight was an evening featuring the work of Leamington, Ontario artist Henry Pauls, whose paintings reflect his early years in Khortitsa colony in the southern Ukraine. Another was the premiere of a dramatic work, including choirs, reading and narration, written by Harvey Dyck and Anne Knorad and based on the diaries of Jakob Epp, a minister in Khortitsa in the mid-1800s. A borscht supper capped the festival.

Fall at the Mennonite Centre saw an evening of poetry reading with Patrick Friesen (*The Shunning, Unearthly Horses*); a film series on war from Canada's National Film Board; the opening of an exhibit of antique Mennonite rugs on loan from Toronto's Museum for Textiles; a celebration of the life and 185-year history of six Mennonite congregations in York County, Ontario; a Christmas carol festival with several Toronto Mennonite church choirs. The winter schedule featured, among other things, an evening of story-telling — workshop and performance — with Jay and Marta Armin.

Facility-wise, the Centre is located within the St. Clair O'Connor Community, and consists basically of a large and a small meeting/dining room and an MCC Self-Help Crafts store which also sells the work of some local Mennonite craftspersons.

Two Toronto churches' vision for this residential community has spread to embrace, through the Mennonite Centre, the wider Mennonite presence in Canada's largest urban center.

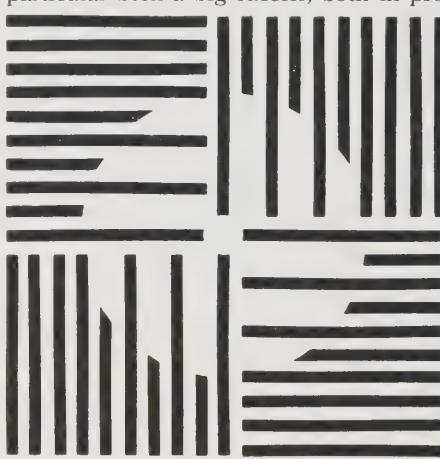
St. Clair O'Connor Community, named for the two streets that intersect at its location, was started several years ago by the Danforth-Morningside Mennonite Church (MC) and the Toronto United Mennonite Church (GC). These two congregations saw a need for housing for the elderly that was "an alternative to the traditional old folks' home," said spokesperson Harvey Dyck, a history professor at the University of Toronto. But they also hoped to create an inter-generational community, including younger people and families with children.

While funding for the community comes largely from federal sources, the Centre itself is, as yet, "no-budget," said Dyck. The *Mennonite Centre Newsletter* staff is volunteer, as is that of the Self-Help store. Resource

persons for meetings, lectures and seminars often receive only expenses, occasionally a small additional honorarium.

The Centre runs on fees, donations and an occasional fund-raiser like the borscht supper. And, although its governing Council wants the Centre to grow, Dyck said they hope to keep it something that doesn't require a huge budget.

The Centre also draws much of its life from the two churches, and from the SCOC Community. The Council for the Mennonite Centre, of which Dyck is chair, is composed of persons from the two founding congregations and other Mennonite groups in Toronto. Community residents, like the Armins, have served as resource people. The Self-Help store, with its coffee shop, has in particular been a big success, both in pro-



Mennonite Centre logo

viding a social center and in giving elderly residents a chance to volunteer there.

Many participants in the Centre's program come from the church and community groups as well. Dyck said that there have been attendances as small as 20-25 and as large as 200 at various events. But he sees the SCOC constituent group as being much larger.

Toronto is not considered a large Mennonite center like Kitchener-Waterloo, about 60 miles west. However, thousands of persons of Mennonite background have drifted into the city over the years, Dyck stated, either for jobs or for graduate school. Many have chosen to affiliate with other denominations but still retain "a strong sense of coming out of a Mennonite/Anabaptist background" — meaning Mennonite Brethren, Brethren in Christ and others, not only the GC and MC groups. In addition, he sees "Quakers and other sympathetic groups" as part of the Centre's broader constituency.

Where and who to draw from is an on-

going debate among members of the four committees who make up the Council for the Mennonite Centre, particularly the Art, Literature and Music Committee. "Is our vision shared broadly enough? We don't want to be isolationist," Dyck said. "On the other hand, there are all kinds of activities going on in Toronto, but not many with a Mennonite focus. We want to be able to provide opportunities for creative activities centered in our tradition."

Such debates are as much a part of the Centre's life now as are its newsletter and its program, and they will no doubt continue as the Centre continues to expand its programming toward that larger potential constituency.

Toronto is the headquarters for the provincial government, and SCOC hopes to become "a center for advocacy on social justice issues, to give the Mennonite perspective on these issues," said Dyck. But perhaps more immediately, SCOC would like to become "a centre for information on Mennonite groups and ideas."

Toward that end, the Centre's chief priority for the coming year is development of a library. The Library and Heritage Committee has drawn up plans for furnishings and a collection of materials.

The estimated cost for the library is \$30,000, making it the object of the Centre's first major fund-raising campaign.

"We don't see ourselves as a 'centre of scholarship,'" said Dyck, "but perhaps as a place where Mennonite ideas may be given some popular form." Nevertheless, "Mennonites in the Toronto area need a library," he said. "Because we live scattered, our understanding of Christian faith and community and of contemporary religious and social issues is not passed on by day-to-day living in a geographically compact Mennonite community."

And community is what is really at the heart of the St. Clair O'Connor Mennonite Centre. "Many Mennonites in the city," Dyck said, "are Mennonite because of a conscious choice. We've been tossed hither and yon, and out of that comes the conviction that if, living in a larger community, the 'Anabaptist vision' is to survive, and to be visible, it must be self-consciously nurtured."

Despite the high level of energy and excitement that seems evident in this new Mennonite Centre, Dyck said candidly, "We may fail. This is just a start for us — a real period of testing."

So far, though, the start seems promising.

Elsewhere...

- Eight young Nicaraguan Mennonite men who were jailed for refusing to appear for military service were released after their conference leadership appealed to the appropriate government authorities.

The Nicaraguan Mennonite Church took leadership in preparing a statement on alternative service for conscientious objectors in Nicaragua, which it and 19 other evangelical groups presented to the Nicaraguan government.

The result was an internal agreement between authorities and the evangelical church community which allows that evangelical ministers and youth who prove objection to war because of conscience may be exempted from the draft.

"The church leaders believe that the government considers the Mennonite position on nonresistance to be a historical position based on biblical understandings rather than an anti-Sandinista ploy," wrote Harold Miller in *Brotherhood Beacon*.

In related news, alternative service is now technically acceptable for Mennonite church members in Guatemala. Members have chosen to serve in community betterment projects instead of mandatory civil defense patrols, reports *The Eastern Mennonite Testimony*, but "some brethren have faced serious threats and abuses."

- The Curriculo Anabautista de Educacion Biblica Congregacional (CAEBC), in its annual meeting this past summer in Mexico City, named Marta Quiroga de Alvarez as coordinator of a Children's Anabaptist Educational Materials Consultation.

The Children's Consultation will be held next summer in Cachipay, Colombia.

CAEBC has been working for the past five years to develop a Spanish-language adult Sunday school curriculum for Mennonites. The first book in the 18-volume series came off the press this past May.

The Children's Consultation will call together Spanish children's educators and Latin American Anabaptist children's Sunday school teachers to formulate a project for writing and producing a children's curriculum similar to the adult.

In related news, Arnoldo Casas, Mennonite Board of Congregational Ministries secretary for Spanish Congregational Education and Literature and executive director of CAEBC, is currently on a one-year leave of absence. In his absence, Hector Valencia, Bogota, Colombia, is serving as interim executive director, while Rafael Falcon, Goshen, Indiana, will edit the quarterly *Ecos Menonitas* and see several book manuscripts through production. □

Learn a Language, Make a Friend

Eighty-six years old and still full of vision, Gan Sakakibara continues passionate about his language institute for families.

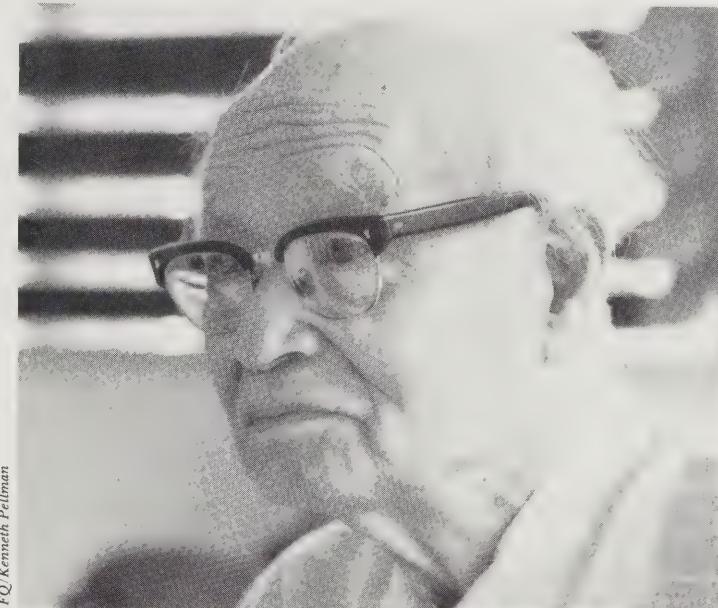
This elderly Japanese scholar, who came to Anabaptism as a middle-aged adult, has spent his years trying to be "an authentic disciple." Ever concerned about being a peacemaker at all levels in society, Sakakibara helped found a language school, LEX, for children and their parents some years ago.

His intent has been twofold: to foster more understanding and less suspicion between the Japanese and some of their historic enemies, and to give Japanese families good experiences together.

the time when Japanese children go to live with Korean families who have children of a similar age. Not only does language facility result, but friendships and understanding are established.

"It is," said Sakakibara simply, "a way to promote peace. The Japanese have been prejudiced against the Korean people. But often when the people begin to know each other, the prejudice begins to break down."

The effort has caught the attention of government officials. A Japanese ambassador to Korea called it "folk-diplomacy; a very important work which I should fully support."



With his son at the head of the operation, the elder Sakakibara continues as a promoter and an inspiration to LEX, "where whole families come to learn multiple languages all at once." It is a deliberate attempt to increase the students' global sensitivity.

What's more, the teaching is not done solely in mechanized language labs, but is instead a more total experience. "We use stories, drama and dance so the students begin to get the rhythm of the language," explained Sandra Leichty, the only non-Japanese teacher in the school. "They don't begin perfectly, but they're encouraged to try anything. In fact, the instructor becomes almost like a mother."

"It is a new idea in Japan," commented Sakakibara, "for parents and children to do these kinds of activities together. And it's based on fun, a definite departure from traditional Japanese schools!"

LEX began by concentrating on teaching the Korean language and, consequently, opening interchange between Japanese and Korean families. A critical feature of the program is

And so, the Sakakibaras and their staff continue on. "This organization is not religiously oriented at all, but deep in my mind, it is a kind of peace activity which is in harmony with my Anabaptist conscience," reflected LEX's elderly patron. "Through our language program and activities, many Japanese are learning how to speak English, Korean, Spanish, French, German, and Chinese. And then they develop a sincere desire to make tours and make friends in those countries. I hope that Mennonites around the world would be willing to open their homes to these Japanese for short home stays. I would be so happy and grateful if you would remember this possibility as one way to pursue peacemaking togetherness with the Japanese people."

Sakakibara worries that this witness is being lost. "We need more teachings on peace and against war," he stated firmly. "We are too Protestant; we are not Anabaptist enough. Peace must be the center of our life. Some of our young people are getting it." □

Community Without Green Grass

by Jewel Showalter



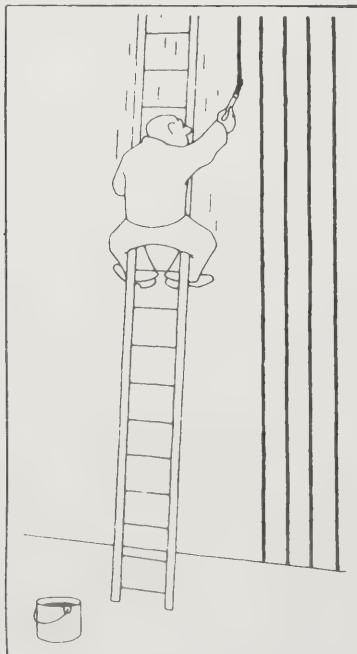
- The **Kauffman Museum** at Bethel College, N. Newton, Kansas, goes a step beyond the usual exhibits of artifacts, art objects and natural history. The landscape plan for the museum includes prairie reconstruction, a process begun this summer with the help of volunteers led by Bethel biology professor Dwight Platt. The volunteers, from surrounding communities, helped plant 60 species of wildflowers and ten species of grasses. In succeeding years additional plots will be planted until the planned 2500 square foot area is completely covered with original prairie plants, through plantings and by natural propagation.
- A new magazine called *Canadian Art* featured as its first cover story "Thinking Big: The bold art of Winnipeg's Wanda Koop." Koop and one of her huge paintings appear on the cover. Koop recently sold her painting "The Raven" to American film actress Diane Keaton.

• The **Arts Committee** for Ames 85, the next General Assembly of the Mennonite Church, which takes place in Iowa in August, 1985, invites professional and non-professional Mennonite artists to submit entries for a juried art exhibit to be held at the assembly. Works in all media, including a new folk art category, will be included in the exhibit. Jurors are Paul Friesen and Robert Regier.

• **Laurelvile Mennonite Church Center**, Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, opened its new series of dinner/concert-lectures January 15 with music by the Hutterian Society of Brothers (Bruderhof) of Farmington, Pennsylvania. The series, called **Laurelvile Lyceum**, is described by program director Levi Miller as an attempt to provide a quality music and lecture series within the context of Christian community.

The second Lyceum concert will be presented by the Goshen (Indiana) College Chorale, directed by (continued on page 29)

*Did You Know That . . .



Reprinted from *World Press Review*, April 1984, Bantak Europeo-Milan

The contrast could hardly have been greater when we moved from our rural Kenyan home of nine months to a two-bedroom, fifth floor apartment in Istanbul, Turkey.

Is healthy family life dependent on pine trees, fresh air, yards? Were we stretching our children too far? Could family thrive in the city?

To our delight, we discovered that children are the world's best icebreakers and innovators. Their irrepressible spirits simply won't be hampered by a strange setting, foreign language, apartment living.

We were still moving in when a group of neighborhood children trooped up five flights

book.

"You need Turkish *practice*," my insightful daughter insisted, snatching the book from my sweating fingers.

Of course, she was right, and I was soon following her down the stairs to join a group of neighbor women for afternoon tea.

Turkish children are often involved in their fathers' occupations. Rhoda was soon helping her friend wait on customers in a small neighborhood grocery.

Chad and Matthew had friends whose father worked in a train dining car. They accompanied their friends and father on a run he made to a beautiful hot springs resort area

Were we stretching our children too far? Could family thrive in the city?

of stairs, inviting ours out to play. Where? — a dirty vacant lot behind two adjoining apartment buildings.

There they quickly learned unique varieties of Turkish tag, another game involving nine stones and a big rubber ball, and a variety of Hide-and-Seek.

Other neighbors soon hurried to warn us that we mustn't let our children play with these Turkish children who were, in their eyes, rude and without good upbringing.

But lasting friendships had already formed. There were fishing parties organized to the nearby breakwater and plastic bag-selling sprees at the bazaar for the older children, street games of ball and "lastik" (a jump rope-type game) for the younger ones.

A hall with a door at each end made an excellent soccer field for two small boys — or a place for the new game of "Hall Hockey" with push brooms and sponge ball.

Our Turkish grandma across the hall taught us to make delicious cheese-filled tidbits from bread dough. This often turned into an activity for whomever happened to be in the house at tea time — running to the bakery for dough, shaping walnut-sized nuggets, thrusting in lumps of white sheep cheese, then frying the creations in deep fat. A group of six boys once devoured the equivalent of six loaves of bread in this fashion.

Our children's friendships with neighborhood children soon drew us into friendships with their families. One afternoon Rhoda came in and announced, "You've got to come and meet Sema's mom. She's asking about you."

"But I'm studying Turkish," I excused myself. "Some other day . . ." I hid behind my

of Turkey, one night down on the train, a day playing in the lukewarm waters of Pamukkale and the next night home again on the train — complete with meals in the dining car.

Of course, there were days apartment living got to us and we got away alone as a family — picnicking and biking around a quiet island in the sea of Marmara, hiking to the top of Small Pine Mountain, which overlooks the city, then eating hot pide and watching the sun set.

Yet after a year in that community, when we had to move because a returning landlord needed our apartment, the children all said, "Can't we find another apartment in this same area?"

"You mean you don't miss having a yard, and pets, and . . . ?"

"Yeah, that'd be nice. But I'd miss my friends more. Besides, I like this street and our bakery where we get hot bread."

In our Turkish "birth," we had bonded to a bustling, crowded neighborhood in a suburb on the Asian side of Istanbul. In our language and cultural infancy we were received, helped and loved by Turkish people in countless ways. That experience formed a bond far deeper than pine trees or a yard ever could.

I'll take community without green grass ahead of green grass without the community. Besides, we were never promised that "the ends of the earth" would be covered with green grass. □

Jewel Showalter, her husband Richard and three children are currently teaching and studying in Turkey.

Outrageous Love, Outloving Rage

by David Augsburger



It is so much easier to feel concern for those who are being abused, depersonalized, exploited than it is to care about those who are abusive, who depersonalize and exploit. I felt this contradiction within me today.

We stood on a hilltop overlooking the beauty of Bethlehem, the Judean desert and in the distance the Dead Sea. A week ago, a lovely two-story stone house stood here, home for a Palestinian Arab tailor and his 85-year-old father. Now they live in a Red Cross tent. Their furniture is piled in the white sunlight of the east.

Last week Israeli soldiers (called "settlers" by the press) arrived with a bulldozer crew.

Palestinian man I am facing is experiencing understandable anger. His needs are obvious, defendable; his claims to justice and humanity undeniable. It is not difficult to feel for and with the oppressed and exploited. *Agape*—that strange love that sees the other as equally valuable as oneself—is not strained to include the abused but that is not its real test. The measure of its authenticity is enemy love. And here I stand on a Jerusalem hilltop feeling outraged at injustice, as any feeling person would, but I'm feeling something more—a labeling, a loathing, an emotion nice people prefer to call dislike or disgust, certainly not hate, of course.

*They removed the tailor and his father
at gunpoint, threw out most of the
furniture, then bulldozed house, clothing,
and utensils under the ground. Not a
trace of the place remains.*

They removed the tailor and his father at gunpoint, threw out most of the furniture, then bulldozed house, clothing and utensils under the ground. Not a trace of the place remains. The house, the yard, the trees on the hillside terraces have vanished. The property, 47 dunams of land, is worth \$4,700,000 on the Jerusalem market. The owner, who has lived here for 60 years, will receive nothing. When the first Israeli moves to evict him began, he protested having his land confiscated. The first court hearing was inconclusive, the second set five months away. The "settlers" could not wait. The property, like Naboth's vineyard, adjoins the new Jewish settlement of Cello. The bulldozers can lay claim without the delay of the courts. It's a much more tidy solution.

I feel overwhelmed by the man's powerlessness. There is no guarantee of justice for a Palestinian Arab in an Israeli world. Deeds and titles mean little and sometimes nothing when those in power want the land, and his land is wanted. I can feel the oppression in his voice, see it in his eyes. I cannot see the oppressors. Would I care for them if I did? It's so much simpler to divide one's concern, to care only about the underdog and to join in feeling loathing for the top dog.

When seeing an act of depersonalization, the temptation to depersonalize in return is immediate and almost unconscious. The

Doyle Preheim. The final program consists of a lecture by Owen Gingerich, professor of astronomy and the history of science at Harvard.

• **Buller Films, Inc.**, of Henderson, Nebraska, was awarded a Council on International Nontheatrical Events (CINE) Golden Eagle award for its film *The Hutterites: To Care or Not to Care*. Another Golden Eagle award went to **Sisters and Brothers, Inc.**, of Harrisonburg, Virginia, for the film *The Weight*.

• The first known film made in Low German has been produced by **Dueck Film Productions, Ltd.**, of Winnipeg, Manitoba. *Koop 'n Bua Enn Dietschlaund*, "a short [15-minute] comedy in the Laurel and Hardy tradition," was directed by Allan Kroeker and produced by **David Dueck**. Wilmer Penner adapted the original Arnold Dyck material and wrote the screenplay. Penner directs the **Landmark Players**, whose Low German plays have entertained audiences across North America and who were included in the film's cast.

Koop 'n Bua premiered as part of "An Evening of Mennonite Musical Entertainment" at the Centennial Concert Hall, Winnipeg, November 29. The fund-raiser (for the production of Mennonite-related films) also featured the **Mennonite Singers**, directed by **Bill Baerg**, and pianist **Irmgard Baerg** performing the second movement of the "Mennonite Piano Concerto."

• **Sisters and Brothers, Inc.** of Harrisonburg, Virginia have begun work on a new film project exploring the origins of Anabaptism and based primarily on the life and thought of Michael Sattler. The 55-minute dramatic film's script, to be written by **Joel Kauffmann**, will draw on Myron Augsburger's book *Pilgrim Aflame*. □

The test of *agape* is the willingness to feel caring for the soldiers, the bulldozer crew, the police who do nothing, for the courts who support the Israeli and exploit the Arab, for the forger who alters the title to the land, for those who remain silent while evil is being done. These are human beings, too. They go home in the evening and tenderly stroke their child's hair and wonder at the beauty of innocence. They, too, experience love for persons, but they draw lines that exclude some persons as unworthy, or unimportant, or as nonpersons. Lines like those I was drawing a moment ago against them.

Agape—as enemy love—is an equal regard that includes not only the victim, but also the one who victimizes; not only the oppressed but also the oppressor; not only those who are conspired against, but also the conspirators; both the defrauded and the fraudulent, the exploited and the exploiting. It's a nonsensical attitude, this enemy love. It's an outrageous position to care for the oppressor as well as the oppressed. But this ridiculous response to inhumanity is where a new humanity can begin. □

David Augsburger is a professor in counseling, conflict and conciliation at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana, currently on a teaching and study sabbatical in Asia.

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CUTTING EDGE

Free Speech and a Higher Code

by Doreen Martens

"How can you possibly support censorship?" my reporter colleague asked, the agonized expression on his face warning that this disagreement might create a rift in our good working relationship.

I'd just finished writing an interview with Mary Brown. She is head of the controversial government censorship board in our province that occasionally cuts films that grossly exploit children or sexual violence. My colleague felt the piece should have been more condemning of Brown's views.

For me, pornography is primarily a moral issue. As a Mennonite Christian, I feel the right to safety and dignity for women and

*It would be nice to think
it's possible to write
"just the facts, Ma'am,"
and let the reader decide.
But God-like objectivity
is elusive.*

The day started out well. Sleep was good. But breakfast was rushed. Errands before work. A backlog at the office. Equipment breakdowns. New demands. Rejections. Too many phone calls.

We're all subject to overload. There are ways to unload—clearing we like to call it—that makes a difference in our susceptibility to accidents.

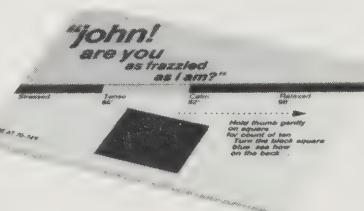
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children must come before unbridled freedom of expression. But that belief automatically puts me at odds with one of the tenets of my profession. Most journalists, like my friend, insist that "free speech," no matter how destructive, must be an utterly inalienable right.

I suspect most Christians who choose to work in the secular media encounter similar conflicts between the transcendent moral values that mark a believer and some of the values and methods of a free press. Like most professions, journalism is replete with its own set of ethical ideals, chief of which is that "the public has a right to know." Sometimes these ideals are worked out in ways harmonious with Christian principles, at other times not.

There are lots of compelling reasons why Christians should work in news. I like the idea of being a "truth-teller," somebody who carefully observes and then informs others about important events and trends. There's a tremendous power for good in being the community's "watchdog," in standing critically just outside society's power structures, building up what should be built up and tearing down what should be destroyed.



Sometimes the "little guy" has no more powerful a champion than the press. And I think most journalists do view their work idealistically, at least at the beginning.

But the question then comes: Whose truth are we telling? And at what cost?

It would be nice to think it's possible to write "just the facts, Ma'am," and let the reader decide. But God-like objectivity is elusive. Everything in your daily newspaper has been filtered through the minds and collective experience of several people: the sources, the reporter and the editor and, on television, through the narrow angle of the camera. God alone knows what really happened. The best we in the press can present is a dark-glass reflection of reality, offered with an awareness of our individual prejudices and a careful balancing of viewpoints.

We work knowing the pen (or today, the word processor) really is more powerful than the sword. The temptation to arrogantly misuse that power for the sake of ambition, to use a good end to justify unethical means, or to destroy for the satisfaction of destroying, is built into the job.

So the Christian journalist creatively walks a fence between two codes, trying to do her job well and at the same time cling to higher principles.

Sometimes, it's a strain. I don't blame people who take refuge in the "church press," where basic assumptions are often more in keeping with one's personal values. (Although not, I might add, always in keeping with those of journalism. In denominational publications, especially, the reader's "right to know" is often sadly subordinated to the ruling elite's desire to present a good image.)

Yet, there is also great satisfaction in knowing that what I do can have a positive influence on my community. What better opportunity to be salt and light than by writing something thousands will read?

I don't need to slant news to bring a Christian awareness to the needs of the down-trodden, or the necessity for action against nuclear madness. I simply need to be a more accurate, more principled, truth-teller.

My hope is that I can do that even better, by first being true to a higher code. □

Doreen Martens is a journalist from St. Catherines, Ontario. She recently completed a solo world tour.

- Clarence Y. Fretz and Lester E. Showalter of the Paradise Mennonite School in Hagerstown, Maryland, have compiled a songbook. **Songs We Sing** includes a number of songs with original melodies and/or lyrics by students and teachers at Paradise Mennonite School over the past 25 years, and arrangements by both Fretz and Showalter, along with a variety of other hymns and choruses. Fretz also authored a handbook to accompany **Songs We Sing**. Both are available from the school.
- David A. Haury has written **Prairie People: A History of the Western District Conference**. The book, which traces the history of the conference from 1877 to the present, includes stories of the eight ethnic streams of Mennonites who migrated to Kansas, Mennonite experiences during the World Wars, transition to English language, and much more. The book is available from the Mennonite Library and Archives, Bethel College, N. Newton, Kansas.
- **Altona, the Story of a Prairie Town**, by Esther Epp-Tiessen, sketches the struggle of Mennonite pioneers to maintain their identity while adapting to the current and changing conditions of the society around them. The book is available from Friesen Bookstore, Altona, Manitoba.
- Katie Funk Wiebe is the author of **Who Are the Mennonite Brethren?**, published by Kindred Press of Winnipeg, Manitoba. The book's purpose is to be a "thorough, yet informal" introduction to the MB church, covering such subjects as the church's name, what MB people believe, church organization, understanding of peace, a brief history and an outline of present activities and ministries.
- Orlando Harms' first book, also from Kindred Press, chronicles the life of a leading figure in Mennonite Brethren history. **Pioneer Publisher: The Life and Times of J. F. Harms**, tells the story of a man best remembered for his work in MB publications — he was the moving force which brought about the establishment of a conference publishing house.
- The first full-length fiction published by Prairie Publications, Pretty Prairie, Kansas, is **The Jubilee** by Chet Flickinger, described as the story of "one man's efforts to fulfill his sense of obligation and commitment to the small, rural Mennonite community in which he has roots."
- **The Blue Jar**, by Anne Konrad, a teacher from Toronto, Ontario, is an episodic novel about a child growing up in a Mennonite community in western Canada, and is published by Queenston Press.
- Pinchpenny Press, Goshen (Indiana) College's student and faculty imprint, produced four books in the past year. Student John L. Liechty wrote **West of Ohio**, which includes two stories, a vignette, and two sketches. **Street Talk**, by student Lisa Guedea with art by Bruce Bishop, compiled her columns from the Fall 1982 Goshen College Record. Professor of communication and English J. Daniel Hess wrote **An Invitation to Criticism**, while drama professor Lauren Friesen published **King David**, a three-act drama about the biblical king.
- Keith Ratzlaff, formerly of Henderson, Nebraska and now living in Pella, Iowa, is the author of a book of poetry, **Out There**, published by State Street Press, Pittsford, New York.
- California Mennonite poet Jean Janzen has written **Words for the Silence** (Centre for Mennonite Brethren Studies), a collection of poetry on Russian Mennonite themes, with artwork by Rod Harder. The book is available from the Fresno Pacific Bookshop at FP College.
- Quarterly newsletter comes from the Kansas Mennonite Disabilities Council (KMDC). **KMDC News** has as its purposes to enable sharing among congregational contact people, to educate the non-disabled on the needs and concerns of the disabled, to make note of services available to the disabled, and to provide general publicity about the KMDC.
- Two more resources dealing with ministry to handicapped persons are available from Mennonite Publishing House, Scottdale, Pennsylvania. **Celebrating Differences** (published with Faith and Life Press of Newton, Kansas), edited by Alfred Neufeldt, is an adult study or elective, and **Including Persons with Handicaps: A Sunday School Teacher's Guide**, by Jane Willems Toews, is a five-unit study for teachers and parents of handicapped children.
- **The Media Handbook** is a new resource for Mennonite Brethren congregations, produced by the MB Church's Board of Mass Media. The full-color magazine-sized booklet contains articles, statistics, devotionals, projects and graphs, and is designed to help families and congregations understand and use the media.
- **Panorama** is the name of the newspaper produced by Goshen (Indiana) College's Hispanic Ministries Department, intended to be circulated nationwide to various Hispanic churches as well as to current and prospective students.
- Terry Stutzman, a Goshen College faculty member, compiled, edited and illustrated **A Reason to Sing** (Faith and Life Press), a collection of devotional pieces written by college students from various Mennonite colleges.
- **Tish Tales** (Royalty Press, Atlanta, Georgia), the autobiography of Tish Thieszen Stoltzfus, tells of her life as a child and as a married woman in the jungles of Peru.
- **Paper, Paint and Stuff** (Scott, Foresman & Co.) by Karen B. Kurtz and Lois Myers, is geared to the elementary teacher. It contains 73 seasonal creative art ideas, listed chronologically according to the school year.
- Another resource for children is **A Mennonite Sampler**, written and published by Steven and Kimberly Yordy Belser. This coloring book, originally made to sell at the Illinois MCC Relief Sale, contains tidbits of information about Mennonites, arranged as an alphabet sampler.
- Two new children's books are available from Kindred Press. **Benji Bear's Adventure in the Thunderstorm**, by Ingrid Shelton, tells the story of a bear who overcomes fear by helping a friend. **Stories from Grandpa's Rocking Chair**, by Sarah Kaetler, recalls pioneer days through Grandpa's stories told to granddaughter Janie. □

MENNONITE BOOKS

Maintaining the Right Fellowship,

John L. Ruth. Herald Press, 1984. 616 pages. \$24.95.

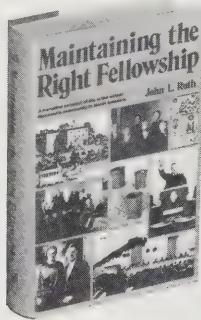
Reviewed by David J. Rempel Smucker

As a historical work, this narrative account of life in the oldest North American Mennonite community, centered north of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is a somewhat overwhelming and curious phenomenon. Here is a resurrectionist's attempt, using cinematic glimpses, novelistic techniques, the author's theologizing, and conventional historical description.

Ruth states, "The book has been written as though to persons who wished, as I have wished all my life, that they could listen to the

melancholy the fragmentation which occurred from 16th-century, near-edenic purity to contemporary ambiguity. Phrases such as "Mennonite consciousness," "Franconia temperament," "peoplehood," and "cross-generational covenant" point to this norm.

The title does not refer to maintaining right fellowship, but maintaining *the* right fellowship. The author implies that before the 1847 schism, the right fellowship was incarnated, but that after 1847, "doubtless neither always behaved like the right one."



conversations, feel the texture, and savor the idiom of the life before theirs in the family of faith." This tightrope walk between nostalgia and disciplined interpretation is remarkably captivating throughout most of the book.

With a keen folklorist's ear for family history and oral tradition, the author recreates Pennsylvania Mennonite life in a detail rare in similar church histories. Without stooping to sensationalism, Ruth's pen exempts no event, however sublime, bizarre, humorous, tragic, or idiosyncratic.

No villains strut on stage, but heroes such as John Geil, the wise preacher of Line Lexington, or Allen M. Fretz, the calm pastor of Deep Run, have their roles. Ruth seems to rejoice as he brings Franconia native John Fretz Funk on the scene, and I sensed he resonated with the future editor of *Herald of Truth*.

The price we pay for his love of story is a number of confusing transitions; fortunately, the overall scheme is chronological. An academic historian or a person less interested in genealogy might wish to be spared a few "tantalizingly quick glimpses," though Ruth states clearly that he is not writing for a scholarly audience.

If I had to identify an interpretive framework, it would be "ideological devolution" — bluntly, things were good but then got messy. Beginning with a normative theological Anabaptist's vision (a la Harold Bender), the author recounts with a hint of

Understandably, the author's stronger sympathies lie with the Franconia Conference (MC) of which he has been a life-long member. This does not significantly mar his work. He patiently articulates the "barely articulable" Franconia temperament of the clear and visibly separated community, humility, and yieldedness to God via obedience to church authorities.

He is less empathetic in recreating the liberal Mennonite worldview of the Eastern District (GC) and more readily offers deeper criticism of the latter. In the subtle use of phrases such as "politician-minister" and "stylish," and in his flat, hard look at Philadelphia Mennonite leader N.B. Grubb, we see this bias. In short, I understand Franconia better than the Eastern District after reading this book.

Both conferences commissioned the book through a joint editorial committee, so it is appropriate that the epilogue contains Ruth's plea that the two experience reconciliation through patient listening. Although he does not specify the nature of this reconciliation — social, psychological or organizational — this book will surely serve such a plea.

David J. Rempel Smucker lives in Akron, Pennsylvania, and works at the Lancaster Mennonite Historical Society. He attends Bethel Mennonite Church in the Eastern District.

FQ price — \$22.46

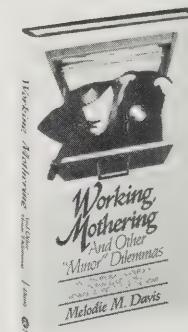
(Regular price — \$24.95)

Working, Mothering and Other "Minor" Dilemmas, Melodie Miller Davis. Word Books, 1984. 159 pages. \$8.95.

Reviewed by Margaret Loewen Reimer

"The success stories of superwomen make me a little sick," says the author of this low-key, commonsense book. The short chapters — on everything from preparing for labor to monitoring television — are inspirational and upbeat; most of them were aired on "Your Time," a broadcast produced by Mennonite Media Ministries where the author is on staff.

This is a reassuring book for middle class women who will feel comforted by reading about other women who face the hassles of



breastfeeding at the babysitter's and getting ready for church on Sunday morning. There is a husband lurking just outside the book whom we never really meet.

The homey wisdom of this book includes some good thoughts about "hyperactive" children, advice on life after motherhood ("... terribly refreshing and important to simply force myself to talk about something other than babies"), and an openness to various alternatives in raising children today.

"There is happiness in varying doses," concludes the author about her own experience of working outside the home while having children, "although it may not be the fairytale kind of happiness, not even the 'ideal Christian family' variety." This is a cautious appraisal from one who, like this reviewer, is privileged to move rather easily between vocation and family without the crushing obstacles faced by so many women in our society.

Margaret Loewen Reimer, Waterloo, Ontario, is associate editor of Mennonite Reporter, and the mother of three children.

FQ price — \$7.16

(Regular price — \$8.95)

Kisare, A Mennonite of Kisuru, an autobiography as told to Joseph C. Shenk. Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions and Charities, 1984. 193 pages. \$6.00.

Reviewed by Nancy R. Heisey

The rich depth of one African's understanding of the world is expressed in page after page of this unique autobiography. It is like listening to my grandfather tell stories. Although the stories are of people, places and events far removed from everyday realities for most North Americans, they are alive and full of meaning.

Tanzanian Bishop Z. Marwa Kisare's story itself is underlaid by several themes. He continually emphasizes that one of the greatest results of the coming of Christianity



to East Africa was the breaking down of ethnic barriers. It was disappointing to note how little time he gave here to the largely ethnic division within his own church in 1979.

A second theme is a critique of the missionary enterprise itself, or more pointedly of the persons who brought the missionary message to Tanzania. He repeats his disappointment in never being permitted or encouraged to get enough education, leaving him with a great sense of inferiority about even his basic English skills. It was delightful to see his perception that it was in Tanzania that several Mennonite missionaries really met Jesus.

A third theme is the mingling and conflict between the traditional and the new, between the West and Africa. Both the most pointed and amusing part of the book is Kisare's description of a Western missionary on a tether rope.

Kisare is clearly one man's story. There is a great deal more to know about Mennonite churches and missions in East Africa and many more questions to ask. But we must be grateful to this first African Mennonite bishop, and to his servant Joe Shenk, for helping us hear a significant voice that, despite all our missionary literature, most of us would otherwise have been able to ignore.

Nancy R. Heisey is Mennonite Central Committee co-secretary for Africa.

FQ price — \$5.40

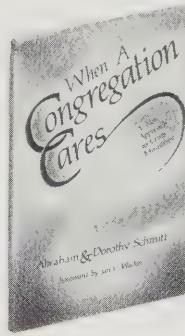
(Regular price — \$6.00)

When a Congregation Cares: A New Approach to Crisis Ministries, Abraham and Dorothy Schmitt. Herald Press, 1984. 128 pages. \$6.95.

Reviewed by John M. Lederach

The theme and content of this helpful book are basic to an Anabaptist understanding of the church as a living, visible, loving congregation. The Schmitts take the congregation seriously and write with a trust of the actions and decisions of the gathered worshipping community. This is indeed refreshing, since so much "Christian" literature dealing with family life issues and the therapeutic process is written in individualistic, one-to-one, or couple-to-one settings.

This new approach to crisis ministries is



presented in a way that encourages the pastor and a core of gifted members to be a complementary congregational team that brings healing in the community of faith.

The book raises and gives little direction for some questions. How will a congregation handle the balance between taking sin seriously and a "grace" stance in relationship to marital brokenness? Doesn't working with change take time? Aren't there people who will, with honest intentions, hinder the flow of ideas and gifts?

However, I recommend this book without hesitation. It is significant in helping congregations to better fulfill the New Testament mandate that we "become members of one another." Abe and Dorothy Schmitt are important gifts to our congregations.

John Lederach, Manheim, Pennsylvania, has worked with his wife Naomi for many years in the area of marriage relationships and family life issues. They are currently at Philhaven Hospital developing a "growth" model focused on marriage and the family in congregations.

FQ price — \$5.56

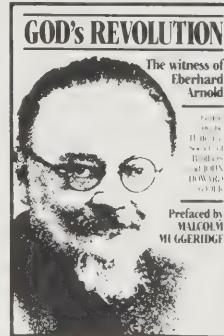
(Regular price — \$6.95)

God's Revolution: The Witness of Eberhard Arnold. Paulist Press, 1984. 224 pages. \$8.95.

Reviewed by Wally Kroeker

Eberhard Arnold's name is most often associated with community of goods and the Bruderhof movement he founded in Germany. Yet his vision for the kingdom of God is an inspiration even to those who are not called or willing to live in community.

This collection of short texts, edited by John Howard Yoder and the Hutterian Society of Brothers, brings to life Arnold's vision for a practical Christianity marked by costly discipleship, community and peace-making. It shows his vision to be remarkably



current despite the passing of half a century since most of these texts were written or preached. His call for Christians to flesh out a revolutionary alternative amidst the hopelessness of the unemployed, unjust distribution of goods and general injustice of the present world system rings across the decades with timeless urgency.

These texts are both devotional and prophetic, blending a rich devotional life, a profound faith in the promised power of the kingdom, and an unsettling call to radical obedience. They document, as Malcolm Muggeridge testifies in the preface, the spiritual power and resources of a community of people who are "still faithfully walking with God, rather than being caught up in the Gadarene rush in which the so-called free world seems to be bent."

Wally Kroeker, Fresno, California, is editor of the Christian Leader, the magazine of the U.S. Mennonite Brethren Church.

FQ price — \$7.16

(Regular price — \$8.95)

Unearthly Horses, Patrick Friesen. Turnstone Press, 1984. 78 pages. \$7.95.

Reviewed by Wilfred Martens

Like winds across a prairie, Friesen's poems sometimes blow soft and gentle, and sometimes cold and hard. **Unearthly Horses** contains poems with a broad range of topics, but each represents a piece of the poet's experience; hence, they have a feeling of immediacy and integrity.

Some poems move softly: "easter morning 1966," "sonata," and "noon" are memories of a church service, home, baseball, a '48 Dodge, a dog. Other poems are incisive and hard: "long-legged dream" is a sexual fantasy of a



UNEARTHLY HORSES
Patrick Friesen

boy, repressed, unfulfilled; "trying hard to die" reflects on the pain and horror of death.

Included are a refreshing variety of subjects ranging from poignant, light mom-and-dad poems to more literary pieces such as "shakespeare's horses."

The language is controlled and effective in tones of understatement and irony. The Low German dialect is engaging. Readers should be prepared, however, for Friesen's use of hard, realistic language in several poems — used to reinforce the ordinary, earthly settings and characters.

The strength of the poet's work is in the imagery. He steers away from abstractions and packs his pieces full of concrete multi-sensory images which convey an immediacy and realism. For example, from "easter morning 1956":

doors are shut to spring's betrayals
dreams rise from chimneys
seep beneath window sills
as the sun crawls out again

It is apparent that this is the poet's fourth book of poetry. It shows a new level of maturity, a new power and energy. It is a fine collection.

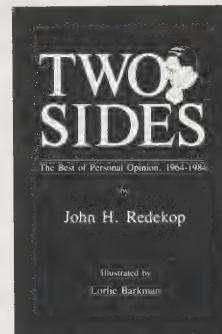
Wilfred Martens teaches English at Fresno (California) Pacific College.

FQ price — \$6.36
(Regular price — \$7.95)

Two Sides: The Best of Personal Opinion 1964-1984, John H. Redekop. Kindred Press, 1984. 306 pages. \$10.35.

Reviewed by John A. Lapp

This volume reprints 172 of the nearly 600 columns John H. Redekop has written for the *Mennonite Brethren Herald* over the past 20 years. The columns are divided into 15 categories such as stewardship, Christian ethics, Christianity and politics and "the international scene." Essays are dated, so one clearly sees Redekop interacting with events as they occur. Each reflects a keen, knowledgeable person wrestling with issues and events from a churchly point of view. They are written with a generous spirit and warm



appreciation for the people and movements on which he comments.

Some of his sharpest criticism is directed toward his own church. The impact of affluence, individualism, weakening social cohesion, and apathy toward social issues could describe other Mennonite groups as well.

It is hard to pick out the best column. I feel Redekop does best on political topics such as "On Criticizing Trudeau" and "What Should We Expect from Government?" But his willingness to critique Mennonite millionaires and ineffectual church conferences may be more spicy for the general reader.

The *MB Herald* must be congratulated for giving space to such a free-wheeling critic. There are few such successful, loving critics, which makes Redekop's achievement all the more unusual.

The obvious weakness here is that of the short column. Many issues need more extensive treatment. One hopes that Redekop will sometime write to highlight his vision for the church and its mission more systematically, integratively and comprehensively.

John A. Lapp, most recently provost of Goshen (IN) College, took over as MCC executive secretary in January.

FQ price — \$9.31
(Regular price — \$10.35)

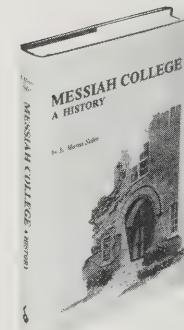
Messiah College: A History, E. Morris Sider. Evangel Press, 1984. 314 pages. \$11.95.

Reviewed by James O. Lehman

This institutional history comes unapologetically from a "subjective" insider. Nevertheless, objectivity often prevails as the author candidly airs negative developments.

His "penchant for biography" means facts, figures, trends, quotations—but not piled one on another. Our author believes "a college in essence is people."

The very readable style flows easily. Sider, a trained historian and author of several previous books, knows both his Brethren in Christ history and his craft. Plain covers and



grouped photos (might they have been scattered throughout?) will draw no prizes for book design, but they appropriately symbolize the modest spirit of much of Messiah's first 75 years.

This account "feels" much like the story of Mennonite colleges, perhaps particularly Eastern Mennonite. Similarities abound —early decades of struggle, selling itself to a reluctant denomination, and other-worldliness emphasis on plain dress, strict social rules, and dedication to a "conservative theological and ethical" milieu.

Differences? Surely, but mostly in degree —such as intensely emotional revival meetings and the Holiness strand found in BIC history.

If numbers measure success, some readers would like to know more about Messiah's current "golden age" of continually rising enrollment, an endowment of \$27 million and whirlwind expansion of campus and buildings. Given mushrooming popularity among evangelicals and a student body only 10% Brethren in Christ, what are the compromises? Sider, probably wisely, demurs from indulging in much instant history, leaving the next generation to tell the current success story.

James O. Lehman, the father of five, is the author of five congregational community histories and has been director of libraries at EMC since 1973.

FQ price — \$9.56
(Regular price — \$11.95)

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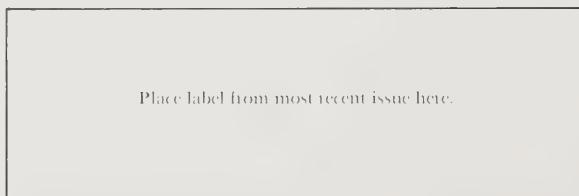
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Sketching Through Europe

by Jan Gleysteen

Almost everyone taking a European tour goes armed with a camera and a good supply of film. Sylvia Doerksen, however, returns each time with a set of well-used sketchbooks.

Sylvia Doerksen is a Mennonite artist from Washington, D.C. You could call her a "federal artist," for most of her work for over 30 years has been for the U.S. government.

Currently, she is a staff illustrator with the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Chances are you've seen some of her work: she designed the first U.S. Food Stamp, and she has drawn countless versions of Smokey the Bear and



Woodsy Owl, in black-and-white and full color, as well as illustrations in pamphlets describing drives against sheep ticks, gypsy moths, tent caterpillars, etc. Though some government agencies allow their staff artists to sign their work, the USDA does not, so Sylvia's work reaches millions of farmers and consumers anonymously.

Sylvia grew up in Washington, D.C., though her family never completely lost its homesickness for the Kansas plains or the frequent fellowship of other Mennonites.

Sylvia always loved to draw. When she was 12, a Pennsylvania girl who had come to Washington to study at the Corcoran Art School gave her some real encouragement. She advised Sylvia to "draw directly from nature and to enjoy it." To this most profitable informal education, Sylvia later added formal training at Corcoran, Wilson Teachers College and George Washington University.

Sylvia's career includes a year of map-making for the U.S. Coast and Geodetic

Survey, six months as a fashion illustrator (drawing shoes for newspaper ads), five years of drawing aeronautical maps and landing charts, and now 28 years as staff illustrator with the USDA.

She has been inspired in her own work by the Dutch and Flemish masters of the Renaissance and by the French Impressionists. But her list also includes Winslow Homer and Vincent van Gogh. Sylvia likes to study a given artist in depth over a period of time, learning as much as she can about the artist's work. Right now she is excited about Carl Larsson, a Swedish illustrator and genre painter of the late 19th century, virtually unknown in the U.S. until his works began showing up in poster shops.

On her TourMagination European tours, Sylvia has filled her sketchbooks with a large array of sketches made on location, and many quick recordings of the passing scene as noted from the bus window. She may absent herself from the tour group for as much as a week, pursuing specific interests — the streets of Paris, small towns in the Black Forest, a train trip deep into the heart of Poland — rejoining the tour later in their itinerary.

During lunch stops, or while waiting for the ferry, she will capture tour members in characteristic poses with only a few strokes of the pen. The bus driver at his wheel, her fellow passengers on the bus, whether looking out the window, reading, or napping, are all bound to show up in her summer collection. Sylvia's personal style of illustration is what the Germans would call *flott* — relaxed, easy-flowing, with flair.

Sylvia still lives in the same house her family moved into when they first came to D.C. It hasn't changed much, except for the giant oak trees that had to be taken down. The neighborhood has become predominantly black and, unfortunately, a high crime area. Sylvia has been the victim of petty crime more than once.

This has not changed Sylvia's position as a champion of the poor and oppressed, or the elderly, or as a personal advocate of peace and reconciliation. Sylvia is kind and giving, a fact well-observed by all who have traveled with her. Her suitcase to Europe is often filled with hard-to-get items for people living behind the Iron Curtain, and with framed sketches for the German orchestra director she met on last year's tour. □

Jan Gleysteen, an artist and historian, lives in Scottdale, Pennsylvania, where he works for Mennonite Publishing House and participates in TourMagination as a leader of tour groups in Europe.



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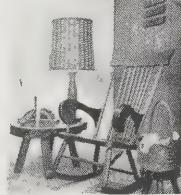
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WHAT'S COOKING?

Love, Friendship, and Biscuits

by Glenda Knepp



A question for you: which of these grabs your vote as the one essential ingredient of good food?

- A. Salt
- B. Sugar
- C. Vanilla
- D. Onion
- E. None of the above

What's your choice? Of those very basic seasonings, I opted for E., "None of the above," and inserted "fellowship." For I continue to discover that the memorable quality of fine eatables so often stems from the corresponding fellowship.

*I continue to discover
that the memorable quality of
fine eatables stems from
the corresponding fellowship.*

As I searched my mental stores of savory fare I discovered that my special delights attained their ranking because of good taste and prime company.

Pinto beans and cornbread, cole slaw and canned tomatoes — I may never present that menu to my family, but to me it sounds inviting. When I eat that, you see, I am a fourth-grader again, giggling with Barbara Ann as we spoon out milk-soaked cornbread chunks from our milk glasses.

And why does our family like Sue's Angel Biscuits? Of course, the flavor is marvelous and the texture angelically light, but more importantly, as we first savored them under creamed chipped beef, we also partook of love and friendship.

Since then, I serve them often — with butter and honey to spark a jaded meal of leftovers, as a foundation for shortcake, or just to add the right touch to our table fare.

Sue's Angel Biscuits

Dissolve 1 T. yeast
in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup warm water
with 1 t. honey

Add:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups whole wheat flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups unbleached flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. soda
1 t. baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt (optional)

Cut in: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup margarine or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil

Add: 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk

Mix well. Knead, roll out $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick, cut with biscuit cutter, place on ungreased baking sheet. Bake 10-12 minutes at 400°.

A time-saving option: don't bother kneading, just consider them drop biscuits, and drop from a tablespoon onto ungreased baking sheet. Bake as above.

And serve with love.

My sons frowned askance at their first introduction to Kentucky dumplings. Big Brother said, upon first sample, "Hm-m, it tastes like bread and gravy," but immediately decided he needed his fair share. And I eat them in happy reminiscence of white doughy triangles and squares, floating in deep pots of bubbling chicken broth.

Of course, my version isn't quite Authentic Childhood, since I must insert whole wheat

flour, and substitute oil for shortening. Nor do I use just chicken broth, but any combination of leftover broth, gravy, and drippings I scavenge from the refrigerator.

Kentucky Dog Ear Dumplings

Stir together:

1 cup whole wheat flour
1 cup unbleached flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt

Cut in:

3 T. shortening or add 3 T. oil

Add enough milk to make biscuit-like dough — about $\frac{2}{3}$ cup. Roll out thinly and cut into strips, squares, triangles (dog ears).

Drop into 4 cups boiling broth. Cover tightly. Cook on low heat 20-25 minutes. Serve as a side dish, or as a meatless main dish. And most importantly, serve in joy! □

Glenda Knepp, of Turner, Michigan, is the mother of two sons. She has "great fun running" as a means of following "the way of disciplined grace."

The County Fair

by Sanford Eash

Here in Elkhart County, Indiana, we have one of the biggest and best county fairs in the state. People who know say it's bigger than many state fairs. Every year there is a Senior Citizens' Day. Admission to the fair and the grandstand are free.

We both like to watch the harness races, so we went. We don't know much about races — we just like to see the beautiful horses run. There are always a few not so competitive, that come in far behind. Why? Bad horse, or is it the driver? It seemed the horses chose right at the start how they would finish.

The races lasted for hours. By the time they were over, those metal seats were awfully



half-heartedly isn't very inspiring, either.

We left the fair late in the afternoon. We were glad we went, but it felt good to come home. I sat out on the patio. Orpha went swimming in the nearby pond — her way of relaxing. I looked out over the cornfield, already showing appreciation for the overnight rain. It usually rains the latter part of July, during Fair Week, when the corn really needs it, but it also waters down the fair-grounds.

As I sat there at home on the patio, I thought of the county fair as it was when I was a boy. It was small — the 4H people were in the minority. In fact, for a few years they

*Is all of life a contest?
It almost seemed like it at the fair....
For every first place
there has to be a last.*

hard. "I'll have to move around," I told Orpha, but she wanted to stay and watch the musical group perform.

"You just stay here and I'll be back in 30 minutes. If I miss you, go over to the livestock judging arena, and I'll meet you there," I told her.

I got back to the grandstand in 31 minutes. The seats where we sat were all cleared out, but the musicians were still playing. I looked no further (she, along with the others, had moved forward a few seats to get out of the sun). I rushed over to the cattle arena. No Orpha there, either.

For the next hour I tramped around the fair and looked at some beautiful livestock, the big machinery and part of the many small crafts exhibits. No, I wasn't desperate, just concerned. I came back to the grandstand to look. It was empty. Then again to the livestock arena. I thought she must be with friends. She was. Right inside the door, there they sat. When I sat down, I realized how tired I was.

We watched the activity in the arena. The kids were showing 4H steers. Here again, some were better than the others, but most of them had their animals under control. A few didn't. We saw the tremendous concentration it took to make their well-groomed animals stand just so. We sat there and enjoyed it, but we knew it wasn't easy.

Is all of life a contest? It almost seemed like it at the fair. The handcrafts, produce, the horse races, tractor pulls, the livestock shows, all aimed at being the best. There had to be a second and third. For every first place there has to be a last. Could these youngsters learn to accept this? Getting in there and trying

had their own fair. There were many questionable activities at the county fair at that time. Then a new organization bought the county fair site and determined to make it a clean place for the kids. They did. The fair has grown ever since.

I thought again of all the feverish activity we saw in the afternoon. We sure couldn't take all that activity, but let the youth try. They need challenges. They need to learn perfection. They need to know how to handle difficulties.

And they are learning. □

Sanford Eash is a retired farmer from Goshen, Indiana. He writes regularly, with the help of his wife, Orpha. They also do a lot of traveling.

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West Meets East

First, one must acknowledge the joyous energy one experiences when an artist, who has made a brilliant contribution over many years, returns with a piece of work as masterful as his earlier art. David Lean, at age 76, has done just that with *A Passage to India*.

Set in India in the 1920s, Lean's film probes both the social structures and the personal experiences of the British rule of the sub-continent. Based on E.M. Forster's novel of the same title, the film focuses the intersects of East meeting West, spiritual colliding with material, and the brooding human spirit at odds with the human desire to organize.

This film unveils a period of time when the British assumed it their God-given responsibility to rule the "inferior" races of the world. The story introduces us to this colonial world through the eyes of an attractive young woman, Adela Quested (superbly brought to life by the acting of Judy Davis). Adela has come to India to visit her fiance, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Moore.

At first there is the natural beauty, the grandeur. Then the people, swarming, push-

ing, reaching. Ronny, Mrs. Moore's son, steps into the receiving line, and we are disturbed by his "ruling" spirit. Then we escape to the island of Britainy, surrounded not by water but by a control that keeps the Indian out. Lean succeeds in luring us into this con-



frontation, and in shocking us by the callous cruelty of the British.

Peggy Ashcroft creates a believable character of Mrs. Moore, saintly, concerned, yet somehow distant from her son and Adela.

If the film has a star, it is Victor Banerjee as Dr. Aziz. Full of energy, eager to please, Banerjee etches an Aziz so well characterized

that he seems closer to us than any other character. And he is, oppressed, falsely accused, belittled by his enthusiasm to accommodate, and yet so very human. Aziz represents India as much as Adela embodies the ambivalence of England.

The scandal turns on a moment immediately following the touching of hands. Climbing the hill to the celebrated caves, Aziz reaches out to help Adela up the hill. The echo of the cave, the repressed sexuality of the young woman, the confusing energy of benevolent conqueror being served by the eager host Aziz — all contribute to an experience which leads Adela to accuse the kind doctor-poet of attempted rape. Chaos ensues.

A Passage to India rivets scenes on one's memory. Lean's grand style serves this story well, for the most part. The ending seems to flounder, groping for a way to drop the curtain. But the acting is brilliant and the directing first class. A satisfying film experience which leaves one with images and questions for many years to come. —MG

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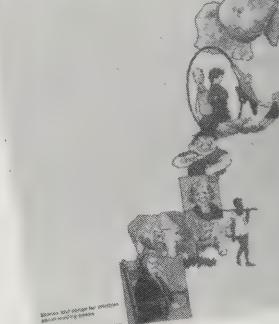
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Amadeus — A visually-striking, thought-provoking film about Mozart and a contemporary superior of his who, in his jealousy, tries to blackmail God. More interesting than it sounds; as good a "Job-piece" as we've seen lately. (9)

Beverly Hills Cop — Young Eddie Murphy sports his comic genius in this very funny romp of a tough-talking Detroit cop in the genteel Beverly Hills world. The film accomplishes what it sets out to do—with lots of help from the incredibly gifted Murphy. (8)

Blood Simple — When have you seen a hair-raising thriller which is so original and so funny? Offbeat story about four not-so-brights who tangle and retangle their relationships. A brilliant debut by director Joel Coen and his producer brother, Ethan Coen. (7)

City Heat — Burt Reynolds and Clint Eastwood (in their first pairing) strut and mock-strut their way through a Depression-era cops and robbers yarn. (4)

The Cotton Club — A whirling, disjointed but visually intriguing rat-a-tat-tat through Harlem jazz with gangsters and lavish music. Coppola directs with brilliant moments, but fails to find the soul of the picture. (6)

Country — Some powerfully wonderful scenes, and a few very stilted ones, tell the story of an Iowa farm family, threatened with foreclosure. Jessica Lange is outstanding. (6)

The Falcon and the Snowman — Based on the true story of two unlikely friends who end up selling secrets to the Soviets, John Schlesinger's film delights more than it satisfies. (6)

Falling in Love — Robert DeNiro and Meryl Streep in an understated romance between a married man and married woman who meet in a bookstore and later on a commuter train. Poignant but unreal. (5)

The Killing Fields — A riveting experience. The friendship of an American reporter and his Cambodian assistant, etched and stretched across Cambodia's recent nightmare. Ngor is superb, as is Waterson. Full of pain and eloquence. (8)

The Little Drummer Girl — Oh, what a film it could have been! Diane Keaton plays an American actress, lost in London theater, recruited by illusions into the "real" world of Middle East terrorism. Very complicated, sadly shallow. (5)

A Love in Germany — A rather steamy portrait of a woman who runs a grocery while her husband's a soldier in World War II. She falls in passionate love with a Polish prisoner of war. In German. (6)

Maria's Lovers — A man returns home from war to marry the woman he loves. Much has changed. An unusual picture with a strong cast, yet somehow it falters. (5)

Mass Appeal — An outstanding picture for persons interested in Christian ministry. Not profound, but funny, insightful, and wistful. A young seminarian clashes with the suave diplomacy of an older priest. (8)

Mrs. Soffel — Perhaps it shouldn't have been based on a true story. The film, telling the story of a prison warden's wife who helped two convicts escape, seems weighted down by facts. Mel Gibson's superb. (5)

1984 — At times effective, at times very boring. Based on Orwell's famous book, the film takes us into the world of total manipulation. (4)

Oh God, You Devil — George Burns should have quit while he was ahead. This time he plays both God and the Devil. (2)

A Passage to India — Reviewed on opposite page. (8)

Protocol — Goldie Hawn as a sometimes hilarious waitress who becomes a heroine by saving the life of a royal visitor. Too funny to be serious, too serious to be funny. (5)

The River — Can't someone turn off the music? A farm, threatened by the river, by a devious businessman, and by the bank. Fine moments by Sissy Spacek and Mel Gibson are drowned by the suds and music. (4)

A Soldier's Story — One of the finer films in recent months, this murder mystery probes the heart-breaking dilemmas faced by a black investigator. Sensitive, moving, tough. Superb acting. (8)

Starman — One of the more interesting (and human) of the science-fiction deluge. Jeff Bridges, with wit and warmth, plays an extraterrestrial responding to the invitation of Voyager 2. (7)

A Sunday in the Country — A slow-paced, poignant French film about one day in 1912 in the life of an aging painter who is visited by his two children. Unpeels the relationships delicately. The film's like a painting. (7)

Where the Green Ants Dream — Werner Herzog's saga, in English, about a white mining corporation determined to profit on the sacred grounds of aborigines in South Australia. Interesting ideas, but less than dramatic. (6)

Witness — Peter Weir's masterful cinematic vision of the quest for peace in a violent world. A Philadelphia detective (Harrison Ford's first fine acting) flees to the farm of the sole witness to a police murder, an Amish boy Samuel. Kelly McGillis is brilliant as Rachel Lapp. Amazing accuracy in capturing the spirit of both the detective and the Amish characters. Unnecessary semi-nudity is unfortunate. Suspenseful, poignant and powerful. (8)

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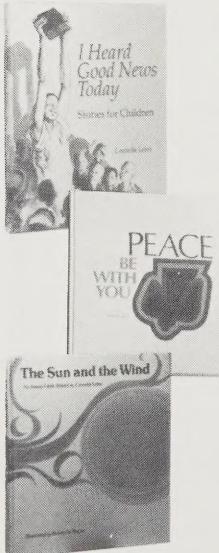
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Stories Pastors Tell

by Katie Funk Wiebe



The annual pastors' workshop at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, as reported by *Mennonite Weekly Review*, produced some stories others will enjoy:

One pastor had the habit of patting his stomach when preparing to preach. On one occasion he said, "It's good to see this place so well filled this evening."

During the time regulations regarding dress were changing in the Mennonite Church, J. J. Hostetler switched from a plain hat to one with a crease. *Gospel Herald* editor Daniel Kauffman saw it and wrote an editorial suggesting that clothing should conform to the shape of the body. If one has a crease in the head, he said, then there should be a crease in the hat.

One pastor thought he had come to cheer and comfort a patient in the hospital, but found himself cheered by the patient's Pennsylvania Dutch accent. In response to a query on how he was doing, the patient said, "The nurse tried to give me an 'i wee' but she couldn't find my 'wane.' "

Quotable: Mennonites are like manure; a lot of them in one pile soon smell, but if spread out thinly, they produce much fruit.

The committee in charge of arrangements for the Ens family reunion had a limited budget and no illusions about making any money. They were, however, sure that unlike other such family gatherings they would make Ens meet. — Armin T. Ens, Winkler, Manitoba

A group of Mennonite Brethren and General Conference Mennonites were attending a music workshop together in Saskatoon. In the evening, before retiring, the group went swimming in the motel pool. An impromptu contest to find out who could stay under water the longest gave the victory to the Mennonite Brethren. "We've had more practice under water," said one who was present.

The real reason for the disappearance of beards: "Grandpa," asked the little girl of her bearded relative/church leader as she sat on his lap, "When you go to bed, do you put the beard under the covers or over?" For a minute he couldn't think of an answer. "I just go to bed," he replied. That night he pulled the covers over the beard, and it didn't seem right. He pulled them under, over, under — nothing seemed right. Finally, he got up and cut his beard off so he could sleep.

Mennonite Bulletin Bloopers:

The coming of a guest speaker with the first name of Ray was announced with the words, "Brother Rat _____ is going to speak to us this morning." — MWR

An ice cream social after the evening service produced this line: "All ladies giving milk, please come early." □

Katie Funk Wiebe is a writer of many books and articles, and an English professor at Tabor College in Hillsboro, Kansas.

The editors invite you to submit humorous stories and anecdotes that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes — we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submissions to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, Tabor College, Hillsboro, KS 67063. She will give credit to the anecdotes she selects.

More Of Life's Little Mysteries

by Richard Cohen

This column is about mysteries. The first concerns a little vial of ampicillin which was prescribed to me because I had a clogged tear duct The real mystery is this: Why does it take the pharmacist a half hour to put 12 little pills in one little vial?

I went to two drug stores. They all said it would take a half hour. This is amazing. If you go to a soda fountain and ask for a chocolate ice cream soda, the guy takes a glass, adds this and that, goes plop, plop, plop and presto — an ice cream soda. But if you go to a drugstore and ask for pills, the pharmacist pretends he has to mash it all with mortar and pestle — eye of snake and spleen of androgynous goat, and then take it all out by the light of the full moon. Why?

My second mystery concerns quasars. The newspapers said the new theory is that quasars are "on the edge of the universe." What are these people talking about? How could there be an edge to the universe? What's over the edge? It has to be more universe and if, as the article said, the universe keeps expanding it has to be expanding into something. If that's not the universe, then what in the world (a quaint expression in this context) is it?

My life is hard enough without stories like this. For some weeks now, I have been considering the matter of a toaster with directions saying "Single slice here" — with a little arrow. How does the toaster know it's only got a single slice? All the electrical

elements go on no matter what. I take no chances, though. I do not want a repairman to peer into the toaster, look up at me and say, "You toasted a single slice in the wrong section."

Other mysteries confound my life. I cannot figure out how an aspirin knows where you hurt. If your toe hurts, it goes there and if your elbow hurts it goes there, too. Even if both hurt, it splits itself up, and goes to both places which is a pretty smart thing for a little white pill to do.

And tell me this. Tell me how come when you wake up in the morning you weigh less than you do when you went to bed? What are we doing in our sleep that would account for the loss of what sometimes seems like three pounds? Am I sleepwalking to the bathroom without knowing it? Am I going for long, nocturnal walks? Clearly, something here has to be explained — either that or the way to really lose weight is to stay in bed for about a week. That should produce a loss of about 21 pounds.

As long as we are on the subjects of weight, let me introduce another mystery. The side of all cereal boxes lists the calorie content per half ounce. Usually, it's 110. Kellogg's Special K is 110 and Corn Flakes is 110 and so is Raisin Bran and Honey and Nut (ugh!). The box also lists the total amount of calories if half a pint of milk is added. Here's the mystery. For Corn Flakes and Special K it's

180. For Honey and Nut and Raisin Bran, it's 190. Where do the extra 10 calories come from?

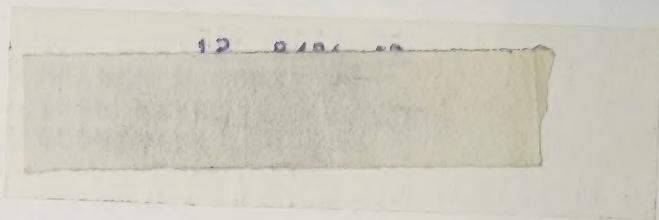
As you might have guessed, people who read the sides of cereal boxes also read newspaper weather charts. Washingtonians do read about the rich — to see how the more fortunate live. But no matter what my reason, I have noticed that on a given day there will be a little symbol next to some city, say Dallas, saying NA. This means Not Answering, or something like that, to which I say, "Well why not?" Is everything all right in Dallas? Has someone checked to see if maybe the poor weatherman is slumped at his desk, a knife in his back? Has anyone called his home?

My last mystery concerns socks. Everyone knows they move about on their own, get lost, take walks, move from drawer to drawer and embrace socks of a different color — misockegenation. A friend thought he had a system to stop all that. He threw out all his socks and replaced them with ones that were either black or brown — that's it. Lately, though, he has been opening his drawer to find socks that are of different colors — socks he has not bought. With his wife nodding, he says there is no explanation for this. I say there is.

This is how the universe expands.

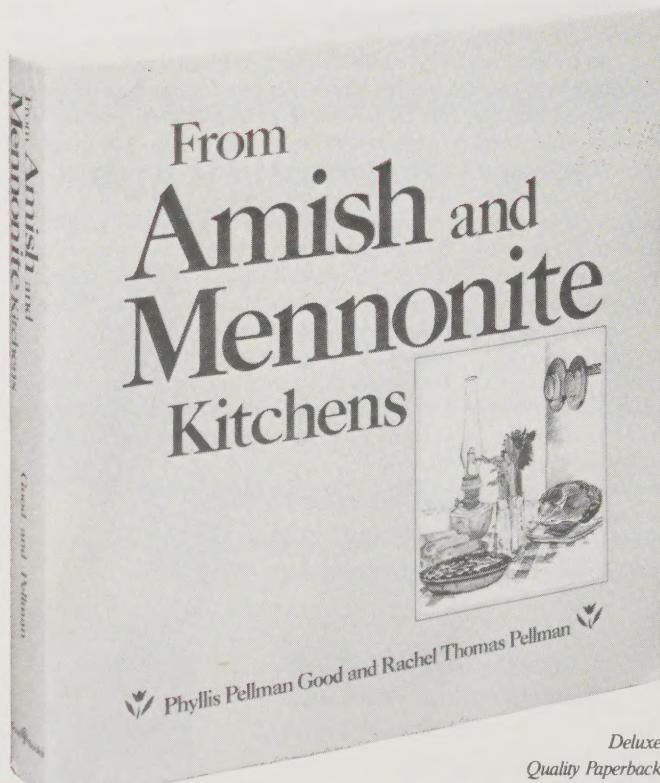
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